

Text problem in the book

CHAMBERS'S
CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH
AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS
OF THEIR WRITINGS,

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

THIRD EDITION,

REVISED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III,

NEW YORK:
AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE,
65 BEEKMAN STREET.
1879.

TABLE OF CONTENTS—VOL. III

THEOLOGICALS.	PAGE		PAGE
Bishop Stillingfleet (1635—1699)	1	Practice and Habit.....	33
True Wisdom	2	Prejudice.....	39
Bishop Ken (1636—1711)	3	Indignous Haste in Study	40
Archbishop Tenison (1636—1715), Dr.		Pleasure and Pain.....	41
Aldrich (1647—1710).....	4	History.....	42
George Fox (1624—1690).....	4	Disputation—Liberty.....	43
Fox's Ill-treatment at Ulverstone.....	5	Opposition to New Doctrines.....	43
Interview with Oliver Cromwell.....	6	Duty of Preserving Health	43
Cromwell's Last Appearance in Public.....	7	Sir Isaac Newton (1642—1727).....	43
William Penn (1644—1718).....	8	The Prophetic Language	45
Against the Pride of Noble Birth.....	10	Letters of Newton and Locke.....	47
Penn's Advice to his Children.....	12	Religious Belief of Newton.....	49
Robert Barclay (1648—1690).....	13		
Against Titles of Honour.....	14		
Richard Baxter (1651—1691).....	15		
Baxter's Judgment of his Writings.....	17		
Fruits of Experience of Human Character.....	17		
Desire of Approbation.....	17		
Change in the Estimate of Men's Knowledge.....	18		
On the Credit due to History.....	18		
Character of Sir Matthew Hale.....	19		
Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.....	19		
Theological Controversies.....	20		
John Bunyan (1628—1688).....	20		
Extracts from Bunyan's Autobiography.....	23		
The Golden City.....	25		
Dr John Owen (1616—1683).....	28		
John Howe (1630—1705).....	29		
Fanaticism of Cromwell's Court.....	29		
Edmund Calamy (1600—1666), John Flavel (1627—1691), Matthew Henry (1662—1714).....	30		
Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.....	31		
Samuel Rutherford (1600—1661), Thomas Halyburton (1674—1712), Thomas Boston (1670—1732).....	32		

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

v

	PAGE
From 'Eloisa to Abelard'.....	186
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.....	188
Happiness depends not on Riches.....	190
From the 'Prologue to the Satires'.....	192
The Man of Ross.....	194
Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.....	195
The Dying Christian to his Soul.....	196
Extract from Translation of the 'Iliad'.....	196
Elijah Fenton (1683—1730) — W. Broome (1689—1748).....	197
Minor Poets Satirised in the 'Dunciad' — Theobald, Dennis, Gildon, Welsted, Cooke, A. Hill, &c.....	197
Richard Savage (1697—1748).....	199
Extract from 'The Bastard'.....	201
Extract from 'The Wanderer'.....	202
Sir Samuel Garth (1670—1719).....	203
Extract from 'The Dispensary'.....	204
On Death.....	205
Sir Richard Blackmore (<i>circa</i> 1650—1729).....	205
The Scheme of Creation.....	206
Thomas Parnell (1679—1718).....	207
A Night-piece—The Churchyard.....	208
The Hermit.....	208
John Gay (1688—1732).....	212
The Country Ballad Singer.....	216
Walking the Streets of London.....	217
Song, 'Sweet Woman is like the fair Flower'.....	218
The Court of Death.....	219
The Hare with many Friends.....	219
Song, 'Black-eyed Susan'.....	220
A Ballad, 'Twas when the Seas were Roaring'.....	221
Thomas Tickell (1686—1740).....	221
On the Death of Mr. Addison.....	222
Colin and Lucy: a Ballad.....	223
An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus.....	224
Ambrose Philips (1671—1749).....	225
Fragment from Sappho.....	226
To Miss Charlotte Fulteney.....	226
Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.....	226
From the First Pastoral—Lobbin.....	227
George Granville, Lord Lansdowne (<i>circa</i> 1665—1735).....	228
Anne, Countess of Winchelsea (<i>circa</i> 1660—1720).....	229
A Nocturnal Reverie.....	229
Life's Progress.....	230

SCOTTISH POETS.

Francis Sempill—Lady Wardlaw.....	230
Extract from 'Hardyknote'.....	231
Allan Ramsay (1686—1758).....	232

	PAGE
Ode from Horace.....	233
Song, 'Bush aboon Traquair'.....	239
Lochaber no More.....	239
Rustic Courtship.....	239
Dialogue on Marriage.....	240

DRAMATISTS.

Thomas Southerne (1659—1746).....	242
Extract from 'Oroonoko'.....	243
Return of Biron.....	244
Nicholas Rowe (<i>circa</i> 1673—1718).....	247
Penitence and Death of Jane Shore.....	248
Calista's Passion for Lothario.....	250
William Lillo (1693—1739).....	251
Fatal Curiosity.....	252
William Congreve (1670—1730).....	255
Description of a Cathedral.....	257
Gay Young Men upon Town.....	258
A Swaggering Bully and Boaster.....	258
Scandal and Literature in High Life.....	260
From 'Love for Love'.....	261
Sir John Vanbrugh (<i>circa</i> 1666—1726).....	264
The Life of a Woman of Fashion.....	265
Fable.....	266
George Farquhar (1678—1707).....	266
Humorous Scene at an Inn.....	267
Extract from the 'Recruiting Officer'.....	269
Colley Cibber (1671—1757) — Steele, Philips, Aaron Hill, Mrs. Centlivre (1667—1723).....	271

PROSE LITERATURE.

ESSAYISTS.

Sir R. Steele (1672—1729).....	273
Love, Grief, and Death.....	276
Agreeable Companions and Flat-terers.....	277
Quack Advertisements.....	278
Story-telling.....	279
Story of Union and Valentine.....	280
Extracts from Addison's Essays.....	280
The Political Upholsterer.....	281
The Vision of Mirza.....	283
Sir Roger de Coverley's Visit to Westminster Abbey.....	285
Genealogy of Humour.....	286
Ned Softly.....	287
The Works of Creation.....	288
Eustace Budgell (1685—1737).....	290
The Art of Growing Rich.....	291
John Hughes (1677—1720).....	293

THEOLOGICALS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Richard Bentley (1662—1742).....	293
Authority of Reason in Religious Matters.....	294

	PAGE		PAGE
Dr. Francis Atterbury (1662—1732).....	295	Inconveniences likely to Result from the Abolition of Christianity.....	343
Farewell Letter to Pope.....	295	Diversions of the Court of Lilliput.....	344
Usefulness of Church Music.....	296	Satire on Pretended Philosophers.....	345
Dr. Samuel Clarke (1675—1729).....	298	Thoughts on Various Subjects.....	347
Difference between Right and Wrong.....	301	Overstained Politeness.....	348
Dr. William Lowth (1661—1733).....	302	Alexander Pope (1688—1744).....	349
Dr. Benjamin Hoadley (1676—1761).....	302	On Sickness and Death.....	351
The Kingdom of Christ not of this World.....	303	Pope in Oxford.....	351
Charles Leslie (1650—1722).....	305	Death of two Lovers by Lightning.....	352
Bishop Patrick (1626—1707), and Dr. Waterland (1683—1740).....	305	Description of an Ancient Country-Seat.....	353
William Whiston (1667—1752).....	306	Pope to Bishop Atterbury in the Tower.....	355
Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy.....	306	A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.....	356
Dr. William Nicholson (1655—1727)—Dr. Matthew Tindal (1657—1733).....	307	Dr John Arbuthnot (1667—1735).....	357
John Toland (1669—1722)—Dr. Humphrey Prideaux (1648—1724).....	307	Epitaph on Chartres.....	359
Earl of Shaftesbury (1671—1713).....	308	Characters of John Bull, Nic Frog and Hocus.....	359
Scale of Beauty and Love.....	310	Character of John Bull's Mother.....	360
God in the Universe.....	311	Character of John Bull's Sister.....	360
Bishop Berkeley (1685—1753).....	312	The Celerity and Duration of Lies.....	361
Verses on Arts and Learning in America.....	315	Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.....	362
Industry.....	316	Lord Bolingbroke (1678—1751).....	362
Prejudices and Opinions.....	317	The Decline of Life.....	363
From Maxims concerning Patriotism.....	318	The Order of Providence.....	364
The Rev. John Norris (1657—1711).....	319	National Partiality and Prejudice.....	364
Short Extracts from Poems.....	319	Unreasonableness of Complaints of the Shortness of Human Life.....	365
On Perfect Happiness.....	320	Pleasures of a Patriot.....	366
		Wise Distinguished from Cunning Ministers.....	367
MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS		Lady Mary W. Montagu (1690—1762).....	368
Daniel Defoe (1661—1731).....	321	On Matrimonial Happiness.....	369
What it the Pretender should Come?.....	325	Eastern Manners and Language.....	370
The Great Plague in London.....	326	Inoculation for the Small-pox.....	371
The Troubles of a Young Thief.....	328	France in 1718.....	372
Address to a Youth of Rambling Disposition.....	329	On Female Education.....	372
Bernard de Mandeville (1670—1733).....	330	William Wotton (1666—1726).....	374
Division of Labour.....	331	Decline of Pedantry in England.....	374
Flattery of the Great.....	332	Tom D'Urfey (1630—1723), and Tom Brown (1663—1704).....	375
Pomp and Superfluity.....	332	Letter from Scarron in the next World to Louis XIV.....	375
Mrs. Manly (died in 1724).....	333	An Indian's Account of a Gaming House.....	376
Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun (1653—1716).....	334	Laconius or Maxims.....	377
State of Scotland in 1698.....	334		
Murdoch Martin (died after 1713).....	335	SIXTH PERIOD.	
The Second Sight.....	335	1720—1780: THE REIGNS OF GEORGE II. AND GEORGE III.	
Dress in the Western Islands.....	335		
Jonathan Swift (1667—1745).....	336		
Ludicrous Image of Fanaticism.....	341	POETS	
Satire upon Dress and Fashion.....	341	Matthew Green (1696—1737).....	381
Characteristics of Modern Critics.....	342	Cures for Melancholy.....	381
On Books of Learning.....	342	Contentment—A Wish.....	382
A Meditation upon a Broom-stick.....	343		

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE		PAGE
Isaac Hawkins Browne (1706—1760).....	333	Thoughts on Time.....	395
Imitations of Cibber, Philips, and Thomson	383	The Man whose Thoughts are not of this World.	396
Imitation of Pope	384	Procrastination.	397
Sir C Hanbury Williams (1709—1759).....	384	Extracts from 'The Love of Fame'.....	398
Lines on Pulteney, and General Churchill	385	Envious Grub Street Authors and Critics.....	399
John Dyer (<i>circa</i> 1698—1758).....	386	William Somervile (1677—1742)	399
Gronger Hill.....	387	Extract from 'The Chase'.....	399
Edward Young (1684—1765).....	388	James Thomson (1700—1748).....	401
Short Extracts from 'Night Thoughts'.....	390	Showers in Spring.....	406
On Life, Death, and Immortality.....	393	Birds Pairing in Spring.....	406
		Summer Evening	407

CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FOURTH PERIOD.

——(1625—1689.)——

MILTON—BUTLER—DRYDEN—BUNYAN.

(*Continued.*)

BISHOP STILLINGFLEET

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET (1635–1699) distinguished himself in early life by his writings in defence of the doctrines of the church. His ‘Irenicum, a Weapon-salve for the Church’s Wounds,’ 1661, was considered by Burnet ‘a masterpiece.’ The title of his principal work is ‘Origines Sacræ; or a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion’ (1662). His abilities and extensive learning caused him to be raised in 1689 to the dignity of Bishop of Worcester. Towards the end of his life (1697) he published ‘A Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity, in which some passages in Locke’s ‘Essay on the Human Understanding’ were attacked as subversive of fundamental doctrines of Christianity; but in the controversy which ensued, the philosopher was generally held to have come off victorious. So great was the Bishop’s chagrin at this result, that it was thought to have hastened his death. The prominent matters of discussion in this controversy were the resurrection of the body and the immateriality of the soul. On these points, Locke argued, that although the resurrection of the dead is revealed in Scripture, the reanimation of the identical bodies which inhabited this world is not revealed; and that even if the soul were proved to be material, this would not imply its mortality, since an Omnipotent Creator may, if he pleases, impart the faculty of thinking to matter as well as to spirit. But, as Stillingfleet remarked, there is no self-consciousness in matter, and mind, when united to it, is still independent. The general theological views of Stillingfleet leaned towards the Arminian section of the Church of England.

During the reign of James II. he was the great defender of Protestantism. His works are chiefly argumentative; but his Sermons, published after his death, deservedly bear a high character for good sense, sound morality, energy of style, and the knowledge of human nature which they display.

True Wisdom.

That is the truest wisdom of a man which doth most conduce to the happiness of life. For wisdom as it refers to action lies in the proposal of a right end, and the choice of the most proper means to attain it: which end doth not refer to any one part of a man's life, but to the whole as taken together. He therefore only deserves the name of a wise man, not that considers how to be rich and great when he is poor and mean, nor how to be well when he is sick, nor how to escape a present danger, nor how to compass a particular design; but he that considers the whole course of his life together, and what is fit for him to make the end of it, and by what means he may best enjoy the happiness of it. I confess it is one great part of a wise man never to propose to himself too much happiness here; for whoever doth so is sure to find himself deceived, and consequently is so much more miserable as he fails in his greatest expectations. But since God did not make men on purpose to be miserable, since there is a great difference as to men's conditions, since that difference depends very much on their own choice, there is a great deal of reason to place true wisdom in the choice of those things which tend most to the comfort and happiness of life.

That which gives a man the greatest satisfaction in what he doth, and either prevents, or lessens, or makes him more easily bear the troubles of life, doth the most conduce to the happiness of it. It was a bold saying of Epicurus: 'That it is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason, than to be happy in going against it;' and I cannot tell how it can well agree with his notion of felicity: but it is a certain truth, that in the consideration of happiness, the satisfaction of a man's own mind doth weigh down all the external accidents of life. For suppose a man to have riches and honours as great as Ahasuerus bestowed on his highest favourite Haman, yet by his sad instance we find that a small discontent, when the mind suffers it to increase and to spread its venom, doth so weaken the power of reason, disorder the passions, make a man's life so uneasy to him as to precipitate him from the height of his fortune into the depth of ruin. But, on the other side, if we suppose a man to be always pleased with his condition, to enjoy an even and quiet mind in every state, being neither lifted up with prosperity nor cast down with adversity, he is really happy in comparison with the other. It is a mere speculation to discourse of any complete happiness in this world; but that which doth either lessen the number, or abate the weight, or take off the malignity of the troubles of life, doth contribute very much to that degree of happiness which may be expected here.

The integrity and simplicity of a man's mind doth all this. In the first place, it gives the greatest satisfaction to a man's own mind. For although it be impossible for a man not to be liable to error and mistake, yet, if he doth mistake with an innocent mind, he hath the comfort of his innocency when he thinks himself bound to correct his error. But if a man prevaricates with himself, and acts against the sense of his own mind, though his conscience did not judge aright at that time, yet the goodness of this bare act, with respect to the rule, will not prevent the sting that follows the want of inward integrity in doing it. 'The backslider in heart,' saith Solomon, 'shall be filled with his own ways, but a good man shall be satisfied from himself.' The doing just and worthy and generous things without any sinister ends and designs leaves a most agreeable pleasure to the mind, like that of a constant health, which is better felt than expressed. When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, and when he doth understand it (as it is not hard for an honest mind to do, for, as the oracle answered the servant who desired to know how he might please his master: 'If you will seek it, you will be sure to find it'), sets himself with a firm resolution to pursue it; though the rain falls and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustering abroad; and is sure to hold out after all,

because he is founded upon a rock. But take one that endeavours to blind or corrupt or master his conscience, to make it serve some mean end or design; what uneasy reflections hath he upon himself, what perplexing thoughts, what tormenting fears, what suspicions and jealousies do disturb his imagination and rack his mind! What art and pains doth such a one take to be believed honest and sincere! and so much the more because he doth not believe himself: he fears still he hath not given satisfaction enough, and by overdoing it, is the most suspected. Secondly, because integrity doth more become a man, and doth really promote his interest in the world. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, a heathen orator, that simplicity and truth is a great and wise thing, but cunning and deceit is foolish and mean; for, saith he, 'observe the beasts: the more courage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use; but the more tumorous and ignoble they are, the more false and deceitful.' True wisdom and greatness of mind raises a man above the need of using little tricks and devices. Sincerity and honesty carries one through many difficulties, which all the arts he can invent would never help him through. For nothing doth a man more real mischief in the world than to be suspected of too much craft; because every one stands upon his guard against him, and suspects plots and designs where there are none intended; insomuch that, though he speaks with all the sincerity that is possible, yet nothing he saith can be believed. . . .

'The path of the just,' saith the wise man, 'is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' As the day begins with obscurity and a great mixture of darkness, till by quick and silent motions the light overcomes the mists and vapours of the night, and not only spreads its beams upon the tops of the mountains, but darts them into the deepest and most shady valleys; thus simplicity and integrity may at first appearing look dark and suspicious, till by degrees it breaks through the clouds of envy and detraction, and then shines with a greater glory.

BISHOP KEN.

THOMAS KEN (1687-1711) was a native of Little Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire. He was educated at Winchester College and New College, Oxford. In 1667, he obtained from Morley, Bishop of Winchester, the living of Brightstone, Isle of Wight, and there he wrote his 'Morning and Evening Hymns,' which he sang daily himself, with the accompaniment of a lute. These hymns, or part of them are in every collection of sacred poetry and in the memory of almost every English child. Who has not repeated the opening lines?

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice!

Other poems, devotional and didactic, were written by Ken. In 1681, he published a 'Manual of Prayers for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College.' In 1684, he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. Having refused to sign the Declaration of Indulgence issued by James II. Ken was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower. He afterwards declined to take the oath of allegiance to William III. and was deprived. He had then saved a sum of £700, and for this money Lord Weymouth allowed him £80 a year and residence at his mansion of Longleat, where Ken lived till his death. In his latter years, the bishop is described as travelling about the country, like Old Mortality, on an old white horse, collecting subscriptions for relief of the poor nonjurors. Ken's works, in 4 vols. were published by W. Hawkins, his executor, in 1721. Lives of him

were written by Hawkins (1713), by the Rev. W. L. Bowles (1830), by J. T. Round (1833), and by Anderson (1853).

This list of eminent divines of the Anglican Church might easily be extended by notices of men eminent in their own day, and remarkable for erudition, but whose writings, chiefly of a polemical character, are now seldom read. Among these were the two POCOCKES, father and son, distinguished for their Oriental learning; ARCHBISHOP TENISON (1636-1715), who succeeded Tillotson in the primacy; and DR. HENRY ALDRICH, Dean of Christ Church (1647-1710), who was an accomplished musician, as well as polemic and logician, and who added about forty fine anthems to our church-music. Oxford seems at this time to have been pre-eminently distinguished for its divines and scholars; and Lord Macaulay has remarked that it was chiefly in the university towns, or in London, that the celebrated clergy were congregated. The country clergy, without access to libraries, and travelling but little, in consequence of the imperfect means of locomotion, were a greatly inferior class—rude, unpolished, and prejudiced; such as the wits and dramatists loved to ridicule.

The increasing body of Nonconformists, or Protestant dissenters, had also some eminent names (to be hereafter noticed); and Baxter, Owen, Calamy, Flavel, and Bunyan, are still as well known as their more erudite brethren of the establishment.

GEORGE FOX.

GEORGE FOX, the originator of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was one of the most prominent religious enthusiasts of the age. He was the son of a weaver at Drayton, in Leicestershire, and was born in 1624. Having been apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle, he spent much of his youth in tending sheep, an employment which afforded ample room for meditation and solitude. When about nineteen years of age, he was one day vexed by a disposition to intemperance which he observed in two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair. ‘I went away,’ says he in his Journal, ‘and, when I had done my business, returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me: “Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all.”’ This divine communication, as, in the warmth of his imagination, he considered it to be, was scrupulously obeyed. Leaving his relations and master, he betook himself for several years to a wandering life, which was interrupted only for a few months, during which he was prevailed upon to reside at home. At this period, as well as during the remainder of his life, Fox had many dreams and visions, and supposed himself to receive supernatural messages from heaven. In his Journal he gives an account of a particular movement of his mind in singularly beautiful

and impressive language. 'One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, All things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: These is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.' Afterwards he tells us, 'the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.' He began about the year 1647 to teach publicly in the vicinity of Duckenfield and Manchester, whence he travelled through several neighbouring counties. He had now formed the opinions, that a learned education is unnecessary to a minister; that the existence of a separate clerical profession is unwarranted by the Bible; that the Creator of the world is not a dweller in temples made with hands; and that the Scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but that man should follow 'the light of Christ within.' He believed, moreover, that he was divinely commanded to abstain from taking off his hat to any one, of whatever rank; to use the words *thee* and *thou* in addressing all persons with whom he communicated; to bid nobody good-morrow or good-night; and never to bend his knee to any one in authority, or take an oath, even on the most solemn occasion. Acting upon these views, he sometimes went into churches while service was going on, and interrupted the clergymen by loudly contradicting their statements of doctrine. By these breaches of order, and the employment of such unceremonious fashions of address as, 'Come down, thou deceiver!' he naturally gave great offence, which led sometimes to his imprisonment, and sometimes to severe treatment from the hands of the populace. At Derby, he was imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon for a year, and afterwards in a still more disgusting cell at Carlisle for half that period. To this ill-treatment he submitted with meekness and resignation. As an illustration of the rough usage which the patient Quaker experienced, we extract this narrative from his 'Journal:'

Fox's Ill-treatment at Ulverstone

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his (Justice Sawrey's) face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying:

'Knock the teeth out of his head.' When they had hauled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me. I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice: 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!' Then they began to fall out among themselves.

In 1635, Fox returned to his native town, where he continued to preach, dispute, and hold conferences, till he was sent by Colonel Hacker to Cromwell, under the charge of Captain Drury. Of this memorable interview, he gives an account in his 'Journal:—'

Interview with Oliver Cromwell.

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a 'carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to turn people from darkness to light; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to.' When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did. After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say: 'Peace be in this house;' and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he earned himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit. Then I shewed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. I told him: 'That all Christendom, so-called, had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another.' Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he caught me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said: 'Come again to my house, for I thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other;' adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him, if he did, he

wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true. Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me the lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said: 'Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can.' It was told him again, 'That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.'

Fox had a brief meeting with Cromwell very shortly before the Protector's death, which we shall subjoin, adding Mr. Carlyle's characteristic comment:

Cromwell's Last Appearance in Public.

'The same day, taking boat, I went down (up) to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (*whiff*) of death go forth against him.'—Or in favour of him, George? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore! I fancy he has been looking this long while to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-chief required. To quit his laborious sentry-post; honourably lay up his arms, and be gone to his rest—all eternity to rest in George! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the hollow of the tree; clad permanently in leather? And does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier? The waft of death is not against him, I think—perhaps, against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell Gwynne defender and two centuries of all-victorious cant have come in upon us! My unfortunate George—a waft of death go forth against him: and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of friends before him, and had warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and the next day went up to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.'

Amidst much opposition, Fox still continued to travel through the kingdom, expounding his views and answering objections, both verbally and by the publication of controversial pamphlets. In the course of his peregrinations he suffered frequent imprisonment sometimes as a disturber of the peace, and sometimes because he refused to uncover his head in the presence of magistrates, or to do violence to his principles by taking the oath of allegiance. After reducing—with the assistance of his educated disciples, Robert Barclay, Samuel Fisher, and George Keith—the doctrine and discipline of his sect to a more systematic and permanent form than that in which it had hitherto existed, he visited Ireland and the American plantations, employing in the latter nearly two years in confirming and increasing his followers. He died in London in 1690, aged sixty-six.

That Fox was a sincere believer of what he preached, no doubt can be entertained; and that he was of a meek and forgiving disposition towards his persecutors, is equally unquestionable. His integ-

rity, also, was so remarkable that his word was taken as of equal value with his oath. Religious enthusiasm, however, amounting to madness in the earlier stage of his career, led him into many extravagances, in which few members of the respectable society which he founded have partaken. Fox not only acted as a prophet, but assumed the power of working miracles—in the exercise of which he claims to have cured various individuals, including a man whose arm had long been disabled, and a woman troubled with king's evil. On one occasion he ran with bare feet through Lichfield, exclaiming: 'Wo to the bloody city of Lichfield!' and, when no calamity followed this denouncement as expected, he found no better mode of accounting for the failure than discovering that some Christians had once been slain there.

The writings of George Fox are comprised in three folio volumes, printed respectively in 1694, 1698, and 1706. The first contains his 'Journal;' the second, his 'Epistles;' the third, his 'Doctrinal Pieces.'

WILLIAM PENN.

WILLIAM PENN (1644–1718), the son of an English admiral, is celebrated not only as a distinguished writer on Quakerism, but as the founder of the state of Pennsylvania in North America. In his fifteenth year, while a student at Oxford, Penn embraced the doctrines of the Society of Friends. He was expelled the university, and his father sent him abroad to travel on the continent. He returned at the end of two years, accomplished in all the graces of the fine gentleman and courtier. In a short time, however, the plague broke out in London, and William Penn's serious impressions were renewed. He ceased to frequent the court and to visit his gay friends, employing himself in the study of divinity. His father conceived that it was time he should again interfere. An estate in Ireland had been presented to the admiral by the king; it required superintendence, and William Penn was despatched to Dublin, furnished with letters to the Viceroy, the Duke of Ormond. Again the cloud passed off; Penn was a favourite in all circles, and he even served for a short time as a volunteer officer in the army. One day, however, in the city of Cork, he went to hear a sermon by the same Quaker preacher that he had listened to in Oxford. The effect was irresistible: Penn became a Quaker for life. His father sent for him home, and finding him immovable in his resolution to adhere to the despised and persecuted sect, he turned him out of doors. William Penn now began to preach and write in defence of the new creed. He was committed to the Tower, but this only increased his ardour. During a confinement of eight months in 1688–9, he produced four treatises, the best of which, 'No Cross, no Crown,' enjoyed great popularity. In 1670, shortly after his release, he was again taken up and tried by the city authorities. The jury sympathised with the persecuted apostle of peace, and would

return no harsher verdict than 'Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street.' They were browbeat by the insolent court, and kept two days and nights without food, fire, or light; but they would not yield, and their final verdict was 'Not Guilty.' Penn and the jury were all thrown into Newgate. An appeal was made to the Court of Common Pleas, and Penn was triumphant; thus vindicating the right of juries to judge of the value of evidence independent of the direction of the court. Admiral Penn died in 1670, having been reconciled to his son, whom he left sole executor of his will. The admiral's estate was worth £1500 a year, and he had claims on the government amounting to about £15,000. In consideration of these unliquidated but acknowledged claims, Charles II. granted to William Penn—who longed to establish a Christian democracy across the Atlantic—a vast territory on the banks of the Delaware in North America. Penn was constituted sole proprietor and governor. He proposed to call his colony *Sylvania*, as it was covered with woods. The king suggested, in compliment to the admiral, that *Penn* should be prefixed, and in the charter the colony was named *Pennsylvania*. With the aid of Algernon Sidney, articles for the settlement and government of the new state were drawn up by Penn. They were liberal and comprehensive allowing the utmost civil and religious freedom to the colonists.

The governor sailed to America in 1682, and entered into a treaty of peace and friendship with the native tribes, which was religiously observed. The signing of this treaty under an elm-tree, the Indian king being attended by his *sachems* or warriors, and Penn accompanied by a large body of his pilgrim-followers, forms one of those picturesque passages in history on which poets and painters delight to dwell. The governor having constituted his council or legislative assembly, laid out his capital city of Philadelphia, and made other arrangements, returned to England. He landed in June 1684. For the next four years and a half, till the abdication of James II., Penn appears in the novel character of a court favourite. He attended Whitehall almost daily, his house was crowded with visitors, and in consequence of his supposed influence with the king, he might, as he states, have amassed great riches. He procured the release of about fourteen hundred of his oppressed Quaker brethren who had been imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance or to attend church. Penn was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise, and of holding correspondence with the court of Rome. Even the pious and excellent Dr. Tillotson was led to give credence to this calumny, but was convinced by Penn of the entire falsehood of the charge. In our own day, an eminent historian, Lord Macaulay, has revived some of the accusations against Penn, and represented him as conniving at the intolerance and corruption of the court. Specific cases are adduced, but they rest on doubtful evidence, and seem to prove no more than that Penn, misled by a little vanity and self-importance,

had mixed himself up too much with the proceedings of the court, and could not prevent those acts of cruelty and extortion which disgraced the miserable reign of the last of the Stuart monarchs. The uniform tenor of Penn's life was generous, self-sacrificing, and beneficent. After the Revolution, Penn's formal intimacy with James caused him to be regarded as a disaffected person, and led to various troubles; but he still continued to preach and write in support of his favourite doctrines. Having once more gone out to America in 1699, he there exerted himself for the improvement of his colony till 1701, when he finally returned to England. His latter days were imbittered by personal griefs and losses, and his mental vigour was prostrated by disease. He died in 1718.

Besides the work already mentioned, Penn wrote 'Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Life,' and 'A Key, &c. to discern the Difference between the Religion professed by the Quakers, and the Misrepresentations of their Adversaries.' To George Fox's 'Journal,' which was published in 1694, he prefixed 'A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers' His works fill three volumes; and an excellent Life of Penn has been written by Mr. Hepworth Dixon (1851, and much enlarged in 1872). The style of Penn's works is often harsh and incorrect, but his language is copious and his enthusiasm occasionally renders him forcible and impressive. The first of the subjoined specimens is extracted from his 'No Cross, no Crown.'

Against the Pride of Noble Birth.

That people are generally proud of their persons, is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first: what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied? what stock or what clan they came of? what coat of arms they gave? which had, of right, the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For, first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill-fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure, not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favours the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honour to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth: but that was never found; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles, fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?

'Oh,' says the person proud of blood, 'it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen!' But what should others have said of that man's ances-

tor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world? For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings. This is like being the True Church, because old, not because good; for families to be noble by being old, and not by being virtuous. No such matter: it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age; for otherwise, a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he, because he was the acquirer; which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange! that they should be more noble than their ancestor, that got their nobility for them! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man; the man that got it by his virtue: and those only are entitled to his honour that are imitators of his virtue: the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue, then, give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. And if virtue go not by blood, but by the qualifications of the descendants, it follows, blood is excluded; else blood would bar virtue, and no man that wanted the one should be allowed the benefit of the other; which were to stunt and bound nobility for want of antiquity, and make virtue useless. No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. . . .

But, methinks, it should suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honour by nature stamped upon them than their inferior neighbours. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not further from the virtue that truly dignifies. The lamentable ignorance and debauchery that now rages among too many of our greater sort of folks, is too clear and casting an evidence in the point: and pray, tell me of what blood are they come?

Howbeit, when I have said all this, I intend not, by debasing one false quality, to make insolent another that is not true. I would not be thought to set the churl upon the present gentleman's shoulder: by no means: his rudeness will not mend the matter. But what I have writ, is to give aim to all, where true nobility dwells, that every one may arrive at it by the ways of virtue and goodness. But for all this, I must allow a great advantage to the gentleman; and therefore prefer his station. just as the apostle Paul, who, after he had humbled the Jews, that insulted upon the Christians with their law and rites, gave them the advantage upon all other nations in statutes and judgments. I must grant that the condition of our great men is much to be preferred to the ranks of inferior people. For, first, they have more power to do good; and, if their hearts be equal to their ability, they are blessings to the people of any country. Secondly, the eyes of the people are usually directed to them; and if they will be kind, just, and helpful, they shall have their affections and services. Thirdly, they are not under equal straits with the inferior sort; and consequently they have more help, leisure, and occasion, to polish their passions and tempers with books and conversation. Fourthly, they have more time to observe the actions of other nations; to travel and view the laws, customs, and interests of other countries; and bring home whatsoever is worthy or imitable. And so, an easier way is open for great men to get honour; and such as love true reputation will embrace the best means to it. But because it too often happens that great men do little mind to give God the glory of their prosperity, and to live answerable to his mercies, but, on the contrary, live without God in the world, fulfilling the lusts thereof. His hand is often seen, either in impoverishing or extinguishing them, and raising up men of more virtue and humility to their estates and dignity. However, I must allow, that among people of this rank, there have been some of them of more than ordinary virtue, whose examples have given light to their families. And it has been something natural for some of their descendants to endeavour to keep up the credit of their houses in proportion to the merit of their founder. And, to say true, if there be any advantage in such descent, 'tis not from blood, but education; for blood has no intelligence in it, and is often spurious and uncertain; but education has a mighty influence and strong bias upon the affections and actions of men. In this the ancient nobles and gentry of this kingdom did excel; and it were much to be wished that our great people would set about to recover the ancient economy of their houses, the strict and virtuous discipline of their ancestors, when men were honoured for their achievements, and when nothing more exposed a man to shame, than his being born to a nobility that he had not a virtue to support."

Penn's Advice to his Children.

Next, betake yourself to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or of those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; sorrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bonds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy: let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others: for we are all his creatures; remembering that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them, you serve them, which will debase your spirits, as well as offend the Lord. Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again. Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words, I charge you; but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous. Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences. Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord: 'Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?' answers: 'He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord.'

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my 'No Cross, no Crown.' There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men. In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples. Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God

and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it ; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you : therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice ; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

The two great founders of Quakerism, as a respectable and considerable religious body in this country, were ROBERT BARCLAY and WILLIAM PENN. Both were gentlemen by birth and education, amiable and accomplished men, who sacrificed worldly honours, and suffered persecution for conscience' sake. Barclay was born at Gordons-town, in Morayshire, December 23, 1648. He was educated at the Scots College at Paris, of which his uncle was rector, but returned to his native country in 1664. Two years afterwards, his father, Colonel Barclay of Ury, in Kincardineshire, made open profession of the principles of Quakerism ; and in 1667, when only nineteen years of age, Robert Barclay became 'fully convinced,' as his friend William Penn has expressed it, 'and publicly owned the testimony of the true light.' His first defence of the new doctrines appeared in 1670, and bore the title of 'Truth cleared of Calumnies.' It was a reply to a work published in Aberdeen. About this time (1672), Barclay walked through the streets of Aberdeen clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and published a 'Seasonable Warning and Serious Exhortation to, and Expostulation with, the Inhabitants of Aberdeen.' Other controversial treatises followed : 'A Catechism and Confession of Faith,' 1673 ; and 'The Anarchy of the Ranters,' &c. 1674. His great work, originally written and published in Latin, appeared in 1676, and is entitled 'An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in scorn Quakers, &c' The 'Apology' of Barclay is a learned and methodical treatise, very different from what the world expected on such a subject, and it was therefore read with avidity both in Britain and on the continent. Its most remarkable theological feature is the attempt to prove that there is an internal light in man, which is better fitted to guide him aright in religious matters than even the Scriptures themselves ; the genuine doctrines of which he asserts to be rendered uncertain by various readings in different manuscripts, and the fallibility of translators and interpreters. These circumstances, says he, 'and much more which might be alleged, put the minds, even of the learned, into infinite doubts, scruples, and inextricable difficulties ; whence we may very safely conclude, that Jesus Christ, who promised to be always with his children, to lead them into all truth, to guard them against the devices of the enemy, and to establish their faith

upon an unmovable rock, left them not to be principally ruled by that which was subject, in itself, to many uncertainties; and therefore he gave them his Spirit as their principal guide, which neither moths nor time can wear out, nor transcribers nor translators corrupt; which none are so young, none so illiterate, none in so remote a place but they may come to be reached and rightly informed by it.' It would be erroneous, however, to regard this work of Barclay as an exposition of all the doctrines which have been or are prevalent among the Quakers, or, indeed, to consider it as anything more than the vehicle of such of his own views as, in his character of an apologist, he thought it desirable to state. The dedication of Barclay's 'Apology' to King Charles II. has always been particularly admired for its respectful yet manly freedom of style, and for the pathos of its allusion to his majesty's own early troubles, as a reason for his extending mercy and favour to the persecuted Quakers. 'Thou hast tasted,' says he, 'of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be over-ruled as well as to rule and sit upon the throne; and, being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man: if, after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget Him, who remembered thee in thy distress, and give thyself up to follow lust and vanity, surely great will be thy condemnation.' But this appeal had no effect in stopping persecution; for after Barclay's return from Holland and Germany, which he had visited in company with Fox and Penn, he was, in 1677, imprisoned along with many other Quakers, at Aberdeen, through the instrumentality of Archbishop Sharp. In prison he wrote a treatise on 'Universal Love.' He was soon liberated, and subsequently gained favour at court. Both Penn and he were on terms of intimacy with James II; and just before the sailing of the Prince of Orange for England in 1688, Barclay, in a private conference with his majesty, urged James to make some concessions to the people. The death of this respectable and amiable person took place at his seat of Ury on the 3d of October 1690.

Against Titles of Honour.

We affirm positively, that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or to receive these titles of honour, as, Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminency, &c.

First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations.

Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the gospel; but that, in speaking to kings, princes, or nobles, they used only a simple compellation, as, 'O King!' and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as, 'O King Agrippa,' &c.

Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some, to whom it is said, 'Your Excellency,' having nothing of excellency in them;

and who is called 'Your Grace,' appear to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called 'Your Honour,' is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent, ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me, in so doing, from the best judgment of God, that will make me count for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them.

Fourthly, as to those titles of 'Holiness,' 'Eminency,' and 'Excellency,' used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c.; and 'Grace,' 'Lordship,' and 'Worship,' used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For if they use 'Holiness' and 'Grace' because these things ought to be in a pope or a bishop, how came they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say 'Your Holiness' and 'Your Grace' one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practised and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are; and as whose successors, and no otherwise, themselves, I judge, will confess any honour they seek is due to them? Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honour nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, 'If it please your Grace,' 'your Holiness,' nor 'your Worship;' they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul; nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Peter and Paul; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after: so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostasy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain; the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly, as to that title of 'Majesty' usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof, by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore, in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.

RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691) is justly esteemed the most eminent of the Nonconformist divines of this period. He was a native of Rowton, in Shropshire, and was educated chiefly at Wroxeter. 'My faults,' he said, 'are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none; I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live.' In 1638 he was ordained, and was appointed master of the Free School of Dudley. From 1640 to 1642 he was pastor of Kidderminster, and was highly popular and useful. During the Civil War he sided with the Parliament, and accepted the office of chaplain in the army, in which capacity he was present at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester. He was disgusted with the frequent and vehement disputes about liberty of conscience, and was glad to leave the army and return to Kidderminster. Whilst there, whilst recovering from a severe illness,

he wrote his work, 'The Saints' Everlasting Rest,' 1653. When Cromwell assumed the supreme power, Baxter openly expressed his disapprobation, and, in a conference with the Protector, told him that 'the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil.' He was always opposed to intolerance. 'We intended not,' he said, 'to dig down the banks, or pull up the hedge, and lay all waste and common, when we desired the prelates' tyranny might cease.' After the Restoration, Baxter was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but, like Owen, refused a bishopric offered him by Clarendon. The Act of Uniformity, in 1662, drove him out of the Established Church, and he retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where he spent several years in peaceful study and literary labour. The Act of Indulgence, in 1672, enabled him to repair to London; but the subsequent persecution of the Nonconformists interfered with his ministerial duties. In 1685, he published a 'Paraphrase on the New Testament,' a plain practical treatise, but certain passages in which were held to be seditious, and Baxter was tried and condemned by the infamous Judge Jeffreys. When Baxter endeavoured to speak: 'Richard! Richard!' ejaculated the Judge, 'dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court?' Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipt out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy.'

He was sentenced to pay 500 marks, and in default to be imprisoned in the King's Bench until it was paid. Through the generous exertions of a Catholic peer, Lord Powis, the fine was remitted, and after eighteen months' imprisonment, Baxter was set at liberty. He had now five years of tranquillity, dying 'in great peace and joy,' December 8, 1691. Baxter is said to have written no less than 168 separate works or publications! His practical treatises are still read and republished, especially his 'Saints' Rest' and 'Call to the Unconverted,' 1669. The latter was so popular, that 20,000 copies, it was said, were sold in one year. His 'Reasons of the Christian Religion,' 1667, 'Life of Faith,' 1670, 'Christian Directory,' 1675, are also much prized theological works. His 'Catholic Theology,' 1675, and 'Methodus Theologia Christianæ,' 1681, embody the views and opinions of Baxter on religious subjects. In 1696, appeared 'Reliquiæ Baxterianæ,' including an autobiography, entitled *A Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of my Life and Times*, published by Baxter's friend, Matthew Sylvester, a Nonconformist divine. This work is highly instructive, and, like Baxter's writings generally, was a favourite book of Dr. Johnson. In our own day, it met with no less warm an admirer in Mr. Coleridge, who terms it 'an inestimable work;' adding: 'I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking; but I could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity.' It is this *truthfulness* which gives so deep and permanent

an interest to Baxter's life. We see what Mr. Carlyle would call the *life of a real man*, ever in action or in self-retrospection; and as to what was passing around him, Baxter was an acute observer as well as profound thinker.

A complete edition of Baxter's works, with a *Life of the Author*, by the Rev. W. Orme, was published in 1827, in twenty-three volumes. Also, his '*Practical Works*,' four volumes, 1838.

Baxter's Judgment of his Writings.

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the '*Saints' Rest*,' I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived; and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forgot the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

Fruits of Experience of Human Character.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

Desire of Approbation.

I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause, than I did long ago. I am oft suspicious that this is not only from the increase of self-denial and humility, but partly from my being glutted and surfeited with human applause: and all worldly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory when we have tried them most. But though I feel that this hath some hand in the effect, yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness, and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do,

and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect; which some have imputed to self-conceitdness and morosity.

Change in the Estimate of his Own and Other Men's Knowledge.

Heretofore, I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me—like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before—but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to: but now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

Accordingly, I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained, and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not, by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know, that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest; and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark: and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilities, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book—as ‘*De Scientia Dei*,’ ‘*De Providentia circa Malum*,’ ‘*De Decretis*,’ ‘*De Prædeterminatione*,’ ‘*De Libertate Creature*,’ &c.—I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfections, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I.

And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do; and when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole; whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

On the Credit due to History.

I am much more cautious [cautious or wary] in my belief of history than heretofore; not that I run into their extreme that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things. But I am abundantly satisfied by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men, ungodly men and partial men: though an honest heathen, of no religion, may be believed, where enmity against religion biaseth him not; yet a debauched Christian, besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without some further bias of interest or faction; especially when these concur, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy heavenly life, and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs; there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe. The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands of multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter, that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud; or if they do, their writings are all suppress. As long as men have liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained. Yet, in these cases, I can freely believe history: 1. If the person shew that he is acquainted with what he saith. 2. And if he shew you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God, which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing. 3. If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and

of mankind, and not possessed of malignity or personal ill-will and malice, nor carried away by faction or personal interest. Conscionable men dare not lie; but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of conscience. And a charitable impartial heathen may speak truth in a love to truth, and hatred of a lie; but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to save themselves on anything. . . . Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common, plenary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitude of their seduced ones believe them all, in despite of truth and charity; so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons, whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false, as you would think that the sense of their honour, at least, should have made it impossible for such men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abundance of ear-witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false; and therefore having myself now written this history of myself, notwithstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from persons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and credibility.

Character of Sir Matthew Hale.

He was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; inasmuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject, who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge: for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and, by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbiens and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbes, that he hath rated him out of the room.

Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.

I cannot forget that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports* and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the

* James I. published a declaration permitting recreations on Sunday—as dancing, archery, May-games, morris-dances, &c. This was ordered to be read in churches

town-piper, hired by the year, for many years together, and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did: though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen and scarfs, and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

Theological Controversies.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what fathers and schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocal, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world! Experience, since the year 1643, till this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sittings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And my endeavours have not been in vain, in that the ministers of the county where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace, rather than any endeavours of mine, are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love and peace, and was for no man as in the contrary way.

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688), the son of a tinker residing at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, is one of the most remarkable of English authors. He was taught in childhood to read and write, and afterwards, having resolved to follow his father's occupation, travelled for many years about the country in the usual gipsy-life of his profession. At this time he is represented to have been sunk in profligacy and wickedness; but, like many other religious enthusiasts, Bunyan exaggerated the depravity of his unregenerated condition, and his biographers have too literally taken him at his word. Ringing bells, dancing, and playing at hockey were included among his sinful propensities. He was also addicted to profane swearing; but on a woman remonstrating with him as to this vice, he at once abandoned it. His early marriage, at the age of nineteen, saved him from another species of wickedness. And as Macaulay has remarked, 'those horrible internal conflicts which Bunyan has described with so much power of language, prove, not that he was a worse man than his neighbours, but that his mind was constantly occupied by religious considera-

The act, however, was not enforced in the reign of James, but it was renewed by Charles I. The clergy who refused to read this edict or Book of Sports from the pulpit, were punished by suspension or expulsion.

tions; that his fervour exceeded his knowledge; and that his imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind.' When a young man, Bunyan served in the army of the Parliament. After his first spiritual impulses had been awakened, he continued long hanging—to use his own figurative language—'as in a pair of scales, sometimes up and sometimes down; now in peace, and now again in terror.' By degrees his religious impressions acquired strength and permanence; till, after many doubts respecting his salvation, and the reality of his possession of faith—which last circumstance he was once on the eve of putting to the test by commanding some water-puddles to be dry—he at length attained a comfortable state of mind; and, having resolved to lead a moral and pious life, was, about the year 1655, baptised and admitted as a member of the Baptist congregation in Bedford. By the solicitation of the other members of that body, he was induced to become a preacher, though not without some modest reluctance on his part. After zealously preaching the gospel for five years, he was apprehended as a maintainer and upholder of assemblies for religious purposes, which, soon after the Restoration, had been declared unlawful. His sentence of condemnation to perpetual banishment was commuted to imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years and a half. During that long period he employed himself partly in writing pious works, and partly in making tagged laces for the support of himself and his family. His library while in prison consisted but of two books, the Bible and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' with both of which his own productions shew him to have become familiar. Having been liberated through the benevolent endeavours of Dr Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, he resumed his occupation of itinerant preacher, and continued to exercise it until the proclamation of liberty of conscience by James II. After that event, he was enabled, by the contributions of his friends, to erect a meeting-house in Bedford, where his preaching attracted large congregations during the remainder of his life. He frequently visited and preached to the Nonconformists in London, and when there in 1688, was cut off by fever in the sixty-first year of his age.

While in prison at Bedford, Bunyan, as we have said, composed several works; of these, 'The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come' is the one which has acquired the most extensive celebrity. Ten editions were published between 1678 and 1685. The second part (now always printed with the first) appeared in 1684. The popularity of the work is almost unrivalled; it has gone through innumerable editions, and been translated into most of the European languages. The object of this remarkable production, it is hardly necessary to say, is to give an allegorical view of the life of a Christian, his difficulties, temptations, encouragements, and ultimate triumph; and this is done with such skill and graphic effect, that the book, though upon the most serious of subjects, is read by

children with nearly as much pleasure as fictions professedly written for their amusement. The work is, throughout, strongly imbued with the Calvinistic principles of the author, who, in relating the contentions of his hero with the powers of darkness, and the terrible visions by which he was so frequently appalled, has doubtless drawn largely from what he himself experienced under the influence of his own fervid imagination. A vein of latent sarcasm and humour also runs through the work, as Bunyan depicts his halting and time-serving characters—the worldly personages that cumber and obstruct the pilgrim on his way. Of the literary merits of ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress,’ Mr. Southey speaks in the following terms: ‘His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one; and what a difference is there between its homeliness and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L’Estrange and Tom Brown school!’ If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity; his language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader and to the meanest capacity; there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shews, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind’s eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline of the picture only is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.* By universal assent the inspired tinker is ranked with our English classics and great masters of allegory; yet, so late as 1782, Cowper dared not name him in his poetry, lest the name should provoke a sneer! Another allegorical production of Bunyan, which is still read, though less extensively, is ‘The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul’ (1682). The fall of man is typified by the capture of the flourishing city of Mansoul by Diabolus, the enemy of its rightful sovereign, Shaddai, or Jehovah: whose son Immanuel recovers it after a tedious siege. Bunyan’s ‘Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners’—of which the most remarkable portions are given below—is an interesting though highly coloured narrative of his own life and religious experience. His other

* Life of Bunyan prefixed to *The Pilgrim’s Progress*, 1831.

works are numerous, but inferior, and collected editions of the whole have often been reprinted. One of the best is that of 1853, in three volumes, edited by George Offor.

Extracts from Bunyan's Autobiography.

In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my pedigree and manner of bringing up, that thereby the goodness and beauty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

For my descent, then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, and of any high-born state, according to the flesh, though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel. But, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame, I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, Eph. ii. 2, 3. It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, 2 Tim. ii. 26, being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, both in my heart and life, that I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. Also I should, at these years, be greatly troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports, and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, but I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself.

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lusts, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts of the flesh on my poor soul, that, had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but also laid myself open to the stroke of those days which bring some to disgrace and shame before the face of the world.

In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God: 'Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways,' Job, xxi. 14, 15. I was now void of all good consideration; heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. 'O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways are not hid from thee.'

But this I well remember, that, though I could myself sin with the greatest de-

light and ease, yet even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me; besides, another time being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end. This, also, I have taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I with others were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness: wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly; this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be—not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both—yet this she had for her part, ‘The Plain Man’s Pathway to Heaven,’ and ‘The Practice of Piety,’ which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I sometimes read, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasant to me—but all this while I met with no conviction. She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed. Wherefore these books, though they did not reach my heart to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things—both the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else—belonging to the church: counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein. This conceit grew so strong upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them—supposing they were the ministers of God—I could have lain down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them—their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me. . . .

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought whether there was such a one or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God, Eccles. x. 15.

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports, or otherwise; wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to shew me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember; but then I was for the present greatly loaded therewith, and so went home, when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit. This, for that instant, did embitter my former pleasures to me; but hold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course; but oh, how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature

with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said: 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices.

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion; wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading. . . . Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven: which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners; and, indeed, so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion—from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

Now you must know, that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, 'How, if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if the bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding. So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any further than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, 'How, if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought—it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on—did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing; I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in his mercy shewed me more of my state by nature.

The Golden City.—From 'The Pilgrim's Progress'

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and

pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for the season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying: 'Sav ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' &c.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof: it was built of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the suburbs upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hop-ful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it a while, crying out, because of their pangs: 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said: Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered: They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims; so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also showed them there the King's walks and arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now, I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey: and being in a muse thereabout, the gardeners said even to me: Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city—for the city was pure gold—was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met him two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came: and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in their way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them: You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian and his companion then asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said: You must go through, or you cannot come to the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate; to which they answered; Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then—especially Christian—began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the

waters were all of a depth. They said: No; yet they could not help them in that case: for said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said: I sink in deep waters: the billows go over my head; all the waters go over me. Selah.

Then said the other: Be of good cheer, my brother: I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian: A! my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about: I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom, also, Hopeful added these words: Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice—Oh! I see him again; and he tells me: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along toward the gate. Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them: to whom it was said by the other two shining ones: These are the men who loved our Lord when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying: 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious and loud noises, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left—as it were to guard them through the upper regions—continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them: and now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over in letters of gold: 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c.; to whom it was said: These pilgrims are come from the City of De-

struction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said: 'Where are the men? To whom it was answered: 'They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them: 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying: 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

DR. JOHN OWEN.

DR JOHN OWEN (1616-1683), after studying at Oxford for the Church of England, became a Presbyterian, but finally joined the Independents. He was highly esteemed by the Long Parliament, and was frequently called upon to preach before them on public occasions. Cromwell, in particular, was so highly pleased with him, that, when going to Ireland, he insisted on Dr. Owen accompanying him, for the purpose of regulating and superintending the College of Dublin. After spending six months in that city, Owen returned to his clerical duties in England, from which, however, he was again speedily called away by Cromwell, who took him in 1650 to Edinburgh, where he spent six months. Subsequently, he was promoted to the deanery of Christ Church College in Oxford, and soon after, to the vice-chancellorship of the university, which offices he held till Cromwell's death. After the Restoration, he was favoured by Lord Clarendon, who offered him a preferment in the church if he would conform; but this Dr. Owen declined. The persecution of the Non-conformists repeatedly disposed him to emigrate to New England, but attachment to his native country prevailed. Notwithstanding his decided hostility to the church, the amiable dispositions and agreeable manners of Owen procured him much esteem from many eminent churchmen, among whom was the king himself, who on one occasion sent for him, and, after a conversation of two hours, gave him a thousand guineas to be distributed among those who had suffered most from the recent persecution. He was a man of extensive learning, and most estimable character. His extreme industry is evinced by the voluminousness of his publications, which amount to no fewer than seven volumes in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. Among these are a collection of 'Sermons,' 'An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews,' 'A Discourse of the Holy Spirit,' and 'The Divine Original and Authority of the Scriptures.'

The style of Owen merits little praise. He wrote too rapidly and

carelessly to produce compositions either vigorous or beautiful. Robert Hall entertained a decided antipathy to the writings of this celebrated divine. 'I can't think how you like Dr. Owen,' said he to a friend; 'I can't read him with any patience; I never read a page of Dr. Owen, sir, without finding some confusion in his thoughts, either a truism or a contradiction in terms. Sir, he is a double Dutchman, floundering in a continent of mud' For moderation in controversy, Dr. Owen was most honourably distinguished among the theological warriors of his age.

JOHN HOWE.

This able and amiable Nonconformist (1630-1705) was a native of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, where his father was parish minister. He was educated at Cambridge, and was the friend of Cudworth and Henry More. In 1652, he was ordained minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His severe clerical duties is thus described: Upon public fasts he used to begin at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, then read and expounded Scripture for about three quarters; prayed an hour, preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. The people then sung for a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took a little refreshment: he then went into the pulpit again, prayed an hour more, preached another hour, and concluded with a prayer of half an hour! In 1656, Howe was selected by Cromwell to reside at Whitehall as one of his chaplains. As he had not coveted the office, he seems never to have liked it. The 'affected disorderliness' of the Protector's family as to religious matters made him despair of doing good in his office of chaplain, and he conscientiously opposed and preached against a doctrine which is thus stated by Mr. Henry Rogers, the biographer of Howe:

Fanaticism of Cromwell's Court.

It was a very prevalent opinion in Cromwell's court, and seems to have been entertained by Cromwell himself, that whenever the 'special favourites' of Heaven offered up their supplications for themselves or others, secret intimations were conveyed to the mind, that the particular blessings they implored would be certainly bestowed, and even indications afforded of the particular method in which their wishes would be accomplished. Howe himself confessed to Calamy, in a private conversation on this subject, that the prevalence of the notion at Whitehall, at the time he lived there, was too notorious to be denied; that great pains were taken to cherish and diffuse it; and that he himself had heard 'a person of note' preach a sermon with the avowed design of maintaining and defending it. To point out the pernicious consequences of such an opinion would be superfluous. Of course, there could be no lack of 'special favourites of Heaven' in an age and court like those of Cromwell; and all the dangerous illusions which a fanatical imagination might inspire, and all the consequent horrors to which a fanatical zeal could prompt, would of course plead the sanction of an express revelation.

Howe continued chaplain to the Protector, and, after Oliver's death, he resided in the same capacity with Richard Cromwell. When Richard was set aside, the minister returned to Great Torrington, but

was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. He subsequently officiated as minister in Ireland and London, and found leisure to write those admirable works of practical divinity which have placed him among the most gifted and eminent of the Nonconformist divines of England. He has been termed the 'Platonic Puritan.' The principal works of John Howe are his 'Living Temple' (1676-1702), a treatise on 'Delighting in God,' 'The Blessedness of the Righteous,' 'The Vanity of Man as Mortal,' a 'Tractate on the Divine Presence,' an 'Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Trinity,' and 'The Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World' (1699). To the excellence of these works all theological writers and critics have borne testimony. Robert Hall acknowledged that he had learned more from John Howe than from any other author he ever read, and he said there was 'an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions.' A collected edition of Howe's works, with a Life by Dr. Edmund Calamy, was published in 1724. Other editions followed, and the latest we have seen is one in three volumes, 8vo, 1848, with Life by Rev. J. P. Hewlett. The 'Life and Character of John Howe, with an Analysis of his Writings,' by Henry Rogers, is a valuable work, and affords a good view of the state of religious parties and controversies in England from the time of the Commonwealth down to the death of Howe.

EDMUND CALAMY—JOHN FLAVEL—MATTHEW HENRY.

EDMUND CALAMY (1600-1666) was originally a clergyman of the Church of England, but had become a Nonconformist before settling in London as a preacher in 1639. A celebrated production against Episcopacy, called 'Smectymnuus,' from the initials of the names of the writers, and in which Calamy was concerned, appeared in the following year. He was much in favour with the Presbyterian party; but was, on the whole, a moderate man, and disapproved of those measures which terminated in the death of the king. Having exerted himself to promote the restoration of Charles II. he subsequently received the offer of a bishopric; but, after much deliberation, it was rejected. The passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662 made him retire from his ministerial duties in the metropolis several years before his death. His sermons were of a plain and practical character; and five of them, published under the title of 'The Godly Man's Ark, or a City of Refuge in the Day of his Distress,' acquired much popularity.

JOHN FLAVEL (1627-1691) was a zealous preacher at Dartmouth, where he suffered severely for his nonconformity. In the pulpit he was distinguished for the warmth, fluency, and variety of his devotional exercises, which, like his writings, were somewhat tinged with enthusiasm. His works, occupying two folio volumes, are written in a plain and perspicuous style, and some of them are still highly valued. Among the Scottish peasantry, many of Flavel's works are popular.

MATTHEW HENRY (1662-1714) was the son of Philip Henry, a pious and learned Nonconformist minister in Flintshire. He entered as a student of law in Gray's Inn; but, yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he soon abandoned the pursuit of the law, and turned his attention to theology, which he studied with great diligence and zeal. In 1685 he was chosen pastor of a Nonconformist congregation at Chester, where he officiated for twenty-five years. In 1711 he changed the scene of his labours to Hackney, where he continued till his death in 1714. Of a variety of theological works published by this excellent divine, the largest and best known is his *Commentary on the Bible*, which he did not live to complete. It was originally printed in five volumes folio. The *Commentary on the Epistles* was added by various divines. Considered as a learned explanation of the sacred volume, this popular production is not of great value; but its practical remarks are peculiarly interesting, and have secured for it a place in the very first class of expository works. Robert Hall, for the last two years of his life, read daily two chapters of Matthew Henry's *Commentary*, a work which he had not before read consecutively, though he had long known and valued it. As he proceeded, he felt increasing interest and pleasure, greatly admiring the copiousness, variety, and pious ingenuity of the thoughts; the simplicity, strength, and pregnancy of the expressions. Dr. Chalmers was also a warm admirer of Henry, whose *Commentary* is still frequently republished. The following extract from the exposition of Matthew vi. 24, may be taken as a specimen of the nervous and pointed remarks with which the work abounds:

Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon.

Mammon is a Syriac word that signifies gain, so that whatever is, or is accounted by us to be gain, is mammon. 'Whatever is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life'—is mammon. 'To some their belly is their mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments: the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' mammon; in a word, self—the unity in which the world's tummy centres—sensual secular self, is the mammon which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say we *must* not, or we *should* not, but we *cannot* serve God and mammon: we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God says, 'My son, give me thine heart;' Mammon says: 'No—give it me.' God says: 'Be content with such things as ye have;' Mammon says: 'Grasp at all that ever thou canst'—'Rem. rem, quocunque modo, rem'—money, money, by fair means or by foul, money.' God says: 'Defraud not; never lie; be honest and just in thy dealings;' Mammon says: 'Cheat thy own father if thou canst gain by it.' God says: 'Be charitable;' Mammon says: 'Hold thy own; this giving undoes us.' God says: 'Be careful for nothing;' Mammon says: 'Be careful for everything.' God says: 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day;' Mammon says: 'Make use of that day, as well as any other, for the world.' Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but 'choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' and abide by your choice.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD—THOMAS HALYBURTON—THOMAS BOSTON.

There were several Scottish doctrinal writers and divines at this period whose works still enjoy considerable popularity, especially in the rural parishes, and constitute the favourite reading of old and serious persons. Among these we may mention SAMUEL RUTHERFORD (1600–1661), author of ‘The Trial and Triumph of Faith,’ ‘Christ dying and drawing Sinners,’ &c. Rutherford was a staunch defender of Presbyterianism, and one of his controversial works, ‘Lex Rex’ (1644), written in reply to the Bishop of Ross, was, after the Restoration, burned by order of the Committee of Estates. A volume of ‘Familiar Letters’ by this divine, published after his death, evinces literary taste and power. He was one of the most learned of the Scottish clergy, and was successively Professor of Divinity in St. Andrews (1639), Commissioner to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster (1643–1647), and Principal of New College, St. Andrews (1649).—THOMAS HALYBURTON (1674–1712) was Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews. He wrote ‘Natural Religion Insufficient,’ an able reply to Lord Herbert’s ‘De Veritate,’ and ‘The Great Concern of Salvation,’ and ‘Ten Sermons preached before and after the Celebration of the Lord’s Supper.’—THOMAS BOSTON (1676–1732) was minister of Etrick, and a leading member of the church courts in opposition to patronage and tests. His ‘Fourfold State,’ first printed in 1720, is still the most popular of religious books among rigid Presbyterians, and a course of ‘Sermons’ by this divine is also highly prized. Boston was warmly engaged in what has been termed ‘the great Marrow controversy,’ which divided the Scottish church. A book named ‘The Marrow of Modern Divinity’ (1645), written by an English Puritan, Edward Fisher, was revived in Scotland by the more devout portion of the clergy, and being denounced by the ruling party in the Assembly, was adopted as a standard round which the popular ministers rallied. The peace of the church was long disturbed by this Marrow controversy. The works of the above divines, though tinged with what we may call a gloomy and unamiable theology, are marked by a racy vigour of thought and *unction*. As illustrations of at least one phase of national character and history, they deserve to be studied.

METAPHYSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

JOHN LOCKE.

England, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, was adorned by some illustrious philosophers, who, besides making important contributions to science, were distinguished by simplicity and moral excellence of character, and by an ardent devotion to the interests of religion, virtue and truth.

JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, August 29,

1682, son of a small proprietor who served in the Parliamentary army. He received his elementary education at Westminster School, and completed his studies at Christ-church College, Oxford. In the latter city he resided from 1651 till 1664, during which period he became disgusted with the verbal subtleties of the Aristotelian philosophy. Having chosen the profession of medicine, he made considerable progress in the necessary studies, but found the delicacy of his constitution an obstacle to successful practice. In 1664, he accompanied, in the capacity of secretary, Sir William Swan, who was sent by Charles II. as envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg during the Dutch war: some lively and interesting letters written by him from Germany on this occasion were published by the late Lord King. Those who are acquainted with Locke only in the character of a grave philosopher, will be surprised to find the following humorous description, which he given to one of his friends, of some Christmas ceremonies witnessed by him in a church at Cleves.

Christmas Ceremonies at Cleves.

About one in the morning I went a-gossiping to our Lady. Think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the particulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves; but only those that were particular to the occasion. Near the high-altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity; the scene was a stable, wherein was an ox, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, *dramatis personæ*. Had they but given them motion, it had been a perfect puppet-play, and might have deserved pence apiece: for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew Fair. A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut out of cards; and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ, and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show: the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard. They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a chevy chase over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing-men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and variety. Every one had his own tune, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing parliament-men, where every one endeavours to cry loudest. Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers. I thought, when I saw them at first, they had danced to the others' music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels; for they were jumping up and down about a good charcoal-fire that was in the middle of the quire—this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night—but it was not dancing, but singing they served for; for when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a concert of little pigs would, and they were much about as cleanly. Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their cue called them, and then back to their places they huddled. So neghent and slight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful.

In less than a year, Locke returned to Oxford, where he soon afterwards received an offer of considerable preferment in the Irish

Church, if he should think fit to take orders. This, after due consideration, he declined. 'A man's affairs and whole course of his life,' says he, in a letter to the friend who made the proposal to him, 'are not to be changed in a moment, and one is not made fit for a calling, and that in a day. I believe you think me too proud to undertake anything wherein I should acquit myself but unworthily. I am sure I cannot content myself with being undermost, possibly the middlemost, of my profession; and you will allow, on consideration, care is to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if one chance to be a bungler, there is no retreat.'

In 1666, Locke became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury; and so valuable did his lordship find the medical advice and general conversation of the philosopher, that a close and permanent friendship sprang up between them, and Locke became an inmate of his lordship's house. This brought him into the society of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and other celebrated wits of the time. An anecdote is told of him which shews the easy terms on which he stood with these noblemen. On an occasion when several of them were met at Lord Ashley's house, the party, soon after assembling, sat down to cards, so that scarcely any conversation took place. Locke, after looking on for some time, took out his note-book, and began to write in it, with much appearance of gravity and deliberation. One of the party observing this, inquired what he was writing. 'My lord,' he replied, 'I am endeavouring to profit as far as I am able in your company; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained this good-fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and indeed I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two.'

A very brief specimen of what he had written was sufficient to make the objects of his irony abandon the card-table, and engage in rational discourse. While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education, first of his lordship's son, and subsequently of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, celebrated as an able philosophical and moral writer in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1672, when Lord Ashley received an earldom and the office of chancellor, he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, which the philosopher enjoyed only till the following year, when his patron lost favour with the court, and was deprived of the seals. The delicate state of Locke's health induced him in 1675 to visit France, where he resided several years, first at Montpellier, and afterwards at Paris, where he had opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of the most eminent French literary men of the day. When Shaftesbury regained power for a brief season in 1679, he recalled Locke to England; and, on taking refuge in Holland, three years afterwards, was followed thither by his friend, whose safety likewise was in jeop-

ardy, from the connection which subsisted between them. After the death of his patron in 1683, Locke found it necessary to prolong his stay in Holland, and even there was obliged, by the machinations of his political enemies at home, to live for upwards of a year in concealment. In 1684, by a special order from Charles II. he was deprived of his studentship at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1687, he instituted, at Amsterdam, a literary society, the members of which—among whom were Le Clerc, Limborch, and other learned men—met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation.

The Revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, to which he was conveyed by the fleet that brought over the Princess of Orange. He was made a Commissioner of Appeals, with a salary of £300 a year. He now became a prominent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which have exerted a highly beneficial influence on subsequent generations, not only in Britain, but throughout the civilised world. While in Holland, he had written in Latin, 'A Letter concerning Toleration;' this appeared at Gouda in 1689, and translations of it were immediately published in Dutch, French, and English. The liberal opinions which it maintained were controverted by an Oxford writer, in reply to whom Locke successively wrote three additional 'Letters.' In 1690 was published his most celebrated work, 'An Essay concerning Human Understanding.' In the composition of this treatise, which his retirement in Holland afforded him leisure to finish, he had been engaged for eighteen years. His object in writing it is thus explained in the Prefatory Epistle to the Reader: 'Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this Essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course, and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented.'

In proceeding to treat of the subject originally proposed, he found this matter increase upon his hands, and was gradually led into other fields of investigation. It hence happens, that of the four books of which the Essay consists, only the last is devoted to an inquiry into the objects within the sphere of the human understanding. In the first book of his Essay, Locke treats of innate ideas. He denies altogether the doctrine of innate ideas or innate principles in the mind: 'God having endued man with those faculties of knowing which he hath, was no more obliged by His goodness to implant those innate notions in his mind, than that having given him reason, hands, and materials, he should build him bridges or houses.' And

he argues that the idea or sense of a God is so manifest from the visible marks of wisdom and power in creation, that no rational creature could, on reflection, miss the discovery of a Deity. In the second book, Locke follows up this principle or position by tracing the origin of our ideas, simple and complex, which he derives from sensation and reflection. His reasoning on the latter is somewhat indefinite. 'Duration is certainly no mode of thinking, yet the idea of duration is reckoned by Locke among those with which we are furnished by reflection. The same may perhaps be said as to his account of several other ideas, which cannot be deduced from external sensation, nor yet can be reckoned modifications or operations of the soul itself; such as number, power, existence' (*Hallam*). The third book of the *Essay* is on language and signs as instruments of truth; and the fourth book is intended to determine the nature, validity, and limits of the understanding. Of the importance of this great work in diffusing a just mode of thinking and inquiry, it is unnecessary to speak. Some passages may appear contradictory, 'but any person reading the *Essay* carefully through will,' says Mr. Lewes, 'find all clear and coherent.'

The style of the work is simple, pure, and expressive; and, as it was designed for general perusal, there is a frequent employment of colloquial phraseology. Locke hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of common-sense. 'No one,' says his pupil, Shaftesbury, 'has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress.'

In 1690, Locke published two 'Treatises on Civil Government,' in defence of the principles of the Revolution against the Tories; or, as he expresses himself, 'to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people, which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin.' The chief of his other productions are—'Thoughts concerning Education' (1693), 'The Reasonableness of Christianity' (1695), two 'Vindications' of that work (1696), and an admirable tract 'On the Conduct of the Understanding,' printed after the author's death. A theological controversy in which he engaged with Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, has already been mentioned in our account of that prelate. Many letters and miscellaneous pieces of Locke have been published, partly in the beginning of last century, and partly by Lord King in his *Life of the philosopher* (1829).

In reference to the writings of Locke, Sir James Mackintosh observes, that justly to understand their character, it is necessary to

take a deliberate survey of the circumstances in which the writer was placed. 'Educated among the English dissenters, during the short period of their political ascendancy, he early imbibed that deep piety and ardent spirit of liberty which actuated that body of men; and he probably imbibed also in their schools the disposition to metaphysical inquiries which has everywhere accompanied the Calvinistic theology. Sects founded in the right of private judgment, naturally tend to purify themselves from intolerance, and in time learn to respect in others the freedom of thought to the exercise of which they owe their own existence. By the Independent divines who were his instructors, our philosopher was taught those principles of religious liberty which they were the first to disclose to the world. When free inquiry led him to milder dogmas, he retained the severe morality which was their honourable singularity, and which continues to distinguish their successors in those communities which have abandoned their rigorous opinions. His professional pursuits afterwards engaged him in the study of the physical sciences, at the moment when the spirit of experiment and observation was in its youthful fervour, and when a repugnance to scholastic subtleties was the ruling passion of the scientific world. At a more mature age, he was admitted into the society of great wits and ambitious politicians. During the remainder of his life he was often a man of business, and always a man of the world, without much undisturbed leisure, and probably with that abated relish for merely abstract speculation which is the inevitable result of converse with society and experience in affairs. But his political connections agreeing with his early bias, made him a zealous advocate of liberty in opinion and in government; and he gradually limited his zeal and activity to the illustrations of such general principles as are the guardians of these great interests of human society. Almost all his writings, even his *Essay* itself, were occasional, and intended directly to counteract the enemies of reason and freedom in his own age. The first *Letter on Toleration*, the most original perhaps of his works, was composed in Holland, in a retirement where he was forced to conceal himself from the tyranny which pursued him into a foreign land; and it was published in England in the year of the Revolution, to vindicate the Toleration Act, of which the author lamented the imperfection' On the continent, the principal works of Locke became extensively known through the medium of translation.

Immediately after the Revolution, employment in the diplomatic service was offered to Locke, who declined it on the ground of ill-health. In 1695, having aided government with his advice on the subject of the coinage, he was appointed a member of the Board of Trade, which office, however, the state of his health also obliged him to resign. The last years of his existence were spent at Oates, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, who had invited him to make that mansion his home. Lady Masham, a daughter of Dr. Cudworth, and to whom Locke was attached by strong ties of friendship, soothed by

her attention the infirmities of his declining years. The death of this excellent man took place October 28, 1704, when he had attained the age of seventy-two.

Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education, there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any further than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifference to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as come short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftener, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the ground upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact.

Practice and Habit

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us further than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, tall, as it were, naturally without thought or pains into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavour to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach, and almost the conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellences which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologies and opposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster Hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or Inns of court.

To what purpose all this, but to shew that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties, as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavour at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, shewing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds. I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts, when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. We see men frequently dexterous and sharp enough in making a bargain, who, if you reason with them about matters of religion, appear perfectly stupid.

Prejudices.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men's parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault, and a hinderance to knowledge. What, now, is the cure? No other but this—that every man should let alone others' prejudices, and examine his own. Nobody is convinced of his by the accusation of another; he is reprimanded by the same rule, and is clear. The only way to remove this great cause

of ignorance and error out of the world, is for every one impartially to examine himself. If others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truths, or ought it to make me in love with them, and willing to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes, should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could? Every one declares against blindness, and yet who almost is not fond of that which dims his sight, and keeps the clear light out of his mind, which should lead him into truth and knowledge? False or doubtful positions, relief upon as unquestionable maxims, keep those in the dark from truth who build on them. Such are usually the prejudices imbibed from education, party, reverence, fashion, interest, &c. This is the mote which every one sees in his brother's eye, but never regards the beam in his own. For who is there, almost, that is ever brought fairly to examine his own principles, and see whether they are such as will bear the trial? But yet this should be one of the first things every one should set about, and be scrupulous in, who would rightly conduct his understanding in the search of truth and knowledge.

To those who are willing to get rid of this great hinderance of knowledge—for to such only I write—to those who would shake off this great and dangerous impostor Prejudice, who dresses up falsehood in the likeness of truth, and so dexterously bewinks men's minds, as to keep them in the dark, with a belief that they are wiser in the light than any that do not see with their eyes, I shall offer this one mark whereby prejudice may be known. He that is strongly of any opinion, must suppose—unless he be self-condemned—that his persuasion is built upon good grounds; and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forth him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclination or fancy, that make him so confident and positive in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion, if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him? And it is not evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof? If his opinion be settled upon a firm foundation, if the arguments that support it, and have obtained his assent, be clear, good, and convincing, why should he be shy to have it tried whether they be proof or not? He whose assent goes beyond his evidence, owes this excess of his adherence only to prejudice, and does in effect own it when he refuses to hear what is offered against it; declaring thereby, that it is not evidence he seeks, but the quiet enjoyment of the opinion he is fond of, with a forward condemnation of all that may stand in opposition to it, unheard and unexamined.

Injudicious Haste in Study.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hinderance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labour and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness

or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety—which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge—but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves, or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room: but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed; but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation, has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

Pleasure and Pain.

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention; to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If thus were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts—if I may so call it—run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us. Thus, their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do, and as advices to withdraw from them. But He,

not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases, annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, it increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation; which is wisely and favourably so ordered by nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it, may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For, though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him 'with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

History.

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, further than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains, hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of the history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such-like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overrun a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquiries in antiquity are much more so; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money; these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way. . . .

I shall only add one word, and then conclude; and that is, that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told; here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate.

Disputation.

One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies claim and visible truths.

Liberty.

Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

Opposition to New Doctrines.

The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance: new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion; and though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine.

Duty of Preserving Health.

If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies—though with a design to render ourselves more useful—we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbour of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold, and silver, and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON holds, by universal consent, the highest rank among the natural philosophers of ancient or modern times. He was born, December 25, 1642, at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated a small paternal estate. From childhood, he manifested a strong inclination towards mechanical and mathematical pursuits. He received his early education at the Grammar-school of Grantham, and at the age of fifteen was summoned to take charge of the farm at home, but he was found unfit for business, and was allowed to return to school and follow the bent of his genius. In 1661, he was admitted as a sizar in Trinity College, Cambridge; became a Junior Fellow in 1667, and M.A. in 1668. In 1669, he succeeded Barrow as mathematical professor; in 1671, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to it his new theory of Light. He served repeatedly in parliament as member for the university; was appointed Warden of the Mint in 1695, became President of the Royal Society in 1703; and, two years afterwards, received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. To the unrivalled genius and sagacity of Newton, the world is indebted for a variety of splendid discoveries in natural philosophy and mathematics; among these, his exposition of the laws which regulate the movements of the solar system may be referred to as the most brilliant. The first step in the formation of the Newtonian system of

philosophy was his discovery of the law of gravitation, which, as he proved, affected the vast orbs that revolve around the sun, not less than the smallest objects on our own globe. The traditional story of the philosopher sitting in his garden one day, and being led by the fall of an apple to meditate on the law of gravitation, may be a mere myth—the apple may be as fabulous as the golden fruit of the Hesperides; but the train of thought which led to the discovery may have been suggested by some circumstance as trivial. He saw that there was a remarkable power or principle which caused all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth, and that this unseen power operated at the top of the highest mountains and at the bottom of the deepest mines.

When the true cause, the law of gravitation, dawned upon his mind. Newton is said to have been so agitated as to be unable to work out the problem. Mathematical calculation soon demonstrated the fact, and placed it on an immovable basis. 'The whole material universe,' as Sir David Brewster says, 'was spread out before him; the sun with all his attending planets, the planets with all their satellites, the comets wheeling in their eccentric orbits, and the system of the fixed stars stretching to the remotest limits of space.' What must have been the sensations of Newton when all these varied movements of the heavenly bodies were thus presented to his mind—and presented, let us remember, as the result of that law which he had himself discovered! The situation of Columbus when, after his long voyage, he first descried the shores of the new world he had so adventurously sailed to explore, was one of moral and intellectual grandeur. So was the position of Milton, when old, and blind, and poor, he had realised the dream of his youth, completed his great epic, and sent it forth on its voyage of immortality. But the situation of Newton was one still more transcendent. His feelings were perhaps the most strange—the most sublime—ever permitted to mortality. He had laid his hand on the key of Nature's secrets, and unlocked the mighty mystery—a mystery hidden from mankind for countless ages, and at that moment known only to himself. And in his joy at this vast discovery there was no room for fear or regret. The conqueror or explorer of a new country may sigh to think what sin and suffering may be introduced with civilisation, supplanting the ignorant innocence of the natives; but in this case nothing could result but fresh and astounding proofs of that divine wisdom and law of order which form the harmony of the universe.

The work in which Newton unfolded his simple but sublime system was written in Latin, and appeared in 1687, under the title of '*Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*.' To Newton we owe likewise extensive discoveries in optics, by which the aspect of that science was so entirely changed, that he may justly be termed its founder. He was the first to conceive and demonstrate the divisibility of light into rays of seven different colours, and possessing differ-

ent degrees of refrangibility. After pursuing his optical investigations during a period of thirty years, he gave to the world, in 1704, a detailed account of his discoveries in an admirable work entitled 'Optics: or a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light.' Besides these, he published various profound mathematical works, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate. Like his illustrious contemporaries, Boyle, Barrow, and Locke, this eminent man devoted much attention to theology as well as to natural science. The prophetic books of Scripture were those which he chiefly investigated; and to his great interest in these studies we owe the composition of his 'Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John,' published after his death. Among his manuscripts were found many other theological pieces, mostly on such subjects as the Prophetic Style, the Host of Heaven, the Revelations, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary, the Working of the Mystery of Iniquity, and the Contest between the Host of Heaven and the Transgressors of the Covenant. The whole manuscripts left by Sir Isaac were perused by Dr. Pellet, by agreement with the executors, with the view of publishing such as were thought fit for the press: the report of that gentleman, however, was, that, of the whole mass, nothing but a work on the Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms was adapted for publication. That treatise accordingly appeared; and, contrary to Dr. Pellet's opinion, the 'Observations upon the Prophecies,' already mentioned, were likewise sent to the press. 'An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture' (John, v. 7, and 1 Tim. iii. 16), also from the pen of Sir Isaac, first appeared in a perfect form in Dr. Horsley's edition of his works in 1779. The timidity, no less than the profound humility, of this great man led him to shrink from any publication likely to lead to controversy, and perhaps the only defect in his noble nature was this morbidly sensitive and somewhat suspicious temperament. We subjoin a specimen of his remarks on

The Prophetic Language.

For understanding the prophecies, we are, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signifies the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity, or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or de-

minion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness: darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic.

Fire and meteors refer to both heaven and earth, and signify as follows: Burning anything with fire, is put for the consuming thereof by war; a conflagration of the earth, or turning a country into a lake of fire, for the consumption of a kingdom by war; the being in a furnace, for the being in slavery under another nation; the ascending up of the smoke of any burning thing for ever and ever, for the continuation of a conquered people under the misery of perpetual subjection and slavery; the scorching heat of the sun, for vexatious wars, persecutions, and troubles inflicted by the king; riding on the clouds, for reigning over much people; covering the sun with a cloud, or with smoke, for oppression of the king by the armies of an enemy, tempestuous winds, or the motion of clouds, for wars; thunder, or the voice of a cloud, for the voice of a multitude; a storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and overflowing rain, for a tempest of war descending from the heavens and clouds politic on the heads of their enemies; rain, if not immoderate, and dew, and living water, for the graces and doctrines of the Spirit; and the defect of rain, for spiritual barrenness.

In the earth, the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; unbitingness of waters, for great affliction of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic—that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic, by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquests of their regions by the earth; fountains of waters, for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting up of idols in their temples; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea.

Animals also, and vegetables, are put for the people of several regions and conditions; and particularly trees, herbs, and land-animals, for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes, for those of the waters politic; birds and insects, for those of the politic heaven and earth; a forest for a kingdom: and a wilderness, for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometime vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended

to other significations; as a tree, when called the 'tree of life' or 'of knowledge;' and a beast, when called 'the old serpent,' or worshipped.

A question with respect to Sir Isaac Newton excited much controversy in the literary world. During the last forty years of his life, the inventive powers of this great philosopher seemed to have lost their activity; he made no further discoveries, and, in his later scientific publications, imparted to the world only the views which he had formed in early life. In the article 'Newton' in the French 'Biographie Universelle,' written by M. Biot, a statement was for the first time advanced, that his mental powers were impaired by an attack of insanity, which occurred in the years 1692 and 1693. That Newton's mind was much out of order at the period mentioned, appears to be satisfactorily proved. Mr. Abraham de la Pryme, a Cambridge student, under date the 3d of February 1692-3, relates, in a passage which Brewster has published, the loss of Newton's papers by fire while he was at chapel; adding, that when the philosopher came home, 'and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after.' Newton himself, writing on the 13th September 1693 to Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty, says: 'I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind.' Again, on the 16th of the same month, he writes to his friend Locke in the following remarkable manner:

SIR—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as when one told me you were sickly, and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having had thoughts of you for it and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of Ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbit. I beg your pardon, also, for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me. I am your most humble and unfortunate servant.—IS. NEWTON.

The answer of Locke is admirable for the gentle and affectionate spirit in which it is written -

SIR—I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you tell me of yourself, had I had it from anybody else. And though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet, next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good-will I have ever done you; I receive your acknowledgment of the contrary as the kindest thing you could have done me, since it gives me hopes that I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say anything to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage both to you and all mankind will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you, that I am more ready to forgive you than you can be to desire it; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you that I truly love and esteem you; and that I have still the same good-will for you as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you anywhere, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend

it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it.

My book is going to press for a second edition; and though I can answer for the design with which I writ it, yet since you have so opportunely given me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favour if you would point out to me the places that gave occasion to that censure, that, by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or unawares doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt but you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am, without compliment, &c.

To this Sir Isaac replied on the 5th of October.

SIR—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me further out of order, so that when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a-night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. I am your most humble servant—
Is. NEWTON.

On the 26th September, Pepys wrote to a friend of his, at Cambridge, a Mr. Millington, making inquiry about Newton's mental condition, as he had 'lately received a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that which of all mankind I should least dread from him, and most lament for—I mean a discomposure in head, or mind, or both.' Millington answers on the 30th, that, two days previously, he had met Newton at Huntingdon; 'where,' says he, 'upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; and added, that it was a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for about five nights together; which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will.'

This conclusion is proved to have been the correct one. Sir David Brewster has examined the point at some length in his elaborate 'Life of Newton,' 2 vols. 1855, and has established the fact that the great philosopher's illness was temporary. Sir David had access to the papers in the possession of Lord Portsmouth, the descendant of Newton's niece, Mrs. Barton, and has thrown much light on the private character and social relations of Sir Isaac, besides describing his discoveries in fluxions, optics, and gravitation. Among the papers thus published for the first time, is the following account, by Sir Isaac, of his religious faith or belief:

Religious Belief of Sir Isaac Newton.

1. There is one God the Father, ever living, omnipresent, omniscient, almighty, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

2. The Father is the invisible God whom no eye hath seen, nor can see. All other beings are sometimes visible.

3. The Father hath life in himself, and hath given the Son to have life in himself.

4. The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father, but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God.

5. The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature. All other beings are movable from place to place.

6. All the worship—whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving—which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ, is still due to him. Christ came not to diminish the worship of his Father.

7. Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.

8. We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life, and whatsoever we are to thank him for, or desire that he would do for us, we ask of him immediately in the name of Christ.

9. We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us. If we pray the Father aright, he will intercede.

10. It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.

11. To give the name of God to angels or kings, is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings, is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, Thou shalt worship no other God but me.

12. To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. This is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God, who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests.

The character and most prominent discoveries of Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which the following is a translation: 'Here lies interred ISAAC NEWTON, Knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature' Newton died March 20, 1727

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

JAMES HOWELL.

JAMES HOWELL (1594-1666) was one of the most intelligent travellers and pleasing miscellaneous writers in the early part of the seventeenth century. Born in Caermarthenshire, he received his education at Hereford and Oxford, and repaired to London in quest of employment. He was there appointed steward to a patent-glass manufactory, in which capacity he went abroad, to procure materials and engage workmen. In the course of his travels, which lasted three years, he visited many commercial towns in Holland, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy; and, being possessed of an acute and inquiring mind, laid up a store of useful observations on men and manners, besides acquiring an extensive knowledge of modern languages. His connection with the glass-company soon after ceased, and he again visited France as the travelling companion of a young gentleman. After this he was sent to Spain (1622), as agent for the recovery of an English vessel which had been seized in Sardinia on a charge of smuggling; but all hopes of obtaining redress being destroyed by the breaking off of Prince Charles's proposed marriage with the Infanta, he returned to England in 1624. His next office was that of secretary to Lord Scrope, as President of the North; and in 1627 he was chosen by the corporation of Richmond to be one of their representatives in parliament. Three years afterwards, he visited Copenhagen as secretary to the English ambassador. About the beginning of the Civil War, he was appointed one of the Clerks of Council; but being 'prodigally inclined,' according to Anthony à Wood, 'and therefore runneth much into debt,' he was imprisoned in the Fleet, by order of a committee of parliament. Here he remained till after the king's death, supporting himself by translating and composing a variety of works. At the Restoration, he became historiographer royal, being the first who ever enjoyed that title; and he continued his literary avocations till his death in 1666. Of upwards of forty publications of this lively and sensible writer, none is now generally read except his 'Epistolæ Ho-Elizianæ, or Familiar Letters,' which were published in four successive instalments, in 1645, 1647, 1650, and 1655. This work is considered to be the earliest specimen of epistolary literature in the language. The letters are dated from various places at home and abroad; and though some of them are supposed to have been composed from memory while the author was in the Fleet Prison, the greater number seem to bear sufficient internal evidence of having been written at the times and places indicated. His remarks on the leading events and characters of the time, as well as the description of what he saw in foreign countries, and the reflections with which his Letters abound, contribute to render the work one of permanent interest and value.

Letter from Venice.

These wishes come to you from Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; renowned Venice, the admired'st city in the world, a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant, the Turk, by sea; else, I believe, he had overrun all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath performed notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers others: she hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her galleys often preserved St. Peter's bark from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea, which marriage is solemnly renewed every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the *Clari-smos*, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galleasse, called the *Bucentoro*, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often put upon the careen and trimmed. This made me think on that famous ship at Athens; nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring, ever and anon, a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into a blood and fleshy substance, which, as in all other sublimary bodies that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nutriment: I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this *Bucentoro*, which, though it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I believe there's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pieced. In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and, I may say, new flesh; the old by continual depredation and insensible perspirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about with him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical, individually numerical body, when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lamb-skin hood in Oxford; or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh, now in Venice, which I carried about me three years since, up and down London streets, having, in lieu of beer and ale, drunk wine all this while, and fed upon different viands. Now, the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical kind of virtue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us; but though it be questionable whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same, for you may remember I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food: you will say that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear thee say that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneous parts. But I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion, which the sight of *Bucentoro* infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I fear me, to trespass too much upon your patience; I leave the farther disquisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into and drunk more of Aristotle's well. But, to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no in all points that I had in England, I am well assured I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse:

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt

The air, but not the mind, they change,
Who in outlandish countries range,

For, what alterations soever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small

bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—the very same
 VENICE, 25th June, 1621. J. II.

Letter from Rome.

I am now come to Rome, and Rome, they say, is every man's country; she is called *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city; and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices, both in church and state, according to merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself, since she was made a Christian, and descended from those hills to *Campus Martius*; with *Trastevere*, and the suburbs of Saint Peter, she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in *Claudius* his time; for *Vopiscus* writes she was then of fifty miles' circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous cense that was made, which, allowing but six to every family in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls; but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number. The pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the state of the church extends above three hundred miles in length, and two hundred miles in breadth; it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagna, the Marquisate of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the patrimony, Rome herself, and Latium. In these there are above fifty bishoprics; the pope hath also the duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchate of Ravenna; he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Venessa, called Avignon, in France. He hath title also good enough to Naples itself; but, rather than offend his champion, the king of Spain, he is contented with a white mule, and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every year for a heriot or homage, or what you will call it; he pretends also to be lord-paramount of Sicily, Urbino, Parma, and Masseran; of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our crown at Paudulio his legate's feet.

The state of the apostolic see here in Italy lieth 'twixt two seas, the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene, and it runs through the midst of Italy, which makes the pope powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an umpire or an enemy. His authority being mix'd 'twixt temporal and spiritual, disperseth itself into so many members, that a young man may grow old here before he can well understand the form of government.

The consistory of cardinals meet but once a week, and once a week they solemnly wait all upon the pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight cardinals, whereof there are six cardinal bishops, fifty-one cardinal priests, and eleven cardinal deacons. The cardinal bishops attend and sit near the pope, when he celebrates any festival; the cardinal priests assist him at mass; and the cardinal deacons attire him. A cardinal is made by a short breve or writ from the pope in these words: '*Creamus te socium regibus, superiorem ducibus, et fratrem nostrum*' ['We create thee a companion to kings, superior to dukes, and our brother']. If a cardinal bishop should be questioned for any offence, there must be twenty-four witnesses produced against him. The bishop of Ostia hath most privilege of any other, for he consecrates and installs the pope, and goes always next to him. All these cardinals have the repute of princes, and besides other incomes, they have the annats of benefices to support their greatness.

For point of power, the pope is able to put 50,000 men in the field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in galleys. We read how Paul III. sent Charles III. twelve thousand foot and five hundred horse. Pius V. sent a greater aid to Charles IX.; and for riches, besides the temporal dominions he hath in all the countries before named, the datany or despatching of bulls, the triennial subsidies, annats, and other ecclesiastical rights, mount to an unknown sum; and it is a common saying here, that as long as the pope can finger a pen, he can want no pence. Pius V. notwithstanding his expenses in buildings, left four millions in the Castle of Saint Angelo in less than five years; more, I believe, than this Gregory XV. will, for

he hath many nephews; and better is it to be the pope's nephew, than to be a favourite to any prince in Christendom.

Touching the temporal government of Rome, and oppidan affairs, there is a prætor and some choice citizens, which sit in the capitol. Among other pieces of policy, there is a synagogue of Jews permitted here—as in other places of Italy—under the pope's nose, but they go with a mark of distinction in their hats; they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein the Jews are wonderful dexterous, though most of them be only brokers and Lomburdeers; and they are held to be here as the cyme held women to be—*malum necessarium*.

Present Rome may be said to be but a monument of Rome past, when she was in that flourish that St. Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world, tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a prey to time; yet there is a providence seems to have a cure of her still; for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly as it was, yet she has wherewith to keep life and soul together still, by her ecclesiastical courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now; so that it may be said, when the pope came to be her head, she was reduced to her first principles; for as a shepherd was founder, so a shepherd is still governor and preserver.

Description of the Wine Countries.

Greece, with all her islands, Italy, Spain, France, one part of four of Germany, Hungary, with divers countries thereabouts, all the islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic sea, are wine-countries.

The most generous wines of Spain grow in the midland parts of the continent, and St. Martin bears the bell, which is near the court. Now, as in Spain, so in all other wine-countries, one cannot pass a day's journey but he will find a differing race of wine; those kinds that our merchants carry over are those only that grow upon the sea-side, as Malagas, Sherries, Tents, and Alicants; of this last there's little comes over right; therefore the vintners make Tent—which is a name for all wines in Spain, except white—to supply the place of it. There is a gentle kind of white wine grows among the mountains of Galicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Rabidavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.* They have an odd stone we call Yef, which they use to throw into their wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. There's also a drunk in Spain, called Alosha, which they drunk between meals in hot weather, and 'tis a hydromel made of water and honey; much of them take of our mead. In the court of Spain there's a German or two that brew beer; but for that ancient drunk of Spain which Pliny speaks of, composed of flowers, the receipt thereof is utterly lost.

In Greece there are no wines that have bodies enough to bear the sea for long voyages; some few Muscadels and Malmsies are brought over in small casks: nor is there in Italy any wine transported to England but in bottles, as Verde and others; for the length of the voyage makes them subject to pricking, and so lose colour by reason of their delicacy.

France, participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly; as, towards the Alps and Italy, she hath a luscious rich wine called Frontinac. In the country of Provence, towards the Pyrenies in Languedoc, there are wines constatable with those of Spain; one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaune; and of clarets, that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it, in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France, so in all other wine-countries, the white is called the female, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because commonly it hath more sulphur, body, and heat in't: the wines that our merchants bring over upon the river of Garonne, near Bordeaux, in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France. The Scot, because he hath always been a useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre-emption of first choice of wines in Bordeaux; he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town,

* The importation of wines from Portugal dates from the reign of Charles II. In 1703, the Methuen Treaty was entered into with Portugal, binding England to receive her produce at a rate of one-third less than on that of France. Port then became the most important wine for British use. Since the reduction of duty on French wines, the consumption of port has greatly declined.

whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blay, a good way distant down the river. There is a hard green wine, that grows about Rochelle, and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometimes used to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions, into it—as he doth brimstone in Rhenish—to give it a whiter tincture and more sweetness; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for Bachrag, and thus is called stumping of wines. In Normandy there's little or no wine at all grows; therefore the common drink of that country is cider, specially in low Normandy. There are also many beer-houses in Paris and elsewhere; but though their barley and water be better than ours or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, specially in the Psaltes or lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from Bachlara; for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here, and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes, or to punt till then. The German mothers, to make their sons fall into a hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owls' eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which twinging in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stock of vines which grow now in the grand Canary Island were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied, and lasting; wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess. French wines may be said but to pickle meat in the stomachs, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nourisheth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, 'that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven—ergo, good wine carrieth a man to heaven.' If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other; for I think there's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides. I think also, there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine than there is brought in; for Sherries and Malagas, well-mingled, pass for Canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it, or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in aqua-vite measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanac in their bones; but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking are Spain and Italy. If a woman can prove her husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him. Nor indeed can the Spaniard, being hot-brained, bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondamar was once too hard for the king of Denmark, when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flanders will take their cups freely, and the Italians also. When I lived t' other side the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier, who had got drunk in Genoa: and Prince Doria going a-horse-back to walk the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle, and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horse. The prince, seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a house and put to sleep. In the morning he sent for him, and asked him what he would give for his horse. 'Sir,' said the recovered soldier, 'the merchant that would have bought him last night of your Highness went away betimes in the morning.' The boonest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans; but the Greek is the merriest of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next companions; but the other will drink as deep as he. If the Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name, the other will drink the number of his years; and though he be not apt to break out in singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every

one of these six notes, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la* ; which, with his reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter :

Ut relivet miserum fatum solitosque labores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three—the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep, that beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round, they thought verily they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship, inasmuch that, it being foul windy weather, they fell to throw the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck.

From another of Howell's works, entitled 'Instructions for Foreign Travel,' published in 1642, and which, like his Letters, contains many acute and humorous observations on men and things, we extract the following passage on the

Rules of Travellers.

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Mandeville), and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself ; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton Bridge echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys ; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another who was no traveller, yet the wiser man, said he had passed by a place where there were 400 brasiers making of a caldron—200 within and 200 without, beating the nails in ; the traveller asking for what use that huge caldron was, he told him : 'Sir, it was to boil your cabbage.'

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolise and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The master falling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long ; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking : 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be ?' he replied : 'But a yard broad ; and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it four square for you.'

SIR THOMAS HERBERT.

The only other traveller of much note at this time was SIR THOMAS HERBERT, who, in 1626, set out on a journey to the East, and, after his return, published, in 1634, 'A Relation of some Years' Travels into Africa and the Greater Asia, especially the Territory of the Persian Monarchy, and some Parts of the Oriental Indies and Isles adjacent.' In the civil wars of England, Herbert sided with the Parliament, and, when the king was required to dismiss his own servants, was chosen by His Majesty one of the grooms of the bedchamber. Herbert then became much attached to the king, served him with much zeal and assiduity, and was on the scaffold when the ill-fated monarch was brought to the block. After the Restoration, he was rewarded by Charles II. with a baronetcy, and subsequently devoted much

time to literary pursuits. In 1678, he wrote '*Threnodia Carolina*, containing an Historical Account of the Two Last Years of the Life of King Charles I.' Herbert died in 1682.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682) was a learned, desultory, but eloquent writer, fond of discussing abstruse and conjectural points, such as only a humourist can seriously concern himself with; and he displays throughout his works the mind rather of an amiable and eccentric scholar, than that of a man who takes an interest in the great concerns of humanity. Browne was born in London, and after being educated at Winchester and Oxford, proceeded to travel, first in Ireland, and subsequently in France, Italy, and Holland. He belonged to the medical profession, and having obtained his doctor's degree at Leyden, settled finally as a practitioner at Norwich. His first work, entitled '*Religio Medici*' (The Religion of a Physician), was published surreptitiously in 1642, and next year a perfect copy was issued by himself; it immediately rendered him famous as a literary man. In this singular production he gives a minute account of his opinions, not only on religion, but on a variety of philosophical and fanciful questions, besides affording the reader glimpses into the eccentricities of his personal character. The language of the work is bold and poetical, adorned with picturesque imagery, but frequently pedantic, rugged, and obscure. His next publication, entitled '*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*,' or treatise on Vulgar Errors, appeared in 1646. It is much more philosophical in its character than the '*Religio Medici*,' and is considered the most solid and useful of his productions. The following enumeration of some of the errors which he endeavours to dispel, will serve both to shew the kind of subjects he was fond of investigating, and to exemplify the notions which prevailed in the seventeenth century: 'That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them; that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder; that an elephant hath no joints; that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him; that moles are blind; that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg; that men weigh heavier dead than alive; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that there was no rainbow before the Flood; that John the Baptist should not die.' He treats also of the ring-finger; saluting upon sneezing; pigmies; the canicular or dog days; the picture of Moses with horns; the blackness of negroes; the river Nilus; gipsies; Methuselah; the food of John the Baptist; the cessation of oracles; Friar Bacon's brazen head that spoke; the poverty of Belsharius; and the wish of Philoxenus to have the neck of a crane. In 1658, Browne published his '*Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial*,'

a Discourse on the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk,' a work not inferior in style to the 'Religio Medici.' Here the author's learning appears in the details which he gives concerning the modes in which the bodies of the dead have been disposed of in different ages and countries; while his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality are, for solemnity and grandeur, probably unsurpassed in English literature. The occasion would hardly have called forth a work from any less meditative mind. In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns, containing the remains of human bones, some small brass instruments, boxes, and other fragmentary relics. Coals and burnt substances were found near the same plot of ground, and hence it was conjectured that this was the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, or the spot whereon the Druidical sacrifices were made. Furnished with a theme for his philosophic musings, Sir Thomas Browne then comments on that vast charnel-house, the earth.

'Nature,' he says, 'hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varities; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. *That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years*; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us. Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.'

He then successively describes and comments upon the different modes of interment and decomposition—whether by fire ('some apprehending a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it'); by making their graves in the air like the Scythians, 'who swore by wind and sword'; or in the sea, like some of the nations about Egypt. 'Men,' he finely remarks, 'have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapt them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part, and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven, before they kindled the fire,

as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That, in strewing their tombs, the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks, amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians, who deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem—for that it seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.' Among the beauties of expression in Browne, may be quoted the following eloquent definition: 'Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature—they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In belief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.' This seems the essence of true philosophy. To the 'Hydriotaphia' is appended a small treatise, called 'The Garden of Cyrus; or the Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, and mystically considered.' This is written in a similar style, and displays much of the author's whimsical fancy and propensity to laborious trifling. One of the most striking of these fancies has been often quoted. Wishing to denote that it is late, or that he was writing at a late hour, he says that 'the Hyades (the quincunx of heaven) run low—that we are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep—that to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes—that the huntsmen are up in America—and that they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' This is fantastic, but it is the offspring of genius. Among Browne's posthumous pieces is a collection of aphorisms, entitled 'Christian Morals,' to which Dr. Johnson prefixed a life of the author. He left also various essays on antiquarian and other subjects. Sir Thomas Browne died in 1682, at the age of seventy-seven. He was of a modest and cheerful disposition, retiring in his habits, and sympathised little with the pursuits and feelings of the busy multitude. His opinions were tinged with the credulity of his age. He believed in witchcraft, apparitions, and diabolical illusions; and gravely observes, 'that to those who would attempt to teach animals the art of speech, the dogs and cats that usually speak unto witches may afford some encouragement.'

In the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, the practice of employing Latin words with English terminations is carried to excess. Thus,

speaking in his 'Vulgar Errors' of the nature of ice, he says: 'Ice is only water congealed by the frigidity of the air, whereby it acquireth no new form, but rather a consistence or determination of its diffuency, and admitteth not its essence, but condition of fluidity. Neither doth there anything properly congelate but water, or watery humidity; for the determination of quicksilver is properly fixation; that of milk, coagulation; and that of oil and unctuous bodies, only incrassation.' He uses abundantly such words as dilucidate, amplify, manuduction, indigitate, reminiscential, evocation, farraginous, advenient, ariolation, lapifidical.

Those who are acquainted with Dr. Johnson's style will at once perceive the resemblance, particularly in respect to the abundance of Latin words, which it bears to that of Sir Thomas Browne. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the author of the 'Rambler' acquired much of his fondness for pompous and sounding expressions from the writings of the learned knight of Norwich. Coleridge, who was so well qualified to appreciate the writings of Browne, has numbered him among his first favourites. 'Rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though, doubtless, too often big, stiff, and *hyper-Latinistic*. He is a quiet and sublime *enthusiast*, with a strong tinge of the *fantast*: the humorist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darling colours in shot-silk play upon the main dye.' The same writer has pointed out the *entireness* of Browne in every subject before him. He never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander; for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it. We may add the complete *originality* of his mind. He seems like no other writer, and his vast and solitary abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, like the hieroglyphic characters of the East, carry the imagination back into the primeval ages of the world, or forward into the depths of eternity.

Oblivion.

What song the sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observers. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Van ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and maddening vices. Pagan vanglories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were rever dumped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vanglories, who, acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-

lasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such munimies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias; (1) and Charles V. can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector. (2)

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons; one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. It is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that is past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle (3) must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us now we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, (4) to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the munimies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopol inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *eutelechia* and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate.

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit or perpetuity: who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids. Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it: time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favour of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known; or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time. Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been: to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the Flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox. Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life; and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us, hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.

1 That the world may last but six thousand years.

2 Hector's time lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant.

3 The character of death

4 Gruteri *Inscriptiones Antiquæ*.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings; and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams. . . .

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself; all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration; wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nuptials and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature. . . .

Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination and might of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exultation, liquefaction, transformation, the Kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingress into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven: the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.

Light the Shadow of God.

Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is

but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.

Study of God's Works.

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

Ghosts.

I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialized into life; that the souls of men know neither contrary or corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villany, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

Of Myself.

For my life it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I can cast mine eye on—for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. . . . The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. . . . Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man.

Charity.

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot condemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and cauttiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that

knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out, or condemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

SIR MATTHEW HALE (1609-1676) not only acquired some reputation as a literary man, but is celebrated as one of the most upright judges that ever sat upon the English bench. Both in his studies and in the exercise of his profession he displayed uncommon industry, which was favoured by his acquaintance with Selden, who esteemed him so highly as to appoint him his executor. Hale was a judge both in the time of the Commonwealth and under Charles II.; he was appointed Chief-baron of the Exchequer in 1660, and Lord Chief-justice of the King's Bench eleven years afterwards. In the former capacity, one of his most notable and least creditable acts was the condemnation of some persons accused of witchcraft at Bury St. Edmunds in 1664. Amidst the immorality of Charles II.'s reign, Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar lustre as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice. His works are various, but relate chiefly to natural philosophy, divinity, and law. His religious opinions were Calvinistic; and his chief theological work, entitled '*Contemplations, Moral and Divine*,' retains considerable popularity. As a specimen of his style, we present part of a letter of advice to his children, written about the year 1662.

On Conversation.

DEAR CHILDREN—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you in-

tend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who, he thinks, will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is 'taking the name of God in vain.' If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

I have little further to add at this time but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honour your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honour that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all.—I am your ever loving father.

JOHN EARLE.

JOHN EARLE (1601–1665), a native of York, bishop of Worcester, and afterwards of Salisbury, was a very successful miscellaneous writer. He was a man of great learning and eloquence, extremely agreeable and facetious in conversation, and of such excellent moral and religious qualities, that—in the language of Walton—there had

lived since the death of Richard Hooker no man 'whom God had blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper.' He was at one period chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, with whom he went into exile during the Civil War, after being deprived of his whole property for his adherence to the royal cause. His principal work is entitled 'Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters,' published about 1628, and often reprinted; it is a valuable storehouse of particulars illustrative of the manners of the times. Among the characters drawn are those of an antiquary, a carrier, a player, a pot-poet, a university dun, and a clown. We shall give the last.

The Clown.

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and unfilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gae and ree better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loopholes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian, to his power (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill-husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hominal proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

PETER HEYLIN.

Among those clerical adherents of the king, who, like Bishop Earle, were despoiled of their goods by the parliament, was PETER HEYLIN (1600-1662), born near Oxford. This industrious-writer, who figures at once as a geographer, a divine, a poet, and an historian, composed not fewer than thirty-seven publications, of which one of the most celebrated is his 'Microcosmus, or a Description of the Great World,' first printed in 1621. Among his other works are 'A

Help to English History' (1641), and 'History of the Reformation' (1661). As an historian, he displays too much of the spirit of a partisan and bigot, and stands among the defenders of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. His works, though now almost forgotten, were much read in the seventeenth century, and portions of them may still be perused with pleasure. After the Restoration, his health suffered so much from disappointment at the neglect of his claims for preferment in the church, that he died soon after, in 1662. In a narrative which he published of a six weeks' tour to France in 1625, he gives the following humorous description of

The French.

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as head-strong, and as hare-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them *sub sigillo confessionis* ['under the seal of confession']—when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humour in holding him in a further acquaintance—a favour which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of—himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear about two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare. *Famulare est hominis omnia sibi remittere* ['It is usual for men to overlook their own faults'], saith Vellerus of old; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chinese, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellency, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sworn, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand: afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent; a little resistance putteth them to their heels, or makes them your spaniels. In a word—for I have held him too long—he is a walking vanity in a new fashion.

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished—I speak not of the peasant—but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three roastings, besides the hazard of making potage with the rump. Fowl, also, they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland; to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen wench. I have heard much fame of the French cooks, but their skill lieth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have—as generally have all this nation—good fancies, and are special fellows for the making of puff-pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the palate. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace: private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery, which is most abominable at first sight, I dare trust you in a garbison. Follow him to church, and there he will shew himself most religious and irreverent; I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass, in Cordeliers' church in Paris, I saw

two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnie would have hated it; it was well they were Catholics, otherwise some French hotthead or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet, in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out paraphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humour in scoffing; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimentary. The poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes and his *eau bénite de cour*, his court holy-water, as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.

French Love of Dancing.

At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who do naturally affect it. And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevail against it. For on this dancing green there assembleth not only youth and gentry, but also age and beggary; old wives, which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets, had here taught their feet to amble; you would have thought, by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies, that they had been troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport, as if their dancing-days should never be done. Some there was so ragged, that a swift galliard would almost have shaken them into nakedness, and they, also, most violent to have their carcasses directed in a measure. To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the persuading of them to work when they heard the fiddle, had been a task too unwieldy for Hercules. In this mixture of age and condition, did we observe them at their pastime; the rags being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled brows so interchangeably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes; as for those of both sexes which were altogether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chairs, and trod the measures with their eyes.*

OWEN FELTHAM.

OWEN FELTHAM OF FELLTHAM (*circa* 1610-1678), the author of a work of great popularity in its day, entitled 'Resolves; Divine, Moral, and Political,' is a writer of whose personal history little is known, except that he was of a good Suffolk family, and lived for some years in the house of the Earl of Thomond. The first part of his 'Resolves' appeared in 1628; the second part in 1707, and in two years it had reached the twelfth edition. The work consists of essays moral and religious, in the sententious style of that period, and was perhaps suggested by Bacon's Essays. Mr. Hallam has characterised Feltham as one of our worst writers in point of style. He is, indeed, often affected and obscure, but his essays have a fine vein of moral observation and reflection, with occasional picturesqueness of expression.

* Goldsmith, a century and a quarter after this period, finely illustrated the same national peculiarity:

Alike all ages - dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mythical maze:
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

The Traveller.

Moderation in Grief.

I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, over-looking all the piled buildings, he bids him think how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for none were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

Silence was a full answer in that philosopher, that being asked what he thought of human life, said nothing, turned him round, and vanished.

Limitation of Human Knowledge.

Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it unwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid, fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes: but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

Against Readiness to take Offence.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.

Against Detraction.

In some dispositions there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth as excellent; so that, when they hear one justly praised, they will either openly detract from his virtues, or, if those virtues be like a clear and shining light, eminent and distinguished, so that he cannot be safely traduced by the tongue, they will then raise a suspicion against him by a mysterious silence, as if there were something remaining to be told, which overclouded even his brightest glory. Surely, if we considered detraction to proceed, as it does, from envy, and to belong only to deficient minds, we should find that to applaud virtue would procure us far more honour, than underhandedly seeking to disparage her. The former would shew that we loved what we commended, while the latter tells the world we grudge that in others which we want in ourselves. It is one of the basest offices of man to make his tongue the lash of the worthy. Even if we do know of faults in others, I think we can scarcely shew ourselves more nobly virtuous than in having the charity to conceal them; so that we do not flatter or encourage them in their failings. But to relate anything we may know against our neighbour, in his absence, is most unbecoming conduct. And who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and society, who tells the private fault of his friend to the public and ill-natured world? When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and exchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbour's errors, than in any way expose them.

Of Neglect.

There is the same difference between diligence and neglect, that there is between a garden properly cultivated and the sluggard's field which fell under Solomon's view, when overgrown with nettles and thorns. The one is clothed with beauty, the other is unpleasant and disgusting to the sight. Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions. What nature made for use, for strength, and ornament, neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and deformity. We need only sit still, and diseases will arise from the mere want of exercise.

How fair soever the soul may be, yet while connected with our fleshy nature, it requires continual care and vigilance to prevent its being soiled and discoloured. Take the weeders from the *Floralium* and a very little time will change it to a wilderness, and turn that which was before a recreation for men into a habitation for vermin. Our life is a warfare; and we ought not, while passing through it, to sleep without a sentinel, or march without a scout. He who neglects either of these precautions exposes himself to surprise, and to becoming a prey to the diligence and perseverance of his adversary.

The mounds of life and virtue, as well as those of pastures, will decay; and if we do not repair them, all the beasts of the field will enter, and tear up everything good which grows within them. With the religious and well-disposed, a slight deviation from wisdom's laws will disturb the mind's fair peace. Macarius did penance for only killing a gnat in anger. Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the least mis-carriage requires purification. Man is like a watch; if evening and morning he be not wound up with prayer and circumspection, he is unprofitable and false, or serves to mislead. If the instrument be not truly set, it will be harsh and out of tune; the diapason dies, when every string does not perform his part. Surely, without a union to God, we cannot be secure or well. Can he be happy who from happiness is divided? To be united to God, we must be influenced by His goodness, and strive to imitate His perfections. Diligence alone is a good patrimony; but neglect will waste the laurest fortune. One preserves and gathers; the other, like death, is the dissolution of all. The industrious bee, by her sedulity in summer, lives on honey all the winter. But the drone is not only cast out from the hive, but beaten and punished.

No Man can be Good to All.

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal; either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two houses, reason and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes condemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.

Meditation.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advices, so is man when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter

is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. St. Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

COWLEY (1618-1667) holds a distinguished position among the prose writers of this age; indeed, he has been placed at the head of those who cultivated that clear, easy, and natural style which was subsequently employed and improved by Dryden, Tillotson, Sir William Temple, and Addison. Johnson has pointed out as remarkable the contrast between the simplicity of Cowley's prose, and the stiff formality and affectation of his poetry. 'No author,' says he, 'ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.' The prose works of Cowley extend to but sixty folio pages, and consist of 'Essays,' which treat of Liberty, Solitude, Obscurity, Agriculture, The Garden, Greatness, Avarice, The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company, The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches, The Danger of Procrastination, Of Myself, &c. He wrote also a 'Discourse, by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell,' and a 'Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy.' In his Essays, Cowley's longing for peace and retirement is a frequently recurring theme. But he has also wit and humour, with an occasional touch of satire.

Of Myself

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn, without book, the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now—which, I confess, I wonder at myself—may appear at the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed, with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone ;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.

Rumour can ope the grave :
Acquaintance I would have ; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets, for the conclusion is taken out of Horace ; and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me. They were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question ; I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there : for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to be in my mother's parlour—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works ; thus I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses which I found everywhere there—though my understanding had little to do with all this—and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers ; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university ; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest : for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life ; that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant—for that was the state then of the English and the French courts—yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the nearer I came to it ; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage ; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in

banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

Thou neither great at court nor in the war,
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which thy neglected verse does raise, &c.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corpus perditum*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at man, who says to his soul, 'Take thy ease.' I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness—a new misfortune to me—as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course; *Non ego perditum dixi sacramentum* [I have not falsely sworn]. Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

*Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nonna, vos nasce, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, sylvestrique, anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

The Spring-tides of Public Affairs.

I have often observed, with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence, that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the Clock-house, striking as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes. And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this—though he may be as guilty as if he really were, by intending and imagining to be so—but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then, and industry of mankind, is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it.

The Antiquity of Agriculture.

The three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider that, as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; 'because,' says he, 'the Most High has created it.' We were all born to this art, and

taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance. Behold the original and primitive nobility of all these great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it! We may talk what we please of lilies and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

Of Obscurity.

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of *Aeneas* and his *Achates*, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of *Carthage*. *Venus* herself

A veil of thickened air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they passed.

Virg. 1 *Æn.*

The common story of *Demosthenes's* confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed: 'This is that *Demosthenes*,' is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, if it were any; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. *Democritus* relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to *Athens*, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and *Epicurus* lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend *Metrodorus*; after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of rigid importunences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be anyways extraordinary. It was as often said: 'This is that *Bucephalus*;' or, 'This is that *Incitatus*;' when they were led prancing through the streets, as, 'This is that *Alexander*;' or, 'This is that *Domitian*;' and truly, for the latter, I take *Incitatus* to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of *St. Peter*, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody: and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in—for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit; this innocent deceiver of the world, as *Horace* calls him, this *mita persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than *Augustus*

himself. who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

The Danger of Procrastination.

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies which nature so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But, nevertheless, you say (which *but is aringo mera*, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon)—but you say you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me—according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man—*cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there's no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty: the seeking for a fortune then is but a desperate after-game; 'tis a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus—who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, a bountiful person—to recommend to him, who had made so many rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; 'but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons; but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add anything to his estate, but to take something from his desires.'

The sum of this is, that for the certain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially when the use of those things which we would stay for may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered; nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the play is not worth the expense of the candle; after having been long tossed in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and topgallants. A gentleman, in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards only by staying to put on a band and adjust his perwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility.

Vision of Oliver Cromwell.

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me—arising out of the earth as I conceived—the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it; and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and, if I be not much mistaken, it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal, as I guessed, and that looked as red-hot, too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless, the motto of it was *Pax queritur bello* ['We war for peace']; and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written, in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God—for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision—that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly: 'What art thou?' And he said: 'I am called the North-west Principality, his highness the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place.' And I answered and said: 'If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge; for not only if any

angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have retained back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard III. to the king, his nephew; for he presently slew the Commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector as man is to his flocks which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more? Such a protector?—And, as I was proceeding, methought his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be introduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore—as if I had spoken to the Protector himself in Whitehall—I desired him ‘that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know.’ At which he told me, ‘that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not,’ said he, ‘of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation. Since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalised English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country.—And pray, countryman,’ said he, very kindly and very flatteringly, ‘for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family: to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would please to behead, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and, lastly—for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory—to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.’

ISAAK WALTON.

One of the most interesting and popular of our early writers was ISAAK WALTON (1593–1683), an English *worthy* of the simple antique cast, who retained in the heart of London, and in the midst of close

and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character, and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations. He had also a power of natural description and lively dialogue that has rarely been surpassed. His 'Complete Angler' is a rich storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and benevolence. The slight tincture of superstitious credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works, gives them a finer zest, and original flavour, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight. Walton was born in the town of Stafford. Of his education or his early years nothing is related; but according to Anthony à Wood, he acquired a moderate competency, by following in London the occupation of a sempster or linendraper. He had a shop in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, which was *seven feet and a half long, and five wide*. Lord Bacon has a punning remark, that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts, and certainly Izaak Walton was not destitute of this intellectual succedaneum. He had a more pleasant and spacious study, however, in the fields and rivers in the neighbourhood of London, 'in such days and times as he laid aside business, and went a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe.' From the Royal Burse, Izaak—for so he always wrote his name—removed to Fleet Street, where he had *one half of a shop*, the other half being occupied by a hosier. About the year 1632, he was married to Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. This respectable connection probably introduced Walton to the acquaintance of the eminent men and dignitaries of the church, at whose houses he spent much of his time in his latter years, especially after the death of his wife, 'a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety.'

Walton retired from business in 1643, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure. His first work was a 'Life of Dr. Donne' prefixed to a collection of the doctor's sermons, published in 1640. Sir Henry Wotton was to have written Donne's life, Walton merely collecting the materials; but Sir Henry dying before he had begun to execute the task, Izaak reviewed his forsaken collections, and resolved that the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that his artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present. The memoir is circumstantial and deeply interesting. He next wrote a 'Life of Sir Henry Wotton' (1651), and edited his literary remains. In 1652 he published a small work, a translation by Sir John Skeffington, from the Spanish, 'The Heroe of Lorenzo,' to which he prefixed a short affectionate notice of his deceased friend, the translator, who had died the previous year. His principal production, 'The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation,' appeared in 1653; and four other editions of it were called for during his life—namely, in 1655, 1664, 1668, and 1676. Walton also wrote a 'Life of Richard

Hooker' (1662), a 'Life of George Herbert' (1670), and a 'Life of Bishop Sanderson' (1678). They are all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive. Though no man seems to have possessed his soul more patiently during the troublous times in which he lived, the venerable Izaak was tempted, in 1680, to write and publish anonymously two letters on the 'Distempers of the Times,' 'written from a quiet and comfortable citizen of London to two busie and factious shopkeepers in Coventry.' In 1683, when in his ninetieth year, he published the 'Theolma and Clearchus' of Chalkhill, which we have previously noticed; and he died at Winchester on the 15th December of the same year, while residing with his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.

The 'Complete Angler' of Walton is a production unique in our literature. In writing it, he says he made 'a recreation of a recreation,' and, by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver parts of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. The work is, indeed, essentially autobiographical in spirit and execution. A hunter and falconer are introduced as parties in the dialogues, but they serve only as foils to the venerable and complacent Piscator, in whom the interest of the piece wholly centres. The opening scene lets us at once into the genial character of the work and its hero. The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tottenham Hill, near London, on a 'fine fresh May morning.' They are open and cheerful as the day. Piscator is going towards Ware, Venator to meet a pack of other dogs upon Amwell Hill, and Auceps to Theobald's, to see a hawk that a friend there *meos* or moults for him. Piscator willingly joins with the lover of hounds in helping to destroy otters, for he 'hates them perfectly, because they love fish so well and destroy so much.' The sportsmen proceed onwards together, and they agree each to 'commend his recreation' or favourite pursuit. Piscator alludes to the virtue and contentedness of anglers, but gives the precedence to his companions in discoursing on their different crafts. The lover of hawking is eloquent on the virtues of air, the element that he trades in, and on its various winged inhabitants. He describes the falcon 'making her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looking with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.' The singing birds, 'those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art,' are descanted upon with pure poetical feeling and expression.

The Singing Birds.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel (song-thrush), with their melodious voices, bid

welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to !

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock (skylark), the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say : ‘ Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth !’

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and comments, though with less force—for here Walton himself must have been at *fault*—on the perfection of smell possessed by the hound, and the joyous music made by a pack of dogs in full chase. Piscator then unfolds his long-treasured and highly prized lore on the virtues of water—sea, river, and brook ; and on the antiquity and excellence of fishing and angling. The latter, he says, is ‘ *somewhat like poetry : men must be born so.*’ He quotes Scripture, and numbers the prophets who allude to fishing. He also remembers with pride that four of the twelve apostles were fishermen, and that our Saviour never reproved them for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and money-changers ; for ‘ He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness ; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as, *indeed, most anglers are.*’ The idea of angling seems to have unconsciously mixed itself with all Izaak Walton’s speculations on goodness, loyalty, and veneration. Even worldly enjoyment he appears to have grudged to any less gifted mortals. A finely dressed dish of fish, or a rich drink, he pronounces too good for any but anglers or very honest men ; and his parting benediction is upon ‘ all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling.’ The last condition would, in his ordinary mood, when not peculiarly solemn or earnest, be quite equivalent to any of the others. The rhetoric and knowledge of Piscator at length fairly overcome Venator, and make him a convert to the superiority of angling, as compared with his more savage pursuit of hunting. He agrees to accompany Piscator in his sport, adopts him as his master and guide, and in time becomes initiated into the practice and mysteries of the gentle craft. The angling excursions of the pair give occasion to the practical lessons and descriptions in the book, and elicit what is its greatest charm, the minute and vivid painting of rural objects, the display of character, both in action and conversation, the flow of generous sentiment and feeling, and the associated recollections of picturesque poetry, natural piety, and examples and precepts of morality. Add to this the easy elegance of Walton’s style, sprinkled, but not obscured, by the antiquated idiom and expression of his times, and clear and sparkling as one of his own favourite summer streams. Not an

hour of the fishing day is wasted or unimproved. The master and scholar rise with the early dawn, and after four hours' fishing, breakfast at nine under a sycamore that shades them from the sun's heat. Old Piscator reads his admiring scholar a lesson on fly-fishing, and they sit and discourse while a 'smoking shower' passes off, freshening all the meadow and the flowers

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for their owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so if I might be judge, 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'

I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays.' As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish which I'll repeat to you:

The Angler's Wish

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice;
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest:
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of Princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or with my Bryan (1) and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good-morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

1 Supposed to be the name of his dog.

The master and scholar, at another time, sit under a honeysuckle-hedge while a shower falls, and encounter a handsome milkmaid and her mother, who sing to them 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow.'

Come live with me, and be my love ;

and the answer to it, 'which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days' (see *ante*). At night, when sport and instruction are over, they repair to the little alehouse, well known to Piscator, where they find a 'cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.' The hostess is cleanly, handsome, and civil, and knows how to dress the fish after Piscator's own fashion—he is learned in cookery—and having made a supper of their gallant trout, they drink their ale, tell tales, sing ballads, or join with a brother-angler who drops in, in a merry catch, till sleep overpowers them, and they retire to the hostess' two beds, 'the linen of which looks white and smells of lavender.' All this humble but happy painting is fresh as nature herself, and instinct with moral feeling and beauty. The only speck upon the brightness of old Piscator's benevolence is one arising from his entire devotion to his art. He will allow no creature to take fish but the angler, and concludes that any honest man may make a *just quarrel* with swan, geese, ducks, the sea-gull, heron, &c. His directions for making live-bait have subjected him to the charge of cruelty,* and are certainly curious enough. Painted flies seem not to have occurred to him, and the use of snails, worms, &c. induced no compunctious visitings. For taking pike he recommends a perch, *as the longest lived fish on a hook*, and the poor frog is treated with elaborate and extravagant inhumanity :

And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive : put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August ; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills ; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook ; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire ; *and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him*, that is, harm him as little as you may possible, *that he may live the longer*.

Modern taste and feeling would recoil from such experiments as these, and we may oppose to the aberrations of the venerable Walton the philosophical maxim of Wordsworth :

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

* And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says :
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Don Juan, Canto xlii.

If this observation falls into the opposite extreme—seeing that it would, if rigidly interpreted, suppress field-sports, and many of the luxuries and amusements of life—we must admit that it is an excess more amiable than that into which Piscator was led by his attachment to angling. Towards the conclusion of his work, Walton indulges in the following strain of moral reflection and admonition, and is as philosophically just and wise in his counsels, as his language and imagery are chaste, beautiful and animated.

Thankfulness for Worldly Blessings.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle-hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-struck; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say. Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich;' and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimmeracks; and having observed them, and all the other flummbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend: 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbor, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we

might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied: 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend knowing his temper, told him, 'if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.' And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's gospel, for he there says: 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth.' Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart; and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can: let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows, and flowers and fountains, that we have met with since we met together! I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them (meekness and

thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Causin: 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich: for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

VENATOR. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget.

To the fifth edition of the 'Complete Angler' was added a second part, by CHARLES COTTON, the poet, and translator of Montaigne. It consisted of instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream. Though the work was written in the short space of ten days, Cotton, who had long been familiar with fly-fishing, and was an adopted son of Izaak Walton, produced a treatise valuable for its technical knowledge and accuracy. Walton's form of conveying instruction in dialogues is also preserved, the author being Piscator junior, and his companion a traveller (Viator), who had paid a visit to the romantic scenery of Derbyshire, near which the residence of Cotton was situated. This traveller turns out to be the Venator of the first part, 'wholly addicted to the chase,' till Mr. Izaak Walton taught him as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion. The friends embrace: Piscator conducts his new associate to his 'beloved river Dove,' extends to him the hospitalities of his mansion, and next morning shows him his fishing-house, inscribed 'Piscatoribus Sacrum,' with the 'prettily contrived' cipher including the first two letters of father Walton's name and those of his son Cotton. A delicate clear river flowed about the house, which stood on a little peninsula, with a bowling-green close by, and fair meadows and mountains in the neighbourhood. This building still remains, adding interest to the romantic and beautiful scenery on the banks of the river Dove, and recalling the memory of the venerable angler and his disciple, whose genuine love of nature, and moral and descriptive pages, have silently but powerfully influenced the taste and literature of their native country.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

THOMAS ELLWOOD (1639–1713) was a humble but sincere Quaker—
anxious to do good, and diligent to acquire knowledge. His father
was as averse to the new creed as Admiral Penn. He sometimes beat
him with great severity, particularly when the son persisted in re-
maining covered in his presence. To prevent the recurrence of this
offence, he successively took from Thomas all his hats; but there

remained another cause of offence; for, 'whenever I had occasion,' says Ellwood, 'to speak to my father, though I had no hat now to offend him, yet my language did as much; for I durst not say "you" to him, but "thou" or "thee," as the occasion required, and then he would be sure to fall on me with his fists. At one of these times, I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me—as he commonly did at such times—to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither, he gave me a parting blow, and in a very angry tone said: "Sirrah, if ever I hear you say *thou* or *thee* to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat." I was greatly grieved to hear him say say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him: "Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest 'thou' or 'thee' to him." Though his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there.'

But what has given a peculiar interest to Ellwood is his having been a pupil of Milton, and one of those who read to the poet after the loss of his sight. The object of Ellwood in offering his services as a reader was, that he might, in return, obtain from Milton some assistance in his own studies. This was in 1662.

Ellwood's Intercourse with Milton.

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house—which was then in Jewin Street—as conveniently I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day, in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week; and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue—not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home—I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English—who speak Anglice their Latin—that, with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases—as *C*, before *E* or *I*, like *Ch*; *Sc*, before *I*, like *Sh*, &c.—the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

I had, before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearyed diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar—in which I had once been very ready—that I could both read a Latin author, and after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read, than it was before to understand when read. But

'Labor omnia vincit improbus.'

Incessant pangs the end obtains.

And so did I, which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could; for, having a curious ear, he understood, by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and

accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London (1665) I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment.

But now, being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the utmost attention read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favour he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there—which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London—he shewed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and, in a pleasant tone, said to me: 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of.'

Ellwood furnishes some interesting particulars concerning the London prisons, in which he and many of his brother Quakers were confined, and the manner in which they were treated both there and out of doors. Besides his Autobiography, he wrote numerous controversial treatises, the most prominent of which is 'The Foundation of Tithes Shaken,' published in 1682; also, 'Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments,' which appeared in 1705 and 1709.

JOHN DRYDEN.

DRYDEN, who contributed more than any other English author to improve the poetical diction of his native tongue, performed also essential service of the same kind to our prose. Throwing off, still more than Cowley had done, those inversions and other forms of Latin idiom which abound in the pages of his most distinguished predecessors, Dryden speaks in the language of polite and well-educated society. Strength, ease, copiousness, variety, and animation, are the predominant qualities of his style. He excels also in pointed epigram and antithesis. 'Nothing is cold or languid,' as Johnson remarks; he overflows with happy illustration; but the haste with which he composed, and his inherent dislike to the labour of correction, are visible in the negligence and roughness of some of his sentences. On the whole, however, to Dryden may be assigned the palm of superiority, in his own generation, for graceful, as well as forcible and idiomatic English.

This great author has left no extensive work in prose: the pieces which he wrote were merely accompaniments to his poems and plays, and consist of Prefaces, Dedications, and Critical Essays. His long dedications are noted for the fulsome and unprincipled flattery in which he seems to have thought himself authorised by the practice of the age to indulge. The critical essays, though written with more carelessness than would now be tolerated in similar productions, embody many sound and valuable opinions on classic authors and subjects connected with polite literature. According to Johnson, Dryden's 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy' 'was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.' It opens with the following graphic and magnificent exordium:

A Sea-fight Heard at a Distance.

It was that memorable day in the first summer of the late war [June 3, 1665] when our navy engaged the Dutch; a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe: while these vast floating bodies, on either side, moved against each other in parallel lines, and our countrymen, under the happy command of his Royal Highness [Duke of York, afterwards James II.] went breaking, little by little, into the line of the enemies; the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the city.* So that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence. Amongst the rest it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideus, and Neander to be in company together. . . . Taking then a barge, which a servant of Lisideus had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired: after which having disengaged themselves from many vessels which rode at anchor in the Thames, and almost blocked up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the watermen to let fall their oars more gently; and then every one favouring his own curiosity, with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceived the air to break about them like the noise of distant thunder, or of swallows in a chimney—those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reached them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the fleets. After they had attentively listened till such time as the sound, by little and little, went from them, Eugenius, lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy omen of our nation's victory, adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.

Scott is as enthusiastic as Johnson in his praise of Dryden's essays and prefaces. 'The prose of Dryden,' says Sir Walter, 'may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification; is equally spirited, and equally harmonious. Without the lengthened and pedantic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified when dignity is becoming, and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contem-

* The engagement took place off the coast near Lowestoft, in Suffolk. We took eighteen large Dutch ships, and destroyed fourteen others. The Dutch admiral, Opdam, was blown up, and he and all his crew perished.

poraries.' It is recorded by Malone, that Dryden's prose writings were held in high estimation by Burke, who carefully studied them on account equally of their style and matter, and is thought to have in some degree taken them as the model of his own diction. Dryden himself acknowledged that he had made Tillotson his model. In this saying he must have referred to the easy modern style of the composition. In all other respects, the copy immensely surpasses the model. Besides his Prefaces and Essays, Dryden published two translations from the French—Bonhours' 'Life of Francis Xavier' (1687), and Du Fresnoy's 'Art of Painting' (1695). The following finely drawn characters of the great Elizabethan dramatists are from the 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy' (1668):

Shakspeare.

To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, gave him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature: he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cypressi.(1)

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set out Shakspeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their 'Philaster'; for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ 'Every Man in his Humour.' Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertain-

1 Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.
 DRYDEN.

ments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

Ben Jonson.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself—for his last plays were but his dotages—I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works, you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline.' But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct play, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his 'Discoveries,' we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Improved Style of Dramatic Dialogue after the Restoration.—From 'Defence of the Epilogue,' &c. 1672.

I have always acknowledged the wit of our predecessors with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it, and which confessed the conversation of the authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets lived, there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts, except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way, as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as it now is. I cannot, therefore, conceive if any insolence to affirm, that by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. . . .

Now, if any ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refined, I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the court, and in it, particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes, and the nation's, afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travel-

ling, and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and thereby of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion: and as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other. The desire of imitating so great a pattern, first awakened the dull and heavy spirits of the English from their natural reservedness; loosened them from their still forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus, insensibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaiety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in the three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

Translations of the Ancient Poets.—From Preface to the ‘Second Miscellany,’ 1685.

Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me or any other man, when we commend these authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebics have translated? But I dare assure them that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern, not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model; adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue before he attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own; so that to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense, in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, yet there remains a harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different; yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents: and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not

know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet; yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you—if it be worth knowing—my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genus and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires—I may almost say—a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor, perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalaphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word; so that, minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalaphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition. . . .

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty; nearest, indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his—I must once again say—is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better; at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse. They are, indeed, remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press. The second is this:

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough, at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and, instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
As I had used my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him

which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil, who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellences; for the method of the 'Georgics' is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which, in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine 'Æneids.' The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius—I mean of his soul and genius—is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius; for he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury [Hobbes]. This is that perpetual dictatorship which is exercised by Lucretius, who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bona fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt, of some eternal truths which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future; all this, too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made but that he could have been everywhere as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power; in short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for awhile, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being; especially when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate; so that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties; many men have not the least sense of them. Powerful men are only awed by them as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

Spenser and Milton.—From '*Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire*,' 1653.

[In epic poetry] the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet

both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action, he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only, we must do him that justice to observe, that Magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them—an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sydney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of a heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author, wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegances of Virgil. It is true he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away by joining other words to them which clear the sense, according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them; for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme—which I have not now the leisure to examine—his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it, which is manifest in his '*Juvenilia*,' or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymist, though not a poet.

On Lampoons.—From the Same.

In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been anyways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which

they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord [Dorset], pass for vanity in me, for it is truth. More libels have been written against me than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will be buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular: I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Anything, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore, I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of misery, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies; both for their amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform; but how few lampooners are now living who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! And how little wit they bring for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it; for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude: they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season: the corn which held up its head is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me.

History and Biography — From 'The Life of Plutarch,' 1683

It may now be expected that, having written the life of an historian, I should take occasion to write somewhat concerning history itself. But I think to commend it is unnecessary, for the profit and pleasure of that study are so very obvious, that a quick reader will be beforehand with me, and imagine faster than I can write. Besides, that the post is taken up already; and few authors have travelled this way, but who have strewn it with rhetoric as they passed. For my own part, who must confess it to my shame, that I never read anything but for pleasure, it has always been the most delightful entertainment of my life; but they who have employed the study of it, as they ought, for their instruction, for the regulation of their private manners, and the management of public affairs, must agree with me that it is the most pleasant school of wisdom. It is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them; it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory: it helps us to judge of what will happen,

* The abuse of personal satires, or lampoons, as they were called, was carried to a prodigious extent in the days of Dryden, when every man of fashion was obliged to write verses; and those who had neither poetry nor wit, had recourse to ribaldry and libelling.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

by shewing us the like revolutions of former times. For mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass but some precedent of the like nature has already been produced; so that, having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the effects, if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel.

God, it is true, with his divine providence overrules and guides all actions to the secret end he has ordained them; but in the way of human causes, a wise man may easily discern that there is a natural connection betwixt them; and though he cannot foresee accidents, or all things that possibly can come, he may apply examples, and by them foretell that from the like counsels will probably succeed the like events; and thereby in all concerns, and all offices of life, be instructed in the two main points on which depend our happiness—that is, what to avoid, and what to choose.

The laws of history, in general, are truth of matter, method, and clearness of expression. The first propriety is necessary, to keep our understanding from the impositions of falsehood; for history is an argument framed from many particular examples or inductions; if these examples are not true, then those measures of life which we take from them will be false, and deceive us in their consequence. The second is grounded on the former; for if the method be confused, if the words or expressions of thought are any way obscure, then the ideas which we receive must be imperfect; and if such, we are not taught by them what to elect or what to shun. Truth, therefore, is required as the foundation of history to inform us, disposition and perspicuity as the manner to inform us plainly; one is the being, the other the well-being of it.

History is principally divided into these three species—commentaries, or annals; history, properly so called; and biography, or the lives of particular men.

Commentaries, or annals, are—as I may so call them—naked history, or the plain relation of matter of fact, according to the succession of time, divested of all other ornaments. The springs and motives of actions are not here sought, unless they offer themselves, and are open to every man's discernment. The method is the most natural that can be imagined, depending only on the observation of months and years, and drawing, in the order of them, whatsoever happened worthy of relation. The style is easy, simple, unforced, and unadorned with the pomp of figures; councils, guesses, politic observations, sentences, and orations, are avoided; in few words, a bare narration is its business. Of this kind, the 'Commentaries' of Cæsar are certainly the most admirable, and after him the 'Annals' of Tacitus may have place; nay, even the prince of Greek historians, Thucydides, may almost be adopted into the number. For, though he instructs everywhere by sentences, though he gives the causes of actions, the councils of both parties, and makes orations where they are necessary, yet it is certain that he first designed his work a commentary; every year writing down, like an unconcerned spectator as he was, the particular occurrences of the time, in the order as they happened; and his eighth book is wholly written after the way of annals; though, outliving the war, he inserted in his others those ornaments which render his work the most complete and most instructive now extant.

History, properly so called, may be described by the addition of those parts which are not required to annals; and therefore there is little further to be said concerning it; only, that the dignity and gravity of style is here necessary. That the guesses of secret causes inducing to the actions, be drawn at least from the most probable circumstances, not perverted by the malignity of the author to sinister interpretations—of which Tacitus is accused—but candidly laid down, and left to the judgment of the reader; that nothing of concernment be omitted; but things of trivial moment are still to be neglected, as debasing the majesty of the work; that neither partiality nor prejudice appear, but that truth may everywhere be sacred. . . .

Biography, or the history of particular men's lives, comes next to be considered; which in dignity is inferior to the other two, as being more confined in action, and treating of wars and councils, and all other public affairs of nations, only as they relate to him whose life is written, or as his fortunes have a particular dependence on them, or connection to them. All things here are circumscribed and driven to a point, so as to terminate in one; consequently, if the action or counsel were managed by colleagues, some part of it must be either lame or wanting, except it be supplied by the excursion of the writer. Herein, likewise, must be less of variety, for the same reason; because the fortunes and actions of one man are related, not those

of many. Thus the actions and achievements of Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey, are all of them but the successive parts of the Mithridatic war; of which we could have no perfect image, if the same hand had not given us the whole, though at several views, in their particular lives.

Yet though we allow, for the reasons above alleged, that this kind of writing is in dignity inferior to history and annals, in pleasure and instruction it equals, or even excels, both of them. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks which posterity can pay them, but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour when they are thus contracted into individuals. As the sunbeams, united in a burning-glass to a point, have greater force than when they are darted from a plain superficies, so the virtues and actions of one man, drawn together in a single story, strike upon our minds a stronger and more lively impression than the scattered relations of many men and many actions; and by the same means that they give us pleasure, they afford us profit too. For when the understanding is intent and fixed upon a single thing, it carries closer to the mark; every part of the object sinks into it, and the soul receives it unmixed and whole. For this reason, Aristotle commends the unity of action in a poem; because the mind is not capable of digesting many things at once, nor of conceiving fully any more than one idea at a time. Whatsoever distracts the pleasure, lessens it: and as the reader is more concerned at one man's fortune than those of many, so likewise the writer is more capable of making a perfect work if he confines himself to this narrow compass. The lineaments, features, and colourings of a single picture may be hit exactly; but in a history-piece of many figures, the general design, the ordonnance or disposition of it, the relation of one figure to another, the diversity of the posture, habits, shadowings, and all the other graces conspiring to a uniformity, are of so difficult performance, that neither is the resemblance of particular persons often perfect, nor the beauty of the piece complete; for any considerable error in the parts renders the whole disagreeable and lame. Thus, then, the perfection of the work, and the benefit arising from it, are both more absolute in biography than in history. All history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced into examples. Moral philosophy is divided into two parts, ethics and politics: the first instructs us in our private offices of virtue, the second in those which relate to the management of the commonwealth. Both of these teach by argumentation and reasoning, which rush, as it were, into the mind, and possess it with violence; but history rather allures than forces us to virtue. There is nothing of the tyrant in example; but it gently glides into us, is easy and pleasant in its passage, and, in one word, reduces into practice our speculative notions; therefore the more powerful the examples are, they are the more useful also, and by being more known, they are more powerful. Now, unity which is defined, is in its own nature more apt to be understood than multiplicity, which in some measure participates of infinity. The reason is Aristotle's.

Biographia, or the histories of particular lives, though circumscribed in the subject, is yet more extensive in the style than the other two; for it not only comprehends them both, but has somewhat superadded, which neither of them have. The style of it is various, according to the occasion. There are proper places in it for the plainness and nakedness of narration, which is ascribed to annals; there is also room reserved for the loftiness and gravity of general history, when the actions related shall require that manner of expression. But there is, withal, a descent into minute circumstances and trivial passages of life, which are natural to this way of writing, and which the dignity of the other two will not admit. There you are conducted only into the rooms of state, here you are led into the private lodgings of the hero; you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lælius gathering cockle-shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones with boys, and Agesi-lanus riding on a hobby-horse among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever nature made him; are made acquainted with his passions and his follies; and find the demi-god a man. Plutarch himself has more than once defended this kind of relating little passages; for, in the life of Alexander, he says thus: 'In writing the lives of illustrious men, I am not tied to the laws of history; nor does it follow, that, because an action is great, it therefore manifests the greatness and virtue of him who did it; but, on the other side, sometimes a word or a casual jest betrays a man more to our knowledge of him,

than a battle fought wherein ten thousand men were slain, or sacking of cities, or a course of victories.' In another place, he quotes Xenophon on the like occasion: 'The sayings of great men in their familiar discourses, and amidst their wine, have somewhat in them which is worthy to be transmitted to posterity.' Our author therefore needs no excuse, but rather deserves a commendation, when he relates, as pleasant, some sayings of his heroes, which appear—I must confess it—very cold and insipid mirth to us. For it is not his meaning to commend the jest, but to paint the man; besides, we may have lost somewhat of the idiom of that language in which it was spoken; and where the conceit is couched in a single word, if all the significations of it are not critically understood, the grace and the pleasantry are lost.

Dryden was exceedingly sensitive to the criticisms of the paltry versifiers of his day. Among those who annoyed him was Elkanah Settle, a now forgotten rhymster, with whom he carried on a violent war of ridicule and abuse. The following is an amusing specimen of a criticism by Dryden on Settle's tragedy, called 'The Empress of Morocco,' which was acted at court, and seems to have roused the jealousy and indignation of the critic:

To conclude this act with the most rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet—

To flattering lightning our feigned smiles conform,
Which, backed with thunder, do but gild a storm.

Conform a smile to lightning, make a *smile* imitate *lightning*, and *flattering lightning*; lightning, sure, is a threatening thing. And this lightning must *gild a storm*. Now, if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too: to *gild with smiles* is a new invention of gilding. And gild a storm by being *backed with thunder*. Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of the storm must help to *gild* another part, and help by *backing*; as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that there is *gilding by conforming, smiling, lightning, backing, and thundering*. The whole is as if I should say thus: I will make my counterfeited smiles look like a flattering horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown.

The controversies in which Dryden was frequently engaged were not restrained within the bounds of legitimate discussion. The authors of those days descended to gross personalities. 'There was,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'during the reign of Charles II. a semi-barbarous virulence of controversy, even upon abstract points of literature, which would be now thought injudicious and unfair, even by the newspaper advocates of contending factions. A critic of that time never deemed he had so effectually refuted the reasoning of his adversary, as when he had said something disrespectful of his talents, person, or moral character. Thus, literary contest was embittered by personal hatred, and truth was so far from being the object of the combatants, that even victory was tasteless unless obtained by the disgrace and degradation of the antagonists.'

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628-1699), a well-known statesman and miscellaneous writer, possesses a high reputation. He was the son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland in the reigns of Charles I. and II. Sir William was born in London. He studied at Cambridge under Cudworth as tutor; but being intended for public

life, devoted his attention chiefly to the French and Spanish languages. After travelling for six years on the continent, he went to reside with his father in Ireland, where he represented the county of Carlow in the parliament at Dublin in 1661. Removing, two years afterwards, to England, the introductions which he carried to the leading statesmen of the day speedily procured him employment in the diplomatic service. He was sent, in 1665, on a secret mission to the bishop of Munster, and performed his duty so well, that on his return a baronetcy was bestowed on him, and he was appointed English resident at the court of Brussels. The peace of Western Europe was at this time in danger from the ambitious designs of Louis XIV. who aimed at the subjugation of the Spanish Netherlands. Temple paid a visit to the Dutch governor, De Witt, at the Hague, and with great skill brought about, in 1668, the celebrated 'triple alliance' between England, Holland, and Sweden, by which the career of Louis was for a time effectually checked. In the same year he received the appointment of ambassador at the Hague, where he resided in that capacity for about twelve months, on terms of intimacy with De Witt, and also with the young Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England.

The corrupt and wavering principles of the English court having led to the recall of Temple in 1669, he retired from public business to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, and there employed himself in literary occupations and gardening. In 1674, however, he, with some reluctance, consented to return as ambassador to Holland; in which country, besides engaging in various important negotiations, he contributed to bring about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Duke of York's eldest daughter, Mary. That important and popular event took place in 1677. Having finally returned to England in 1679, Temple was pressed by the king to accept the appointment of Secretary of State, which, however, he persisted in refusing. Charles was now in the utmost perplexity, in consequence of the discontents and difficulties which a long course of misgovernment had occasioned; and used to hold anxious conferences with Temple on the means of extricating himself from his embarrassments. The measure advised by Sir William was the appointment of a privy-council of thirty persons, in conformity with whose advice the king should always act, and by whom all his affairs should be freely and openly debated; one half of the members to consist of the great officers of state, and the other of the most influential and wealthy noblemen and gentlemen of the country. This scheme was adopted by Charles, and excited great joy throughout the nation. The hopes of the people were, however, speedily frustrated by the turbulent and unprincipled factiousness of some of the members. Temple, who was himself one of the council, soon became disgusted with its proceedings, as well as those of the king, and, in 1681, finally retired from public life. He spent the remainder of his days chiefly at Moor Park,

in Surrey—‘the sweetest place,’ he says, ‘that I have seen in my life either before or since, at home or abroad.’ He has given a description of the garden at Moor Park in the second of his essays—that upon Gardening in the year 1685, which has been considered the best of his miscellaneous treatises. It is very pleasingly written, and abounds in interesting facts and short descriptions. In this essay, Temple vindicates the English climate, and relates a saying of Charles II. :

The English Climate.

I must needs add one thing more in favour of our climate which I heard the king say, and I thought new and right, and truly like a king of England that loved and esteemed his own country. ’Twas in reply to some of the company that were reviling our climate, and extolling those of Italy and Spain, or at least of France. He said, he thought that was the best climate where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure, or at least without trouble and inconvenience, the most days of the year, and the most hours of the day; and this he thought he could be in England more than in any country he knew of in Europe. And I believe it true, not only of the hot and the cold, but even among our neighbours of France and the Low Countries themselves, where the heats or the colds, and changes of the seasons are less treatable than they are with us.

The truth is, our climate wants no heat to produce excellent fruits; and the default of it is only the short seasons of our heats or summers, by which many of the later are left behind and imperfect with us. But all such as are ripe before the end of August are, for aught I know, as good with us as anywhere else. This makes me esteem the true region of gardens in England to be the compass of ten miles about London, where the accidental warmth of air from the fires and steams of so vast a town, makes fruits as well as corn a great deal forwarder than in Hampshire or Wiltshire, though more southward by a full degree.

There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things particular to us that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens, which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf. The first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks in other countries very unpleasant and uneasy. The other cannot be found in France or in Holland, as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor, indeed, is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.

At Moor Park, Temple had for secretary and humble companion the famous Jonathan Swift, who retained no very agreeable recollection of that period of dependence and obscurity. There also resided one with whom Swift was indissolubly associated. Esther Johnson, immortalised as ‘Stella,’ was the daughter of Temple’s housekeeper; she was seventeen years younger than Sir William’s Irish secretary, and the latter became her instructor, her companion, and life-long friend. Yet never was genius more disastrous or friendship more fatal in its influence!

After the Revolution, King William sometimes visited Temple, in order to consult him about public affairs. His death took place in January 1698–9. Throughout his whole career, the conduct of Sir William Temple was marked by a cautious regard for his personal comfort and reputation; which strongly disposed him to avoid risks of every kind, and to stand aloof from public business where the exercise of eminent courage and decision was required. His character as a patriot is therefore not one which calls for high admiration;

though it ought to be remarked in his favour, that as he seems to have had a lively consciousness that neither his abilities nor dispositions fitted him for vigorous action in stormy times, he probably acted with prudence in withdrawing from a field in which he would have only been mortified by failure, and done harm instead of good to the public. Being subject to frequent attacks of low spirits, he might have been disabled for action by the very emergencies which demanded the greatest mental energy and self-possession. But as an adviser, he was enlightened, safe and sagacious. As a private character, Sir William was respectable and decorous: his temper, naturally haughty and unamiable, was generally kept under good regulation; and among his foibles, vanity was the most prominent.

The works of Sir William Temple consist chiefly of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest production is 'Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands,' composed during his first retirement at Sheen, and which, compared with his 'Essay on the Original and Nature of Government,' written about the same time, shews that he had much more ability as an observer and describer, than as a reasoner on what he saw. Besides several political tracts of temporary interest, he wrote *Essays on Ancient and Modern Learning; the Gardens of Epicurus; Heroic Virtue; Poetry; Popular Discontents; Health and Long Life*. In these are to be found many sound and acute observations, expressed in the perspicuous and easy, but not very correct or precise language, for which he is noted. His memoirs and correspondence have been published by T. Peregrine Courtenay (2 vols. 1836).

Dr. Johnson said 'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose: before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.' It is true that some of Temple's productions are eminently distinguished by harmony and cadence; but that he was the first who introduced the latter, will not be admitted by any one who is familiar with the prose of Cowley, Bishop Hall, Jeremy Taylor, and Dryden.

*Against Excessive Grief.**

The honour which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could beat me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, give me leave to

* Addressed to the Countess of Essex in 1674, after the death of her only daughter.

tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or become us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good which is better than of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many the without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But thus I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or, perhaps, because he would shew his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But thus, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given you, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can

deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide; but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say: 'My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.' Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions: to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever *He* who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed they ought to be our servants, and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied: there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous: and therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would in all appearance have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old; though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time and everything else that is estimable and good. But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth: so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet, after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply, as they could. But alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature does nothing in vain: as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves.

Perhaps, madam, you will say this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone, or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but *His* who lent it you to manage and preserve in the

best way you can, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our country and our family : therefore, by all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime ; and it is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound ? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent ? What great difference is there, if we break our hearts or consume them, if we pierce them or bruise them ; since all terminates in the same death, as all arises from the same despair ? But what if it does not go so far : it is not, indeed, so bad as it might be, but that does not excuse it. Though I do not kill my neighbour, is it no hurt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life ? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself ; is it a small one to wound himself by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair : to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life ? . . .

Whilst I had any hopes that that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor ever increased it by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it : and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long ; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran ; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion ; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Pericles, which never yet shrunk at any disaster ; that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family, not always the losses ; cherish those veins of good humour that are so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children and to yourself ; and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honour and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure ; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honour for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

Right of Private Judgment in Religion.

Whosoever designs the change of religion in a country or government by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the mischief to a nation that use to usher in, or attend, the two great distempers of a state, civil war or tyranny ; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice ; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders and virtues among men.

Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men, can be worth ; since the great and general end of all religion, next to men's happiness hereafter, is their happiness here ; as appears by the commandments of God being the best and greatest moral and civil, as well as divine precepts, that have been given to a nation ; and by the rewards proposed to the piety of the Jews, throughout the Old Testament, which were the blessings of this life, as health, length of age, number of children, plenty, peace, or victory. . . .

A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, unpertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute, and calls me fool, or madman, with a little more circumstance ; though, perhaps, I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life : yet these are the common civilities, in religious argument, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason, and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all

between us, and the dispute comes to end in three words at last, which it might as well have ended in at first: That he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.

The other great end of religion, which is our happiness here, has been generally agreed on by all mankind, as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as all their religions, which comes to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though, in the latter, that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquility as every private man's life, but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of all civil societies and governments among men. Nor could I ever understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls, *religious men*, come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality, in which they have hardly ever disagreed. Nor why a state should venture the subversion of their peace, and their order, which are certain goods, and so universally esteemed, for the propagation of uncertain or contested opinions.

Sir William Temple's 'Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning' gave occasion to one of the most celebrated literary controversies which have occurred in England. The composition of it was suggested to him principally by a French work of Charles Perrault, on 'The Age of Louis the Great,' in which, with the view of flattering the pride of the *grand monarque*, it was affirmed that the writers of antiquity had been excelled by those of modern times. This doctrine excited a warm discussion in France, where the poet Boileau was among those by whom it was strenuously opposed. It was in behalf of the ancients that Sir William Temple also took the field. The first of the enemy's arguments which he controverts is the allegation, 'that we must have more knowledge than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own; just as a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders sees more and further than he.' To this he replies, that the ancients may have derived vast stores of knowledge from their predecessors—namely the Chinese, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, and Jews. Among these nations, he remarks, 'were planted and cultivated mighty growths of astronomy, astrology, magic, geometry, natural philosophy, and ancient story; and from these sources Orpheus, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the ancients, are acknowledged to have drawn all those depths of knowledge or learning which have made them so renowned in all succeeding ages.' Here Temple manifests extreme ignorance and credulity in assuming as facts the veriest fables of the ancients, particularly with respect to Orpheus, of whom he afterwards speaks in conjunction with that equally authentic personage, Arion, and in reference to whose musical powers he asks triumphantly, 'What are become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and, their very natures changed; by which the passions of men were raised to the greatest height and violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so that they might be justly said to be turned into lions or lambs, into wolves or into harts, by the powers and charms of this admirable music?'

In the same credulous spirit, he affirms that 'the more ancient sages of Greece appear, by the characters remaining of them, to have been much greater men than Hippocrates, Plato, and Xenophon. They were generally princes or lawgivers of their countries, or at least offered or invited to be so, either of their own or of others, that desired them to frame or reform their several institutions of civil government. They were commonly excellent poets and great physicians: they were so learned in natural philosophy, that they foretold not only eclipses in the heavens, but earthquakes at land, and storms at sea, great droughts, and great plagues, much plenty or much scarcity of certain sorts of fruits or grain; not to mention the magical powers attributed to several of them to allay storms, to raise gales, to appease commotions of the people, to make plagues cease; which qualities, whether upon any ground of truth or no, yet, if well believed, must have raised them to that strange height they were at, of common esteem and honour, in their own and succeeding ages.' The objection occurs to him, as one likely to be set up by the admirers of modern learning, that there is no evidence of the existence of books before those now either extant or on record. This, however, gives him no alarm: for it is very doubtful, he tells us, whether books, though they may be helps to knowledge, and serviceable in diffusing it, 'are necessary ones, or much advance any other science beyond the particular records of actions or registers of time'—as if any example could be adduced of science having flourished where tradition was the only mode of handing it down! His notice of astronomy is equally ludicrous: 'There is nothing new in astronomy,' says he, 'to vie with the ancients, *unless it be the Copernican system*'—a system which overturns the whole fabric of ancient astronomical science, though Temple declares with great simplicity that it 'has made no change in the conclusions of astronomy.' In comparing 'the great wits among the moderns' with the authors of antiquity, he mentions no Englishmen except Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden, leaving Shakspeare and Milton altogether out of view. How little he was qualified to judge of the comparative merits of ancient and modern authors, is evident not only from his total ignorance of the Greek language, but from the very limited knowledge of English literature evinced by his considering Sir Philip Sidney to be 'both the greatest poet and the noblest genius of any that have left writings behind them, and published in ours or any other modern language.' He further declares, that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he 'knows none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording.'

Descartes and Hobbes are 'the only new philosophers that have made entries upon the noble stage of the sciences for fifteen hundred years past,' and these 'have by no means eclipsed the lustre of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and others of the ancients' Bacon, Newton, and Boyle are not regarded as philosophers at all. But the most unlucky

blunder committed by Temple on this occasion was his adducing the Greek Epistles of Phalaris in support of the proposition, that 'the oldest books we have are still in their kind the best.' These Epistles, says he, 'I think to have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have seen, either ancient or modern.' Some critics, he admits, have asserted that they are not the production of Phalaris—who lived in Sicily more than five centuries before Christ—but of some writer in the declining age of Greek literature. In reply to these sceptics, he enumerates such transcendent excellences of the Epistles, that any man, he thinks, 'must have little skill in painting that cannot find out this to be an original.' The celebrity given to these Epistles by the publication of Temple's Essay, led to the appearance of a new edition of them at Oxford, under the name of Charles Boyle as editor. Boyle, while preparing it for the press, got into a quarrel with the celebrated critic, Richard Bentley, a man deeply versed in Greek literature; on whom he inserted a bitter reflection in his preface. Bentley, in reply, demonstrated the Epistles to be a forgery, taking occasion at the same time to speak somewhat irreverently of Sir William Temple. Boyle, with the assistance of Aldrich, Atterbury, and other Christ-church doctors—who, indeed, were the real combatants—sent forth a reply, the plausibility of which seemed to give him the advantage; till Bentley, in a most triumphant rejoinder, exposed the gross ignorance which lay concealed under the wit and assumption of his opponents. To these parties, however, the controversy was not confined. Boyle and his friends were backed by the sarcastic powers, if not by the learning, of Pope, Swift, Garth, Middleton, and others. Swift, who came into the field on behalf of his patron, Sir William Temple, published on this occasion his famous 'Battle of the Books,' and to the end of his life continued to speak of Bentley in the language of hatred and contempt. In the work just mentioned, Swift has ridiculed not only that scholar, but also his friend, the Rev William Wotton, who had opposed Temple in a treatise entitled 'Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning,' published in 1694. To some parts of that treatise Sir William wrote a reply, the following passage in which perhaps suggested the satirical account given long afterwards by Swift, in 'Gulliver's Travels,' of the experimental researches of the projector at Lagodas:

Schemes of Projectors.

What has been produced for the use, benefit, or pleasure of mankind, by all the airy speculations of those who have passed for the great advances of knowledge and learning these last fifty years—which is the date of our modern pretenders—I confess I am yet to seek, and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences, on foot in this age, and the progress they are like to make in the next; as the universal medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it; the philosopher's stone, which will be found out by men that care not for riches; the transfusion of young blood into old men's veins, which will make them as gamesome as the lambs from which 'tis to be derived; a universal language, which may serve

all men's turn when they have forgot their own; the knowledge of one another's thoughts without the grievous trouble of speaking; the art of flying, till a man happens to fall down, and break his neck; double-bottomed ships, whereof none can ever be cast away besides the first that was made; the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will come to be sold, and very cheap, in the apothecaries' shops; discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon to be made as frequently as between York and London: which such poor mortals as I am think as wild as those of Ariosto, but without half so much wit, or so much instruction; for there, these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in phials, with those of Orlando.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE, lord advocate under Charles II. and James II. (1636-1691), was a native of Dundee, son of Simon Mackenzie of Lochslin, brother of the Earl of Seaforth. He was educated at St. Andrews and Aberdeen, and studied civil law at Bourges, in France. In 1660, he published '*Arctine; or the Serious Romance*.' He seems to have been almost the only learned man of his time in Scotland who maintained an acquaintance with the lighter departments of contemporary English literature. Sir George was a friend of Dryden, by whom he is mentioned with great respect; and he himself composed poetry, which, if it has no other merit, is at least in pure English, and appears to have been fashioned after the best models of the time. He also wrote some moral essays, which possess the same merits. These are entitled—'*On Happiness*,' '*The Religious Stoic*,' '*Moral Gallantry*,' '*The Moral History of Frugality*,' and '*Reason*.'

In 1665, Sir George published at Edinburgh '*A Moral Essay, preferring Solitude to Public Employment*,' which drew forth an answer from John Evelyn. Both are curious and pleasing works, and it is remarkable as illustrating the propensity of men to dwell in imagination on pleasures which they do not possess, that the writer who contended for solitude was a person busily employed in scenes of active life, the king's advocate for Scotland; while Evelyn, whose pursuits were principally those which ornament retirement—who longed to be '*delivered from the gilded impertinences of life*'—stood forward as the champion of public and active employment. The arguments of Evelyn are, however, unanswerable. He ought to be a wise and good man, indeed, that dares to live alone; for ambition and malice, lust and superstition, or torpid indolence, are in solitude as in their kingdom. The most busy may find time for occasional retirement from the world, while the highest virtues lose their efficacy from being unseen. Even the love of letters—the chief delight and attraction of a secluded life—palls upon the mind, and fails to render instruction, for '*not to read men, and converse with living libraries, is to deprive ourselves of the most useful and profitable of studies*.' The literary efforts of Sir George Mackenzie were but holiday recreations. His business was law. He was author of '*Institute of the Law of Scotland*,' and '*Laws and Customs in Matters Criminal*,' also '*A Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland*,' in which he gravely

supports the story of the forty fabulous kings deduced from Gathelus, son-in-law of Pharaoh, and his spouse Scota! An important historical production of his pen, entitled 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II' lay undiscovered in manuscript till the present century, and was not printed till 1821. Sir George disgraced himself by subserviency to the court, and by the inhumanity and cruelty which, as Lord Advocate, he was instrumental in perpetrating against the Covenanters. He is distinguished as the founder of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. At the Revolution, he retired to England, where his death took place in 1691.

Sir George Mackenzie was less successful in verse than in prose:

Praise of a Country Life.

O happy country life! pure like its air;
 Free from the rage of pride, the pangs of care.
 Here happy souls he bathed in soft content,
 And are at once secure and innocent.
 No passion here but love: here is no wound
 But that by which lovers their names confound
 On barks of trees, whilst with a smiling face
 They see those letters as themselves embrace.
 Here the kind myrtles pleasant branches spread;
 And sure no laurel casts so sweet a shade.
 Yet all these country pleasures, without love,
 Would but a dull and tedious prison prove.
 But oh! what woods [and] parks [and] meadows he
 In the blest circle of a mistress' eye!
 What courts, what camps, what triumphs may one find
 Displayed in Cælia, when she will be kind!
 What a dull thing this lower world had been,
 If heavenly beauties were not sometimes seen!
 For when fair Cælia leaves this charming place,
 Her absence all its glories does deface.

Against Envy.

We may cure envy in ourselves either by considering how useless or how ill these things were for which we envy our neighbours; or else how we possess as much or as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet: as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him; and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was. And though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy, all being considered. And I have oft admired why we have suffered ourselves to be so cheated by contradictory vices, as to contemn this day him whom we envied the last; or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy; and if we would take it at the price. Thus, when I envy a man for being learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes: if for being great, how he should flatter and serve for it; and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got. Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy: he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than I possess. And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our neighbour and the overrating ourselves. As also I consider that the perfections envied by me may be advantageous to me; and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence: or to envy a great soldier, because his valour

may defend my estate or country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scene, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man; and I remember, that though now I am angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet, if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charming; and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavor also to make such my friends as deserve my envy; and no man is so base as to envy his friend. Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of merit, and thereby trouble themselves, I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burn them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun.

Fame.

I smile to see underling pretenders, and who live in a country scarce designed in the exactest maps, sweat and toil for so unmassy a reputation, that, when it is hampered out to the most stretching dimensions, will not yet reach the nearest towns of a neighbouring country: whereas, examine such as have but lately returned from travelling in most flourishing kingdoms, and though curiosity was their greatest errand, yet ye will find that they scarce know who is chancellor or president in these places; and in the exactest histories we hear but few news of the famousst pleaders, divines, or physicians; and by soldiers these are undervalued as pedants, and these by them as madcaps, and both by philosophers as fools.

The True Path to Esteem

I have remarked in my own time that some, by taking too much care to be esteemed and admired, have by that course missed their aim; whilst others of them who shunned it, did meet with it, as if it had fallen on them whilst it was flying from the others; which proceeded from the unfit means these able and reasonable men took to establish their reputation. It is very strange to hear men value themselves upon their honour, and their being men of their word in trifles, when yet that same honour cannot tie them to pay the debts they have contracted upon solemn promise of secure and speedy repayment; starving poor widows and orphans to feed their lusts, and adding thus robbery and oppression to the dishonourable breach of trust. And how can we think them men of honour, who, when a potent and foreign monarch is oppressing his weaker neighbours, hazard their very lives to assist him, though they would rail at any of their acquaintance, that, meeting a strong man fighting with a weaker, should assist the stronger in his oppression?

The surest and most pleasant path to universal esteem and true popularity is to be just; for all men esteem him most who secures most their private interest, and protects best their innocence. And all who have any notion of a Deity, believe that justice is one of his chief attributes; and that, therefore, whoever is just, is next in nature to Him, and the best picture of Him, and to be revered and loved. But yet how few trace this path! most men choosing rather to toil and vex themselves, in seeking popular applause, by living high, and in profuse prodigalities, which are entertained by injustice and oppression; as if rational men would pardon robbers because they feasted them upon a part of their own spoils; or did let them see fine and glorious shows, made for the honour of the giver upon the expense of the robbed spectators. But when a virtuous person appears great by his merit, and obeyed only by the charming force of his reason, all men think him descended from that heaven which he serves, and to him they gladly pay the noble tribute of deserved praises.

JOHN EVELYN.

JOHN EVELYN (1620–1706), a gentleman of easy fortune, and the most amiable personal character, distinguished himself by several scientific works written in a popular style. His ‘*Sylva*, or a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty’s Dominions,’ published in 1664, was written in consequence of an application to the Royal Society by the commissioners of the navy, who dreaded a scarcity of timber in the country. This work, aided

by the king's example, stimulated the landholders to plant an immense number of oak trees, which, a century after, proved of the greatest service to the nation in the construction of ships of war. 'Terra; a Discourse of the earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it, for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants,' appeared in 1675; and a treatise on medals is another production of the venerable author. There has been printed, also, a volume of his 'Miscellanies.' Evelyn was one of the first in this country to treat gardening and planting scientifically; and his grounds at Sayes-Court, near Deptford, where he resided during a great part of his life, attracted much admiration, on account of the number of foreign plants which he reared in them, and the fine order in which they were kept. The czar Peter was tenant of that mansion after the removal of Evelyn to another estate; and the old man was mortified by the gross manner in which his house and garden were abused by the Russian potentate and his retinue. It was one of Peter's amusements to demolish a 'most glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge,' by riding through it on a wheelbarrow.

Evelyn travelled abroad in 1646, and visited the magnificent scenery of the Alps, which he considered horrid and melancholy. Nature, he thought, had 'swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy'—so little, at that time, was wild picturesque scenery appreciated! The unromantic cavalier, throughout the greater part of his life, kept a diary, in which he entered every remarkable event in which he was in any way concerned. This was published in 1818 (two volumes quarto), and proved to be a most valuable addition to our store of historical materials respecting the latter half of the seventeenth century. Evelyn chronicles familiar as well as important circumstances; but he does it without loss of dignity, and everywhere preserves the tone of an educated and reflecting observer. It is curious to read, in this work, of great men going *after dinner* to attend a council of state, or the business of their particular offices, or the bowling-green, or even the church; of an hour's sermon being of moderate length; of ladies painting their faces being a novelty; or of their receiving visits from gentlemen whilst dressing, after having just risen out of bed; of the female attendant of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillion behind one of the footmen, and the footmen riding with swords. In his notices of the court, Evelyn passes quickly, but with austere dignity, over the scenes of folly and vice exhibited by Charles. On one occasion he writes: 'I thence walked through St. James's Park to the garden, when I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between (the king) and Mrs. Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian [Nell Gwynne]; she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and (the king) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry for this scene. Thence the king walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our

nation.' The following is a striking picture of the court of Charles II. on the Sunday preceding his death, February 6, 1685:

The Last Sunday of Charles II.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God—it being Sunday evening—which this day so'ennight I was witness of—the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, &c.; a French boy-singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

Of the following extracts from the 'Diary,' the first is given in the original spelling :

The Great Fire in London.

1666. 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night—if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye city burning from Cheap-side to ye Thames, and r'd along Cornhill—for it kind'd back against ye wind as well as forward—Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bunnard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly starr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or scene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greates distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boats, laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not scene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seeme above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*: the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4th. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chann,

Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Pauls flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that count! It pleas'd his Maty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke then several posts—for now they began to bestir themselves. and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrossed—and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near ye whole city, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my concern beng particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three day's consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing runnes by neere a furious's space.

The coale and wood wharves and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7th. I went this morning on foot fm Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Pauls, Cheap-side, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornhill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish y houses about the grail, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessels in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church, St. Pauls, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico—for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late king—now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architecture, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projections of massie Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St. Faith's, which being filled with

the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabrick of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some greate city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, bods, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to peeces, also the standard in Cornhill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the city streetes, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smooke and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have scene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees disper'sd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the city. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and gwards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Maj's proclamation also invited them.

A Fortunate Courtier not Envid.

Sept. 6 [1680].—I dined with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the choir of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy, brother to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, who procured for him an inferior place amongst the clerks of the kitchen and green cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his majesty being in exile, and Mr. Fox waiting, both the king and lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs; and trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had. Returning with his majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from clerk of the kitchen to that of the green cloth, he procured to be paymaster to the whole army; and by his

dexterity and punctual dealing, he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000 honestly gotten and unenvid, which is next to a miracle. With all this he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honourably; of a sweet nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and is so highly in his majesty's esteem, and so useful, that, being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the cofferer's place after Harry Brouncker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his eldest son to Mrs. Trollope, who brings with her, besides a great sum, near, if not altogether, £2000 per annum. Sir Stephens's lady, an excellent woman, is sister to Mr. Whittle, one of the king's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious.*

Frost Fair on the Thames.

1683-4. *1st January.* The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like.

9th. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the archbishop: where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir George Wheeler, Colonel Cooke, and several divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir George Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth-stairs to the Horse-ferry.

16th January. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City.

24th. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames: this humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tipping, and other lowd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear, that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. There was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other trades-men work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

5th February. It began to thaw, but froze again. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horse-ferry at Milbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken down; but there was first a map or landscape cut in copper representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.

* Sir Stephen Fox was the progenitor of the noble house of Holland, so remarkable for the line of distinguished statesmen which it has given to England.

Evelyn's Account of his Daughter Mary.

March 7 [1685].—My daughter Mary [in the nineteenth year of her age] was taken with the small-pox, and there was soon found no hope of her recovery. A great affliction to me, but God's holy will be done!

March 10.—She received the blessed sacrament; after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction; and not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of commonplace, as out of Dr. Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places [geography]. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflections upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough base on the harpsichord. . . . What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody. She never played at cards without extreme importunity. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and, as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, that some letters of hers have astonished me and others. Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days, for, as I said, she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets; even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, as in the '*Mundus Muliebris*,' wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to her sex; but all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorned her soul; she was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. O dear, sweet, and desirable child! how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent? Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory.

Fashions in Dress.—From 'Tyrannus, or the Mode.'

'Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi, *I vestimenti negli animali sono molto sicuri segni della loro natura; negli huomini del lor cervello*—garments, says he, in animals are infallible signs of their nature; in men, of their understanding. Though I would not judge of the monk by the hood he wears, or celebrate the humour of Julian's court, where the philosophic mantle made all his officers appear like so many conjurors, 'tis worth the observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the *toga*, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude of their habit was little better than a presage of that of their fortune; for the military *sega*, differing them from their slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly followed. And I am of opinion that when once we

shall see the Venetian senate quit the gravity of their vests, the state itself will not long subsist without some considerable alteration. I am of opinion that the Swiss had not been now a nation but for keeping to their prodigious breeches.

Be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, who have no dependence on them, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination; so as when the freak takes our Monseurs to appear like so many farces or Jack Puddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape, and play the pantomimes with them.

Methinks a French tailor, with his ell in his hand, looks the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many forms. One while we are made to be loose in our clothes, and by and by appear like so many male-factors sewed up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. Now, we are all twist, and at a distance look like a pair of tongs, and anon stuffed out behind like a Dutchman. This gallant goes so pinched in the waist, as if he were prepared for the question of the fiery plate in Turkey; and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two, now, the short waists and shirts in Pye-court is the mode; then the wide hose, or a man in coats again. Methinks we should learn to handle distaff too; Hercules did so when he courted Omphale; and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petticoat with much confidence.

It was a fine silken thing which I spied walking tother day through Westminster Hall, that had as much ribbon about him as would have plundered six shops, and set up twenty country peddlers. All his body was dressed like a May-pole, or a Tom-a-Bedlam's cap. A frigate newly rigged kept not half such a clatter in a storm, as this puppet's streamers did when the wind was in his shrouds; the motion was wonderful to behold, and the well-chosen colours were red, orange, blue, and well gunned safin, which argued a happy fancy; but so was our gallant overcharged, [that] whether he did wear this garment, or as a porter bear it only, was not easily to be resolved.

For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerful gaiety, affect and cultivate variety. The universe itself were not beautiful to me without it: but as that is in constant and uniform succession in the natural, where men do not disturb it, so would I have it also in the artificial. If the kings of Mexico changed four times a day, it was but an upper vest, which they were used to honour some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as oft as they please, so the change be for the better. I would have a summer habit, and a winter; for the spring and for the autumn. Something I would indulge to youth; something to age and humour. But what have we to do with these foreign butterflies? In God's name, let the change be our own, not borrowed of others; for why should I dance after a Monsieur's flagolet, that have a set of English viols for my concert? We need no French inventions for the stage, or for the back.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

Very different from the diary of good and grave John Evelyn is that of his friend SAMUEL PEPYS (1632-1703), who was Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Though not undistinguished in his official career, Pepys would have been slightly remembered had he not left behind him, in short-hand, a diary extending over above nine years—from January 1659-60 to May 1669—which being deciphered and published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825, gave the world a curious and faithful picture of the times, including almost every phase of public and social life, from the gaieties of the court to the pettiest details of domestic economy, business, and amusements. The character of Pepys himself, and his gradual rise in the world, with all his recorded foibles, weaknesses, and peculiarities, as displayed in his daily intercourse with society of all classes,

form a highly amusing and instructive study, quite dramatic in its lights and shades, and of never-failing interest. He had excellent opportunities for observation, and nothing appeared too minute for notice in his diary, while his system of short-hand writing gave him both facility and secrecy in recording his memoranda of passing events. Pepys was of humble origin, the son of a London tailor, who had retired to Brampton, near Huntingdon, where he died.

Samuel had a powerful and wealthy cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards the first Earl of Sandwich, to whose good offices he owed his advancement. Having studied at the university of Cambridge as a sizar, Pepys, in his twenty-third year, married a young lady of fifteen, who had just left a convent, and had no fortune. The consequences of this imprudent step might have been serious had not Sir Edward Montagu afforded an asylum in his house to the youthful pair. When the patron sailed upon his expedition to the Sound, in 1658, he took Pepys with him; and on their return, the latter was employed as a clerk in one of the government offices—living, he says, ‘in Axe Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.’ The times, however, were stirring—the restoration of monarchy was at hand, and Pepys’s patron, Montagu, was employed to bring home Charles II. He took his cousin with him as secretary to the generals of the fleet; and when Montagu was rewarded for his loyal zeal and services with an earldom and public office, Pepys was appointed Clerk of the Acts of the Navy. This situation he afterwards exchanged for the higher one of Secretary to the Admiralty, which he held until the accession of William and Mary. He lived afterwards in a sort of dignified retirement, well earned by faithful public services, and by a useful and meritorious life.

The diary of Pepys can only be well understood or appreciated by longer extracts than our limits will permit. At the period of its commencement, his fortunes were at a low ebb; but after his voyage with Montagu, in June 1660, he records that on casting up his accounts he found that he was worth £100, ‘for which,’ he piously adds, ‘I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I come to sea, besides my house and goods.’ The emoluments and perquisites of his office soon added to his riches, and the Clerk of the Acts gradually soared into that region of fashion and gaiety which he had contemplated with wonder and admiration from a distance. On the 10th of July, he put on his first silk suit; and the subsequent additions to his wardrobe—camlet cloaks, with gold and silver buttons, &c.—are all carefully noted. His wife (whom he is never tired of praising) also shares in this finery, and her first grand appearance is thus recorded:

Mrs. Pepys in a New Dress.

August 18.—Towards Westminster by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth, of 26s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it

very innocently, I could not be angry. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea. 'The Loyall Subject' where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and, by Captain Ferrers' means. Kinaston, and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank with us.

19. (Lord's Day.)—This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and myself, went to church to the churchwardens, to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us; but we are resolved to have one built. So we staid, and heard Mr. Mills, a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

Of this gossiping complexion are most of Pepys's entries. The severe morality and deeper feeling of Evelyn would have suppressed much of what his friend set down without comment or scruple, but the picture thus presented of the court, and of the manners of the time, would have been less lively and less true. We subjoin, almost at random, a few passages from Pepys's faithful and minute chronicle:

Charles II. and the Queen in the Park.

Hearing that the King and Queene are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park; and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queene, who looked in this dress, a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *a la negligence*, mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, [who] rode among the rest of the ladies; but the king took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'gigt, did anybody press, as she seemed to expect, and staid for it, to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart [afterwards Duchess of Richmond] in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

Mr. Pepys sets up a Carriage.

November 5, 1668.—With Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach: and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, but yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to Whitehall. Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work.

30.—My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cosen Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expenscful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world: and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired.

December 2.—Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoyce, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Usurper;' a

pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to Whitehall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchesse's and Queene's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him.

April 11, 1669.—Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now.

May 1.—Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunicke, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day being unpleasant, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12s. and pretty merry.

Mr. Pepys tries to admire Hudibras.

December 26, 1662.—To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby: and we falling into discourse of a new book of drolleyn in use, called 'Hudibras,' I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsends at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.

February 6—To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought 'Hudibras' again, it being certainly some ill-humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.

November 28.—To Paul's Church-yard, and there looked upon the second part of 'Hudibras,' which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cries so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

Mr. Pepys at the Theatre.

March 2, 1667.—After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see 'The Maiden Queen,' a new play of D. yden's mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell Gwynne, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do thus both as a mad girl, then most and best of all, when she comes in like a young

gallant ; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

October 5.—To the King's house ; and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms : and to the woman's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit : and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of 'Flora Figarys,' which was acted to-day. But, Lord ! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them ; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk ! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit, was pretty ; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

December 28.—To the King's house, and there saw 'The Mad Couple,' which is but an ordinary play ; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially his : which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling ; and in a mad part do beyond imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children, brought on the stage : the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child, and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day.

February 27, 1667-8.—With my wife to the King's house, to see 'The Virgin Mary,' the first time it hath been acted a great while : and it is mighty pleasant ; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife ; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me : and makes me resolve to practise wind-musick, and to make my wife do the like.

Mr. Pepys at Church.

May 26, 1667—My wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew. After dinner, I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women ; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. I away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against Solitude, in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse.

August 18.—To Cree Church, to see it how it is : but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's. There dined with me Mr. Turner and his daughter Betty. Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner. I walked towards Whitehall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place ; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand ; but she would not, but got further and further from me ; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—whence, seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me ; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended.

Domestic Scene between Mr. and Mrs. Pepys.

May 11, 1667.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took

coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12. (Lord's day).—Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pemberton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwig-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a piece of *boû-a-la-mode*, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwig-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6s.

Mr. Pepys's makes a Great Speech at the Bar of the House of Commons in defence of the Navy Board.

March 5, 1668.—I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself, did go to the Dog, and drink half a pint of mulled sack, and in the hall did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and, between eleven or twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty hull House; and we stood at the bar—namely, Browcker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Penn being in the House, as a member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptable and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard. To my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed; and, after talking a while, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6.—Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gauden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where the first word he said to me was: 'Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house; and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother, that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a year, if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar; but what pleases me most, he tells me that the Solicitor-general did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone touching his own businesses, he carried me to Whitehall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York came to me both; and he [the King] said: 'Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday; and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Berkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say

that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might match the Solicitor-general. Everybody that saw me almost came to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogies as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr. G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips; protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me.

Pepys, like Evelyn, records the daily devastation of the Great Fire, but with less minuteness. He had, however, watched the poor people lingering about their houses and furniture until the fire touched them; and then running into boats, or clambering by the waterside from one pair of stairs to another; 'and among other things, the poor pigeons were loth to leave their houses, and hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down.'

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE (1616-1704) enjoyed in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. great notoriety as a political writer. During the Civil War, he had fought as a Royalist soldier; being captured by the Parliamentary army, he was tried and condemned to death, and lay in prison almost four years, constantly expecting to be led forth to execution. A poem ascribed to him, entitled 'the Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalists,' must have been written at this time. The following are a few of the stanzas:

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
 Your meekness shall shew
 That innocence is tempest-proof.
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
 A private closet is to me,
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty.
 Locks, bars, walls, leanness, though together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite. . . .

My soul is free as ambient air,
 Although my baser parts be mewed;
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
 To company my solitude;
 And though rebellion may my body bind,
 My king can only captivate my mind.

Have you not seen the nightingale
 A pilgrim cooped into a cage,
 And heard her tell her wonted tale,
 In that her narrow hermitage?
 Even then her charming melody doth prove
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am the bird whom they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty ;
 But though they do my corps confine,
 Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free ;
 And though I'm mew'd, yet I can chirp and sing,
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king !

L'Estrange was at length set free, and lived in almost total obscurity till the Restoration. In 1663, he published a pamphlet, entitled ' Considerations and Proposals in order to the Regulation of the Press,' for which he was rewarded by being appointed licenser or censor of the press, and also the sole privilege of printing and publishing news. In August 1663 appeared his newspaper, ' The Public Intelligencer.' From this time, till a few years before his death, he was constantly occupied in editing newspapers and writing pamphlets, mostly in behalf of the court, from which he at last received the honour of knighthood. As a controversialist, L'Estrange was bold, lively, and vigorous, but coarse, impudent, abusive, and by no means a scrupulous regarnder of truth. He is known also as a translator, having produced versions of Æsop's ' Fables,' Seneca's ' Morals,' Cicero's ' Offices,' Erasmus's ' Colloquies,' Quevedo's ' Visions,' and the works of Josephus. In 1687, he published ' A Brief History of the Times,' relating chiefly to the Popish Plot. The following is a chapter of his life of Æsop, prefixed to the translation of the ' Fables':

*Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband
 after she had left him.*

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are, easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for, upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of haukering for her still; beside that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. 'Come, master,' says he, 'pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you.' What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. Thus way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding-feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the runaway lady—for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family. It gathered in the

rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little—'No, Xanthus,' says she, 'do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive.' Xanthus looked upon this as one of *Æsop's* master-pieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

The Popish Plot.

At the first opening of this plot, almost all people's hearts took fire at it, and nothing was heard but the bellowing of execrations and revenge against the accursed bloody Papists. It was imputed at first, and in the general, to the principles of the religion; and a Roman Catholic and a regicide were made one and the same thing. Nay, it was a saying frequent in some of our great and holy mouths, that they were confident there was not so much as one soul of the whole party, within his majesty's dominions, that was not either an actor in this plot, or a friend to 't. In this heat, they fell to picking up of priests and Jesuits as fast as they could catch 'em, and so went on to consult their oracles the witnesses—with all formalities of sifting and examining—upon the particulars of place, time, manner, persons, &c.; while Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests were kept warm, and ringing still of new men come in, corroborating proofs, and further discoveries, &c. Under this train and method of reasoning, the managers advanced, decently enough, to the finding out of what they themselves had laid and concerted beforehand; and, to give the devil his due, the whole story was but a farce of so many parts, and the noisy informations no more than a lesson that they had much ado to go through with, even with the help of diligent and careful tutors, and of many and many a prompter, to bring them off at a dead lift. But popery was so dreadful a thing, and the danger of the king's life and of the Protestant religion so astonishing a surprise, that people were almost bound in duty to be inconsiderate and outrageous upon 't; and loyalty itself would have looked a little cold and indifferent if it had not been intemperate; inasmuch that zeal, fierceness, and jealousy were never more excusable than upon this occasion. And now, having excellent matter to work upon, and the passions of the people already disposed for violence and tumult, there needed no more than blowing the coal of Oates's narrative, to put all into a flame; and in the meantime, all arts and accidents were improved, as well toward the entertainment of the humour, as to the kindling of it. The people were first haired out of their senses with tales and jealousies, and then made judges of the danger, and consequently of the remedy; which upon the main, and briefly, came to no more than this: The plot was laid all over the three kingdoms; France, Spain, and Portugal taxed their quotas to 't; we were all to be burnt in our beds, and rise with our throats cut; and no way in the world but exclusion and union to help us. The fancy of this exclusion spread immediately, like a gangrene, over the whole body of the monarchy; and no saving the life of his majesty without cutting off every limb of the prerogative: the device of union passed insensibly into a league of conspiracy; and, instead of uniting Protestants against Papists, concluded in an association of subjects against their sovereign, confounding policy with religion.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

The fame of the author of '*Hudibras*' led to a general desire after his death for the publication of such literary remains as he might have left behind him. Two spurious compilations were issued (1715-1720), but out of fifty pieces thus thrust upon the world only three were genuine. At length, in 1759, two volumes of '*Remains in Verse and Prose*' were published from the original MSS. which Butler had left to his friend Longueville, and which had come into the possession of Mr. R. Thyer, Manchester. The most interesting of these relics are '*Characters*,' in prose resembling in style those of Overbury, Earle, and Hall.

A Small Poet

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit as the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a named verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics—a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grams of wit like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses; trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aônides, laun, nymphæ, sylvani, &c. that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformatations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

A Vintner

Hangs out his bush to shew he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does underground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, 'In vîno veritas;' for there is no truth in him, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds. He is an anti-Christian cheat, for

Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle—a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is fond to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.

A Prater

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent, the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an earwig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.

An Antiquary

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slight the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stikken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of time. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, 'You are my father,' and to rottenness, 'Thou art my mother.' He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

WALTER CHARLETON.

Another lively describer of human character, who flourished in this period, was DR. WALTER CHARLETON (1619–1707), physician to Charles II. a friend of Hobbes, and for several years President of the College of Physicians in London. He wrote many works on theology, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, and antiquities; in which last department his most noted production is a treatise published in 1663, maintaining the Danish origin of Stonehenge, on

Salisbury Plain, in opposition to Inigo Jones, who attributed that remarkable structure to the Romans. The work, however, which seems to deserve more particularly our attention in this place is 'A Brief Discourse concerning the different Wits of Men,' published by Dr. Charleton in 1675. It is interesting, both on account of the lively and accurate sketches of character which it contains, and because the author attributes the varieties of talent which are found among men to differences in the form, size and quality of their brains. We shall give two of his happiest sketches.

The Ready and Nimble Wit.

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extemporary acuteness of conceit, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions; but being generally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design; like fly-boats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then, too, more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold, and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus;' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and, like the City pageants, discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously. But take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all extemporary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections, are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and then you shall soon discover their weakness, and condemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the difficulties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons. Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees, wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down, and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and verity, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found! how much will they lose of that applause, which then tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! In the greatest part, therefore, of such men, you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few splashes, and those, too, not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

The Slow but Sure Wit.

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are, indeed, of both conception and expression; yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes, as it were, dropping from their lips, even where they are encouraged by familiar entreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests, which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them. Costive they are also in invention; so that when they would deliver somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to utter it. But after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of business, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Barren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive. Their gifts lie deep and concealed; but being furnished with notions, not airy and umbratious ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful—and if they have been nurtured with good learning, and the habit of exercising their pen—oftentimes they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be

transmitted to posterity. Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt. Hence it comes, that excellent parts remaining unknown, often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits. The best course, therefore, for these to overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either, by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits, to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties; or, by writing on some new and useful subject, to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intrinsic value.

In 1670, Dr. Charleton published a vigorous translation of Epicurus's 'Morals.'

LUCY HUTCHINSON.

There is a group of ladies of the seventeenth century whose Memoirs and Letters are of very great interest.

LUCY HUTCHINSON (1620-1659) was a daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, and widow of Colonel John Hutchinson, governor of Nottingham Castle, and one of the judges of Charles I. Mr. Hutchinson wrote Memoirs of her husband's life and of her own, which were first published by their descendant, the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, in 1806. Few books are more interesting than this biographical narrative, which, besides adding to our knowledge of the period of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, furnishes information as to the domestic life, the position of women in society, the state of education, manners, &c. all related in a frank, lively, and engaging style. The lady was a person of great spirit and talent, of strong feelings, and of unbounded devotion to her husband and his political views. Though concurring in the sentence which condemned Charles I. to the scaffold, Colonel Hutchinson testified against Cromwell's usurpation, and lived in retirement till the Restoration. He was afterwards included in the act of amnesty. In the debate on the treatment to be dealt to the regicides, Colonel Hutchinson, as his faithful wife relates, shewed great address and firmness.

Col. Hutchinson Defends his Condemnation of Charles I.

When it came to Inglesby's turn, he, with many tears, professed his repentance for that murder; and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forced him to subscribe the sentence! And made a most whining recantation; after which he retired, and another had almost ended, when Colonel Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surprised with a thing he expected not, yet neither then nor in any the like occasion, did he ever fail himself, but told them, 'that for his actions in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortune to their dispose: that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither advance nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good con-

science. And as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman. As soon as the colonel had spoken, he retired into a room where Inglesby was, with his eyes yet red, who had called up a little spirit to succeed his whinnings, and embracing Colonel Hutchinson : ' O colonel,' said he, ' did I ever imagine we could be brought to this ! Could I have suspected it when I brought them Lambert in the other day, this would should have redeemed us from being dealt with as criminals, by that people, for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves.' The colonel told him he had foreseen, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawful authority of the land to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else : but the integrity of his heart in all he had done made him as cheerfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the House that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the House. Monk, after all his great professions, now sat still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to set vengeance on foot as any man.

LADY FANSHAWE.

ANNE HARRISON FANSHAWE (1625-1679) was the daughter of Sir John Harrison, and wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, ambassador from Charles II. to the court of Madrid in 1665. Lady Fanshawe wrote Memoirs of her own life, to which were added extracts from the correspondence of her husband. They were published in 1829, edited by Sir E. Harris Nicholas, but unfortunately from a very imperfect and inaccurate copy of the original manuscript. The original is extant in the possession of J. G. Fanshawe of Parsons, Essex, and as the Memoirs are of historical and general interest, the work should be re-edited and correctly printed.

Lady Fanshawe sees a Ghost in Ireland.

We went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's. She was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we staid three nights—the first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that awakened me. I drew the curtain, and, on the casement of the window, I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window through the casement, in white, with red hair, and pale and ghastly complexion. She spake loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, ' A horse ! ' and then with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened, that my hair stood on end, and my night-clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in ; but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and shewed him the window opened. Neither of us slept more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England ! and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith which should defend them from the power of the devil, which he exercises among them very much.

About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock, and she said : ' I wish you had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window ; but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.' We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.

A Domestic Scene, A.D. 1645.

My husband had provided very good lodgings for us [at Bristol], and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all ex-

pressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying : ' I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase ; ' and now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess ; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doted on me—upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I ; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs, saying if I would ask my husband privately he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth ' What news ? ' began to think there was more inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I then was. When my husband returned home from council, and went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more, I followed him ; he turned hastily and said : ' What wouldst thou have, my life ? ' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied : ' My love, I will immediately come to thee ; pray thee, go, for I am very busy. ' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit ; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing ; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed, I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew ; but he answered nothing, and stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed ; I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply ; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said : ' Thou dost not care to see me troubled ; ' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered : ' My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that ; but when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee : for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed ; but my honour is my own ; which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs ; and pray thee, with this answer rest satisfied. ' So great was his reason and goodness, that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

The letters of this lady have secured her a place in literature, though less elevated than that niche in history which she has won by heroism and conjugal attachment. Rachel Wriothesley was the second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Southampton. In 1667, when widow of Lord Vaughan, she married Lord William Russell, a son of the first Duke of Bedford. She was the senior of her second husband by five years, and it is said that her amiable and prudent character was the means of reclaiming him from youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. His subsequent political career is known to every reader of English history. If ever a man opposed the course of a government in a pure and unselfish spirit, that man was Lord William Russell. The suspicious

correspondence with Barillon, alluded to in the notice of Algernon Sidney (*ante*), leaves him unsullied, for the ambassador distinctly mentions Russell and Lord Hollis as two who would not accept bribes. When brought to trial (July 1683), under the same circumstances as those which have been related in Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge—and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only grace that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis.

LORD RUSSELL. May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory?

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Yes, a servant.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE. Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you.

LORD RUSSELL. My wife is here, my lord, to do it.

And when the spectators, we are told, turned their eyes and beheld the devoted lady, the daughter of the virtuous Earl of Southampton, rising up to assist her lord in his uttermost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. Lady Russell, after the condemnation of her husband, personally implored his pardon without avail. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and when he took his final farewell of her, remarked: 'The bitterness of death is now past!' Her ladyship died in 1723, at the age of eighty-seven. Fifty years afterwards, appeared that collection of her Letters which gives her a name in our literary history.

To Dr. Fitzwilliam—On her Sorrow.

WOBORNE ABBEY, 27th Nov. 1685.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concerns; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be; but, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people—do it for me from such you know are so—also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of

them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the meantime, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the gospel: 'I believe; help thou my unbelief.'

To the Earl of Galway—On Friendship.

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind—the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant—are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and wiling mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being, who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so checkered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many. I may say as many years of pure and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that greatest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, which intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller, whose picture you look upon, has, I long remember, these words:

All we know they do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

To Lord Cavendish—Bereavement.

Though I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Lambek, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion; they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half-way, and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it.

SIR THOMAS URQUIHART.

A translation of 'Rabelais,'* partly executed in this period, and which still maintains its place as a faithful rendering of the sense and style of the original, is deserving of notice. The first three books of the 'History of Gargantua and Pantagruel' were translated by Sir

* Francis Rabelais, born in 1483 at Chinon, in Touraine, was sometime a churchman, but ran away from his convent and studied medicine. He obtained the Pope's absolution for the breach of his monastic vows, and died cure or rector of Meudon, about 1553. In his satirical romance Rabelais, under an allegorical veil, lashes the vices of his age, especially the vices of the clergy. His work is stained with grossness and buffoonery, which were perhaps necessary, as Coleridge argues, 'as an amulet against the monks and legates.'

THOMAS URQUHART in 1653; two books were published in his lifetime; and PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX (1660-1718)—a Frenchman by birth, but known as a dramatic writer in English—republished the work of Urquhart, and added the three remaining books translated by himself. This joint production was again published by JOHN OZELL (died in 1743), with corrections of the text of Urquhart and Motteux, and notes by a French editor, JACOB LE DUCHAT (1658-1735), who is said to have spent forty years in composing annotations on Rabelais.

SIR THOMAS URQUHART of Cromarty was a man of lively fancy, wit, and learning, but on some points hopelessly crazed. He traces the genealogy of his family up to Adam, from whom he was the 153d in descent, and by the mother's side he ascends to Eve. The first of the family who settled in Scotland was one Nomostor, married to Diosi (daughter of Alcibiades), who took his farewell of Greece and arrived at Cromarty, or *Portus Salutis*, 389 years before Christ! Sir Thomas was knighted by Charles I. and having proceeded with Charles II into England, was present at the battle of Worcester, and there taken prisoner. He is said to have died of an inordinate fit of laughter, combined with the effect of 'flowing cups,' on hearing of the restoration of Charles II. Besides his excellent translation of Rabelais, the eccentric knight was author of a treatise on Trigonometry, (1650), 'Epigrams, Divine and Moral' (1646); 'Introduction to the Universal Language' (1653); 'The Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than Diamonds incased in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age; found in the Kennel of Worcester Streets the day after the Fight and six before the Autumnal Equinox,' anno 1651. This 'Jewel' is a vindication of the honour of Scotland from the 'infamy' cast upon it by the rigid Presbyterian party. It contains the adventures of the Admirable Crichton and other brave and eminent Scotsmen. The following is one of Sir Thomas's epigrams:

Take *man* from *woman*, all that she can shew,
Of her own proper, is nought else but *wo*.

NEWSPAPERS.

We have referred in a previous page (*ante*), to the rise of newspapers. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century, and even later, intelligence of public events was chiefly conveyed by means of news-letters. 'To prepare such letters,' says Macaulay, 'became a calling in London, as it now is among the natives of India. The newswriter rambled from coffee-room to coffee-room, collecting reports; squeezed himself into the Sessions House at the Old Bailey, if there was an interesting trial; nay, perhaps obtained admission to the gallery of Whitehall, and noticed how the king and duke [Charles II. and the Duke of York] looked. In this way he gathered materials for weekly epistles, destined to enlighten some county town or

some bench of rustic magistrates. Such were the sources from which the inhabitants of the largest provincial cities, and the great body of the gentry and clergy, learned almost all that they knew of the history of their own time.

At this period, there existed a censorship of the press. In 1637, the Star Chamber of Charles I. issued a decree prohibiting the printing of all books, pamphlets, &c. that were not specially licensed and authorised. The Long Parliament continued the restriction by an Order, dated June 14, 1643, which prompted the 'Areopagitica' of Milton, published the following year. But the newspapers appear to have been unmolested. During the civil war, 'Diurnals' and 'Mercuries,' in small quarto, began to be disseminated by the different parties into which the state was divided. Nearly a score are said to have been started in 1643, when the war was at its height. Peter Heylin, in the preface to his 'Cosmography,' mentions that 'the affairs of each town or war were better presented in the weekly news-books.' Accordingly, we find some papers, entitled 'News from Hull,' 'Truths from York,' 'Warranted Tidings from Ireland,' and 'Special Passages' from other places. As the contest proceeded, the impatience of the public for early intelligence led to the shortening of the intervals of publication; and papers began to be distributed twice or thrice in every week. Among these were the 'French Intelligencer,' the 'Dutch Spy,' the 'Irish Mercury,' the 'Scots Dove,' the 'Parliament Kite,' and the 'Secret Owl.' There were likewise weekly papers of a humorous character, such as 'Mercurius Acheronticus,' or 'News from Hell,' 'Mercurius Democritus,' bringing wonderful news from the world in the moon; the 'Laughing Mercury,' with perfect news from the antipodes; and 'Mercurius Mastix,' faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and other intelligencers. On one side was the 'Weekly Discoverer,' and on the other, the 'Weekly Discoverer Stripped Naked.' So important an auxiliary was the press considered, that each of the rival armies carried a printer along with it.

The most conspicuous of the journalists and political writers of that period were MARCIMONT NEEDHAM (1620-1678), SIR JOHN BIRKENHEAD (1615-1679), and SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, already noticed as author and translator (*ante*). Needham was a servile politician. With his 'Mercurius Britannicus' he supported the parliamentarians from 1643 to 1647; with his 'Mercurius Pragmaticus' he defended the king and royalists from 1647 till 1649; and with his 'Mercurius Politicus' he was the champion of the Independents and Commonwealth till the Restoration in 1660. Birkenhead was a consistent, unscrupulous royalist, with considerable talent for satire and ridicule. His 'Mercurius Aulicus,' or Court Mercury, was the medium of communication between the court at Oxford and the country at large.

Cromwell, with characteristic magnanimity, abolished the office of licenser; but it was restored by the government of Charles II. in 1663.

In 1663, L'Estrange was appointed licenser; and in August of that year, he started his 'Public Intelligencer,' which was continued till November 1665, when the 'Oxford Gazette' appeared. The court had retired to Oxford, in consequence of the plague in London, and when this malady had ceased and the court returned to the metropolis, the title of 'Oxford Gazette' was changed to that of 'London Gazette.' L'Estrange afterwards defended the arbitrary measures of the court from 1679 to 1687 in his journal, 'The Observer.' He had many rivals, but was never eclipsed, in ready wit or raillery, or as a purveyor of news. In his character of licenser, L'Estrange issued a 'proclamation for suppressing the printing and publishing unlicensed news-books and pamphlets of news, because it has become a common practice for evil-disposed persons to vend to his majesty's people all the idle and malicious reports that they could collect or invent contrary to law; the continuance whereof would in a short time endanger the peace of the kingdom; the same manifestly tending thereto, as has been declared by all his majesty's subjects unanimously.' The charge for inserting advertisements, as appears from the 'Jockey's Intelligencer,' 1683, was then a shilling for a horse or coach, for notification, and sixpence for 'renewing;' also in the 'Observer Reformed,' it is announced that advertisements of *eight lines* are inserted for one shilling; and Morphew's 'County Gentleman's Courant,' two years afterwards, says, that 'seeing promotion of trade is a matter that ought to be encouraged, the price of advertisements is *advanced* to 2d. per line.' The publishers at this time, however, seem to have been sorely puzzled for news to fill their sheets, small as they were; and a few of them got over the difficulty in a sufficiently ingenious manner. Thus, the 'Flying Post,' in 1695, announces, that 'if any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with this account of public affairs, he may have it for 2d. of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper; *half of which being blank*, he may thereon write his own private business, or the material news of the day.' And again, 'Dawkes's News-letter—This letter will be done up on good writing paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand!' Between 1661 and 1688, it appears that no less than seventy newspapers were published—none oftener than twice a week, and some of them very short-lived. In 1709, the first morning paper appeared, under the title of the 'Daily Courant,' and the discussion of political topics in newspapers is referred to this period. Hallam says: 'I find very little expression of political feelings till 1710, after the trial of Sacheverell and change of ministry. The "Daily Courant" and "Postman" then begin to attack the Jacobites, and the "Postboy" the Dissenters. But these newspapers were less important than the periodical sheets, such as the "Examiner" and "Medley," which were solely devoted to party

controversy.' Swift and Bolingbroke were among the writers for these periodical publications. The Tory ministers, in 1712, put a stamp-duty of a half-penny on every printed half-sheet, and a penny on a whole sheet, besides a duty of one shilling on every advertisement. Many of the papers were immediately stopped: 'all Grub Street is ruined by the Stamp Act,' said Swift; but the periodical press continued to do battle for popular rights, though subjected to restrictions and persecution. From the accession of George I. may be dated the publication of parliamentary reports, though they were at first but general outlines, and the speakers were indicated by names drawn from Roman history. Even in 1740, Walpole was 'Tullius Cicero,' and Chesterfield 'Piso.' The real liberty of the press is of very recent date, the result of a long succession of struggles.

The first newspaper printed in Scotland was issued under the auspices of a party of Cromwell's troops at Leith, who caused their attendant printer to furnish impressions of a London Diurnal for their information and amusement. This was Needham's 'Mercurius Politicus,' and the first number of the Scotch reprint appeared on the 26th of October 1653. In November of the following year, the establishment was transferred to Edinburgh, where this reprinting system was continued till the 11th of April 1660. About nine months afterwards appeared the 'Mercurius Caledonius,' of which the ten numbers published contain some curious traits of the extravagant feeling of joy occasioned by the Restoration, along with many poor attempts at wit and cleverness*. It was succeeded by the 'Kingdom's Intelligencer,' which continued about seven years. After this, there were only reprints of the English newspapers till 1699, when the 'Edinburgh Gazette' was established.

In Ireland, the rebellion of 1641 called forth a news-sheet, entitled 'Warranted Tidings from Ireland.' It was soon dropped; and it was not until 1685 that a regular newspaper, 'The Dublin News-letter,' was published. This was followed by 'Pue's Occurrences,' a small daily journal printed in Dublin, which was popular, and had vitality enough to exist for half a century.

* For example. 'March 1, 1661.—A Report from London of a new gallows, the supporters to be of stones, and beautified with statues of the three grand traitors, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton.'

'As our old laws are renewed, so likewise are our good honest customs, for nobility in streets are known by brave retinues of their relations; when, during the Captivity [the Commonwealth], a lord was scarcely to be distinguished from a commoner. Nay, the old hospitality returns; for that laudable custom of suppers, which was covenanted out with raisins and roasted cheese, is again in fashion, and where before a peevish nurse would have been seen tripping up-stairs and down-stairs, with a posset for the lord or the lady, you shall now see sturdy jackmen, groaning with the weight of silken robes of beef, and chargers laden with wild-fowl and capon.'

'But of all our bontades and capriccios [on the day of the coronation of Charles II.], that of the immortal Janet Geddes, princess of the Tron adventurers [heir-b-women] was the most pleasant; for she was not only content to assemble all her creels, baskets, creepies, lorns, and other ingredients that composed her shop, but even her weather chair of state, where she used to dispense justice to her lang-kale vassals, which were all very orderly burnt, she herself countenancing the action with a high-flown spirit and vermilion majesty.'

FIFTH PERIOD.

——(1689—1727.)——

ADDISON—SWIFT—POPE.

THE course of English literature was now becoming more correct, regular, and artificial, descending from Dryden, as from a new fountain of English thought, expression, and harmony, but losing in its progress some of the old native power and freedom. To be refined and critical, rather than original and inventive, was the ambition of our authors. The poets enjoyed a degree of worldly prosperity and importance in society that has too rarely blessed the general community of authors. Some filled high diplomatic and other official situations, or were engaged in schemes of politics and ambition. The reigns of Queen Anne and George I. have been designated the Augustan age of English literature, but excepting in the amount of patronage extended to authors, this eulogy has not been confirmed by later generations. The writings preceding the Restoration and those of our own times are more original, more imaginative, and at the same time more natural. The poetry of this period, exquisite as much of it is in the works of Prior and Pope, possesses none of the lyrical grandeur and enthusiasm which redeem so many errors in the elder poets. Where excellence is attained, it is seldom in the delineation of strong passion, and never in bold fertility of invention. Pope was at the head of this school of artificial life and manners. He was master of higher powers; he had access to the haunted ground of imagination, but it was not his favourite or ordinary walk. Others were content with humbler worship, with propitiating a minister or a mistress, reviving the forms of classic mythology, or satirising without seeking to reform the fashionable follies of the day. Several authors, however, were, each in his own line, masters. Satire, conveyed in language forcible and copious, was certainly carried to its utmost pitch of excellence by Swift. The wit of Arbuthnot is not yet eclipsed. The art of describing the manners and discussing the morals of the passing time was practised with unrivalled felicity by Steele and Addison; and with all the licentiousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may fairly be said that English comedy was in their hands what it had never been before, and what it has scarcely in any instance but that of Sheridan subsequently attained.

POETS.

WALSH—CHARLES MONTAGU.

Among the minor poets, contemporaries of Dryden, may be mentioned WILLIAM WALSH (1663–1708), who was popular as a critic and scholar, and author of some miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. These are now all forgotten, and Walsh is remembered only as the friend of Dryden and Pope. He directed the youthful studies of Pope, invited him to his seat of Abberley, in Worcestershire—which country Walsh represented in parliament—and generally extended to the young poet a degree of favour and kindness which was generous and never forgotten. The great patron of poetry at this time was CHARLES MONTAGU, Earl of Halifax (1661–1715), who first distinguished himself by some verses on the death of Charles II. and by joining with Prior in a burlesque poem, ‘The City Mouse and the Country Mouse,’ written in ridicule of Dryden’s ‘Hind and Panther.’ Becoming a member of the House of Commons, Montagu evinced a knowledge of public affairs and talents for business which soon raised him to honours and emoluments. He filled some of the highest offices of the state; in 1700 he was created Baron Halifax, and on the accession of George I. he was made Earl of Halifax, Knight of the Garter, and first commissioner of the Treasury. Halifax was, as Pope says, ‘fed with soft dedication all day long.’ Steele, Congreve, Rowe, Tickell, and numerous other authors, dedicated works to the literary statesman; Swift solicited his patronage, but was disappointed; Pope said Halifax was one of the first to favour him, but the poet afterwards satirised him in the character of Bufo; Addison—whom Halifax nobly patronised—incribed to him his best poetical production, ‘A Letter from Italy.’ Thus Halifax continued the liberal patronage of literature begun in the previous reign by the Earl of Dorset; and the Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke, ‘vied with the chiefs of the Whig party,’ as Macaulay remarks, ‘in zeal for the encouragement of letters.’ This fostering influence declined under the House of Hanover; but during the period now before us. the change was little felt.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of an English dean, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, in 1672. His prose works constitute the chief source of his fame; but his muse proved the architect of his fortune, and led him first to distinction. From his character, station, and talents, no man of his day exercised a more extensive or beneficial influence on literature. He distinguished himself at Oxford by his Latin poetry, and appeared first in English verse by an address to Dryden, written in his twenty-second year. It opens thus:

How long, great poet ! shall thy sacred lays
 Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise !
 Can neither injuries of time or age
 Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage ?
 Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote ;
 Grief chilled his breast, and checked his rising thought ;
 Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
 The Roman genius in its last decays.

The youthful poet's praise of his great master is confined to his translations, works which a modern eulogist would scarcely select as the peculiar glory of Dryden. Addison also contributed an Essay on Virgil's 'Georgics,' prefixed to Dryden's translation. His remarks are brief, but finely and clearly written. At the same time, he translated the fourth 'Georgic,' and it was published in Dryden's 'Miscellany,' issued in 1693, with a warm commendation from the aged poet on the 'most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford.' Next year, he ventured on a bolder flight—'An Account of the Greatest English Poets,' addressed to Mr. H. S. (the famous Dr. Henry Sacheverell), April 3, 1694. This 'Account' is a poem of about 150 lines, containing sketches of Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, Milton, Waller, &c. We subjoin the lines on the author of the 'Faery Queen,' though, if we are to believe Spence, Addison had not then read the poet he ventured to criticise :

Old Spencer next, warmed with poetic rage,
 In ancient tales amused a barbarous age ;
 An age, that yet uncultivate and rude,
 Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
 Through pathless fields, and unrequented floods,
 To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
 But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
 Can charm an understanding age no more ;
 The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
 While the dull moral lies too plain below.
 We view well pleased, at distance, all the sights
 Of arms and pulfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
 And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
 But when we look too near, the shades decay,
 And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

This subdued and frigid character of Spenser shews that Addison wanted both the fire and the fancy of the poet. And, strange to say, he does not mention Shakspeare ! His next production is equally tame and commonplace, but the theme was more congenial to his style : it is 'A Poem to his Majesty, Presented to the Lord-keeper.' Lord Somers, then the keeper of the great seal, was gratified by this compliment, and became one of the steadiest patrons of Addison. In 1699, he procured for him a pension of £300 a year, to enable him to make a tour in Italy. The government patronage was never better bestowed. The poet entered upon his travels, and resided abroad two years, writing from thence a poetical 'Letter from Italy to Charles Lord Halifax,' 1701. This is the most elegant and animated of all his poetical productions. The classic ruins of Rome, the 'heavy-

only figures' of Raphael, the river Tiber, and streams 'immortalised in song,' and all the golden groves and flowery meadows of Italy, seem, as was justly remarked, 'to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expressions.' There was also, as Goldsmith observed, a strain of political thinking in the 'Letter,' that was then new to our poetry. He returned to England in 1703.

The death of King William deprived him of his pension, and appeared to crush his hopes and expectations; but being afterwards engaged to celebrate in verse the battle of Blenheim, Addison so gratified the lord-treasurer, Godolphin, by his 'gazette in rhyme,' that he was appointed a commissioner of appeals. This successful poem, 'The Campaign,' was published in 1705, and the same year appeared the account of the poet's travels, entitled 'Remarks on several Parts of Italy,' &c. dedicated to Lord Somers. Early in 1706, Addison, by the recommendation of Lord Godolphin, was appointed Under Secretary of State, and about a twelvemonth afterwards (March 4, 1706-7) his dramatic poem or opera, 'Rosamond,' was produced at Drury Lane, but acted only for three nights. The story of fair Rosamond would seem well suited for dramatic representation; and in the bowers and shades of Woodstock, the poet had materials for scenic description and display. The genius of Addison, however, was not adapted to the drama; and his opera being confined in action, and written wholly in rhyme, possesses little to attract either readers or spectators. He wrote afterwards a comedy, 'The Drummer, or the Haunted House,' which Steele brought out after the death of the author. This play contains a fund of quiet natural humour, but has not strength or breadth enough of character or action for the stage. In 1709, when the Marquis of Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison accompanied him as secretary, and was made keeper of records, with a salary of £300 a year. In the summer of that year he was elected M.P. for Cavan, and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently appears—occasionally as a debater in the Irish Parliament. He had also entered upon his brilliant career as an essayist.

The 'Tatler' was commenced by Steele on the 12th of April 1709; Addison's first contribution to it appeared on the 26th of May. By his papers in the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian,' Addison left all his contemporaries far behind in this delightful department of literature. In these papers, he first displayed that chaste and delicate humour, refined observation, and knowledge of the world, which now form his most distinguishing characteristics; and in his 'Vision of Mirza,' his 'Reflections in Westminster Abbey,' and other of his graver essays, he evinced a more poetical imagination and deeper vein of feeling than his previous writings had at all indicated. In 1713, his tragedy of 'Cato' was brought upon the stage. Pope thought the piece deficient in dramatic interest, and the world has confirmed his judgment; but he wrote a prologue for the tragedy in

his happiest manner, and it was performed with almost unexampled success. Party-spirit ran high: the Whigs applauded the liberal sentiments in the play, and their cheers were echoed back by the Tories, to shew that they did not apply them as censures on themselves. After all the Whig enthusiasm, Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth the actor, who personated the character of Cato, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he said, of his defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator (a hit at the Duke of Marlborough). Poetical eulogiums were showered upon the author, Steele, Hughes, Young, Tickell, and Ambrose Phillips being among the writers of these encomiastic verses. The queen expressed a wish that the tragedy should be dedicated to her, but Addison had previously designed this honour for his friend Tickell; and to avoid giving offence either to his loyalty or his friendship, he published it without any dedication. It was translated into French, Italian, and German, and was performed by the Jesuits in their college at St. Omer. 'Being,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in form and essence rather a French than an English play, it is one of the few English tragedies which foreigners have admired.' The unities of time and place have been preserved, and the action of the play is consequently much restricted. Cato abounds in generous and patriotic sentiments, and contains passages of great dignity and sonorous diction; but the poet fails to unlock the sources of passion and natural emotion. It is a splendid and imposing work of art, with the grace and majesty, and also the lifelessness of a noble antique statue.

Addison was now at the height of his fame. He had long aspired to the hand of the Countess-dowager of Warwick, whom he had first known by becoming tutor to her son, and he was united to her in 1716. The poet is said to have 'married discord in a noble wife.' His marriage was reported to be as unhappy as Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard, and that both ladies awarded to their husbands the 'heraldry of hands, not hearts,' but in the case of Addison we have no direct trustworthy information on the subject. Addison received his highest political honour in 1717, when he was made secretary of state; but he held the office only for a short time. He wanted the physical boldness and ready resources of an effective public speaker, and was unable to defend his measures in parliament. He is also said to have been slow and fastidious in the discharge of the ordinary duties of office. When he held the situation of under-secretary, he was employed to send word to Prince George at Hanover of the death of the queen, and the vacancy of the throne; but the critical nicety of the author overpowered his official experience, and Addison was so distracted by the choice of expression, that the task was given to a clerk, who boasted of having done what was too hard for Addison. The vulgar love of wonder may have exaggerated the poet's inaptitude for business, but it is certain he was no orator. He retired from the principal Secretaryship with a pension of £1500 per

annum, and during his retirement, engaged himself in writing a work on the 'Evidences of the Christian Religion,' which he did not live to complete. He was oppressed by asthma and dropsy, and was conscious that he should die at comparatively an early age. Two anecdotes are related of his death-bed. He sent, as Pope relates (but Pope is a very bad authority for any circumstance reflecting upon Addison, or indeed for any question of fact), a message by the Earl of Warwick to Gay, desiring to see him. Gay obeyed the summons; and Addison begged his forgiveness for an injury he had done him, for which, he said, he would recompense him if he recovered. The nature or extent of the injury he did not explain, but Gay supposed it referred to his having prevented some preferment designed for him by the court. At another time, he requested an interview with the Earl of Warwick, whom he was anxious to reclaim from a dissipated and licentious life. 'I have sent for you,' he said, 'that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.' The event thus calmly anticipated took place in Holland House on the 17th June, 1719.

A minute or critical review of the daily life of Addison, and his intercourse with his literary associates, is calculated to diminish our reverence and affection. He appears to have been jealous and taciturn, until thawed by wine; and the fact of his putting an execution into Steele's house to recover a sum of money he had lent him—a fact which seems to rest on good authority—forms a disagreeable incident in his life. Though reserved in general society, his conversation was peculiarly fascinating among his friends, and he was highly popular with the public. With Swift he maintained throughout life, notwithstanding their political differences, a warm and cordial friendship. The quarrel between Addison and Pope is well known. Addison preferred Tickell's version of the first book of the 'Iliad,' and sought to make the fortune of the translator. Pope resented this as a personal injury, and wrote his memorable satire on Atticus, in which some truth is mingled with bitterness and malignity. The charge that Addison could 'bear no rival near the throne' seems to have had some foundation in fact, but as respects Pope's insinuations against his illustrious contemporary, recent investigations have considerably shaken that poet's character for veracity. With all deductions from the idolatry of friends and the servility of flatterers, enough remains to establish Addison's title to the character of a good man and a sincere Christian. The uniform tendency of all his writings is his best and highest eulogium. No man can dissemble upon paper through years of literary exertion, or on topics calculated to disclose the nature of his tastes and feelings, and the qualities of his heart and temper. The display of these by Addison is so fascinating and unaffected, that the impression made by his writings, as has been finely remarked, is 'like being recalled to a sense of something like that original purity from which man has been long estranged.'

A 'Life of Addison,' in two volumes, by Lucy Aiken, published in

1843, contains several letters supplied by a descendant of Tickell. The most interesting of the letters were written by Addison during his early travels; and though brief, and careless, contain touches of his inimitable pen. He thus records his impressions of France:

The French People in 1699.

Truly, by what I have yet seen, they are the happiest nation in the world. 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to shew it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of shewing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in.

I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country; I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in everything about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution, such a perpetual mirth and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. Devotion and loyalty are everywhere at their greatest height, but learning seems to run very low, especially in the younger people; for all the rising geniuses have turned their ambition another way, and endeavoured to make their fortunes in the army. The *belles-lettres* in particular seem to be but short-lived in France.

In acknowledging a present of a snuff-box, we see traces of the easy wit and playfulness of the 'Spectator': 'About three days ago, Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You do not probably foresee that it would draw on you the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part, I can no more accept of a snuff-box without returning my acknowledgements, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last, I must own to you, is so great an absurdity, that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Beyes recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have, since the beginning of it, taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude, that wit and tobacco are not inseparable; or, to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff-box,

Non cuiusque datum est habere Nasam.

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I

know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket.'

The same taste which led Addison, as we have seen, to censure as fulsome the wild and gorgeous genius of Spenser, made him look with indifference, if not aversion, on the splendid scenery of the Alps. 'I am just arrived at Geneva,' he says, 'by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you can't imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago, after our tempest at Genoa.'

The matured powers of Addison shew less of this tame prosaic feeling. The higher of his essays, and his criticism on the 'Paradise Lost,' evince no insensibility to the nobler beauties of creation, or the sublime effusions of genius. His conceptions were enlarged, and his mind expanded by that literary study and reflection from which his political ambition never divorced him, even in the busiest and most engrossing period of his life.

From the 'Letter from Italy.'

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground; (1)
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unring;
Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows. . . .
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Bana's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies. . . .
How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain:

1 Malone states that this was the first time the phrase *classic ground*, since so common was ever used. It was ridiculed by some contemporaries as very quaint and affected.

Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
 Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
 O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
 Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day
 Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought ?
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice and mellow it to wine ;
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies ;
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :
 'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Ode.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord ! How sure is their defence ! Eternal wisdom is their guide, Their help Omnipotence.	Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord ! Thy mercy set me free ; Whist in the confidence of prayer My soul took hold on thee.
In foreign realms, and lands remote, Supported by thy care, Though burning climes I passed unhurt, And breathed in tainted air.	For though in dreadful whirls we hung High on the broken wave,* I knew thou wert not slow to hear, Not impotent to save.
Thy mercy sweetened every soil, Made every region please ; The hoary Alpine hills it warmed, And smoothed the Pyrrhene seas.	The storm was laid, the winds retired, Obedient to thy will ; The sea that roared at thy command, At thy command was still.
Think, O my soul ! devoutly think, How with affrighted eyes, Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep In all its horrors rise.	In midst of dangers, fears, and death, Thy goodness I'll adore : I'll praise thee for thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.
Confusion dwelt on every face, And fear in every heart, When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs, O'ercame the pilot's art.	My life, if thou preserv'st my life, Thy sacrifice shall be ; And death, if death must be my doom, Shall join my soul to thee.

* The earliest composition that I recollect taking any pleasure in was the *Vision of Merza*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord !" I particularly remember one half-stanza which was music to my boyish ear.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave

BURNS—*Letter to Dr. Moore.*

Ode.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.*

The Battle of Blenheim.—From 'The Campaign.'

But now the trumpet terrible from far,
In shriller clangours animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind,
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretched out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoaned,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred;
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevailed;
The day was come when Heav'n designed to shew
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar tears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,

* A fine passage in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (Part II. sec. 9) resembles this, and probably suggested it: 'There is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres, for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God—such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.'

O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host :
 Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
 That unprovoked they would have feared to pass ;
 Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle joined ?
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound :
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
 In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
 And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

The concluding simile of the angel has been much celebrated, and was so admired by the lord treasurer, that on seeing it, without waiting for the completion of the poem, he rewarded the poet by appointing him, in the place of Locke—who had been promoted—a commissioner of appeals.

From the Tragedy of Cato.

Act IV.—Scene 4.—Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS. Misfortune on misfortune ! grief on grief !
 My brother Marcus —

CATO. Ha ! what has he done ?
 Has he forsook his post ? has he given way ?
 Did he look tamely on, and let them pass ?

PORTIUS. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him.
 Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
 Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.
 Long at the head of his few faithful friends
 He stood the shock of a whole host of foes ;
 Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
 Oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO. I'm satisfied.

PORTIUS. Nor did he fall before
 His sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax.
 Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
 Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO. Thanks to the gods ! my boy has done his duty.
 Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
 His urn near mine.

PORTIUS. Long may they keep asunder.

LUCIUS. O Cato ! arm thy soul with all its patience ;
 See where the corse of thy dead son approaches !

The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO. [*meeting the corpse*]

Welcome, my son ! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue !
Who would not be that youth ? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country !
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends ?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.

Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it.

JUBA. Was ever man like this !

[*Aside.*]

CATO. Alas ! my friends,
Why mourn you thus ? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty ! O virtue ! O my country !

JUBA. Behold that upright man ! Rome fills his eyes
With tears that flowed not o'er his own dead son.

[*Aside.*]

CATO. What'er the Roman virtue has subdued.
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered :
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh ! my friends !
How is the toil of late the work of ages.

The Roman empire fallen ! O curst ambition !
Fallen into Cæsar's hands ! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.

CATO. Cæsar assumed ! has not he seen Pharsalia ?

LUCIUS. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

CATO. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say : 'I conquered Cato.'

But oh ! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts : a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul : how shall I save my friends !
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee !

LUCIUS. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CATO. Then ask it, I conjure you ! let him know
What'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that if I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunished.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror ?

JUBA. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba !

CATO. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great ; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near ! My son, thou oft has seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction : now thou seest me
Spent, overpowered, despairing of success :

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were blest
 In humble virtues and a rural life.
 There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;
 Content thyself to be obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honour is a private station.

PORTIUS. I hope my father does not recommend
 A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

CATO. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know, there are ships prepared by my command—
 Their sails already opening to the winds—
 That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
 Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
 The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Caesar never shall approach us more.

[Pointing to his dead son.]

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there—
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care—
 Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune crossed,
 Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

Act V.—Scene 1.

[CATO, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.]

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works—he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me:
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
 Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awakened soul may take her flight,
 Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
 Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR was born at a place called Abbot Street, one mile from Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire, on the 21st of July 1664. He was, as Swift told Stella, of mean birth; but fortunately a superior education was within his reach. His uncle, Samuel Prior, who kept the Rummer Tavern at Charing Cross, took the charge of bringing up his nephew, and he placed him at Westminster School. It is said he was afterwards taken home to assist in the business of the inn, and whilst there, was one day seen by the Earl of Dorset reading Horace. The earl generously undertook the care of his education; and in his eighteenth year, Prior was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge. He distinguished himself during his academical career, and amongst other copies of verses, produced (1687), in conjunction with the Honourable Charles Montagu, the 'City Mouse and Country Mouse,' in ridicule of Dryden's 'Hind and Panther.' The Earl of Dorset did not forget the poet he had snatched from obscurity. He invited him to London, and obtained for him an appointment as secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, ambassador to the Hague. In this capacity, Prior obtained the approbation of King William, who made him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. In 1697, he was appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, at the conclusion of which he was presented with a considerable sum of money by the lords-justices. Next year he was ambassador at the court of Versailles. Johnson relates that as the poet was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shewn the victories of Louis painted by Le Brun, and asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations: 'The monuments of my master's actions,' said he, 'are to be seen everywhere but in his own house.' On his return to England the poet was appointed a Commissioner of Trade. In 1701, he entered the House of Commons as representative for the borough of East Grinstead, and abandoning his former friends, the Whigs, joined the Tories in impeaching Lord Somers. This came with a peculiarly bad grace from Prior, for the charge against Somers was, that he had advised the partition treaty, in which treaty the poet himself had acted as agent. He evinced his patriotism, however, by afterwards celebrating in verse the battles of Blenheim and Ramilies (1706).

When the Whig government was at length overturned, Prior became attached to Harley's administration, and went with Bolingbroke to France in 1711, to negotiate a treaty of peace. He lived in splendour in Paris, was a favourite of the French monarch, and enjoyed all the honours of ambassador. He returned to London in 1715. Queen Anne was then dead (August 1, 1714); and the Whigs being again in office, Prior was committed to custody on a charge of high treason. The accusation against him was, that he had held clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary, though, as he justly replied, no treaty was ever made without private interviews and preliminaries. The Whigs were indignant at the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht; but Prior only shared in the culpability of the government. The able but profligate Bolingbroke was the master-spirit that prompted the humiliating concession to France. After two years' confinement, the poet was released without a trial. He had in the interval written his poem of 'Alma;' and being now left without any other support than his fellowship of St. John's College, he continued his studies, and produced his 'Solomon,' the most elaborate of his works. He had also recourse to the publication of a collected edition of his poems (1718), which was sold to subscribers for two guineas each copy, and which realised four thousand guineas. An equal sum was presented to Prior by the Earl of Oxford, and thus he had laid up a provision for old age. He was ambitious only of comfort and private enjoyment. These, however, he did not long possess; for he died on the 18th of September 1721, at Lord Oxford's seat at Wimpole, being at the time in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The Duchess of Portland, Lord Oxford's daughter, said Prior made himself beloved by every living thing in the house—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal. He is, however, described as having been fond of low company, and at the time of his death, was, according to Arbuthnot, on the point of marrying a certain Bessy Cox, who kept an alehouse in Long Acre. To this worthless female and to his man-servant, Prior left his estate. Arbuthnot, writing to a friend the month after Prior's death, says: 'We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his (Prior's) Emma—she owned Flanders Jane was his Chloe.' To this doubtful Chloe some of his happiest effusions were devoted. The fairest and most high-born lady in the land might have envied such complimentary strains as the following:

What I speak, my fair Chloe. and what I write, shews
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art;
 I count others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men—you know, child—the Sun,
 How after his journey he sets up his rest;
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
 At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

To Chloe was inscribed his 'Henry and Emma,' a poem upon the model of the 'Nut-brown Maid;' but Prior, in discarding the rude simplicity of the original, sacrificed a great portion of its charm.

The works of Prior range over a variety of styles and subjects—odes, songs, epistles, epigrams, and tales. His longest poem, 'Solomon,' is of a serious character, and was considered by its author to be his best production, in which opinion he is supported by Cowper. It is the most moral, and perhaps the most correctly written; but the tales and lighter pieces of Prior are undoubtedly his happiest efforts. In these he displays that 'charming ease' with which Cowper says he embellished all his poems, added to the lively illustration and colloquial humour of his master, Horace. No poet ever possessed in greater perfection the art of graceful and fluent versification. His narratives flow on like a clear stream, without break or fall, and interest us by their perpetual good-humour and vivacity, even when they wander into metaphysics, as in 'Alma,' or into licentiousness, as in his tales. His expression was choice and studied, abounding in classical allusions and images—which were then the fashion of the day—but without any air of pedantry or constraint. Like Swift, he loved to versify the common occurrences of life, and relate his personal feelings and adventures. He had, however, no portion of the dean's bitterness or misanthropy, and employed no stronger weapons of satire than raillery and arch allusion. He sported on the surface of existence, noting its foibles, its pleasures, and eccentricities, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses, or evoking the higher passions of our nature. He was the most natural of artificial poets—a seeming paradox, yet as true as the old maxim, that the perfection of art is the art of concealing it.

For My Own Monument.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
 Matt, alive and in health, of his tomb-stone took care:
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
 May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
 That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
 His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
 High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
 In a life partly-coloured, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
 He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
 In public employments industrious and grave,
 And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected he here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Matt may be killed, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempest at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

Epitaph Extempore.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

An Epitaph.

Interred beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.
They walked and ate, good folks: What
then?
Why, then they walked and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other.
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespassed on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punished nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder filled his stable,
And slutish plenty decked her table,
Their beer was strong, their wine was
port;
Their meal was large, their grace was
short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat.

Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not the receipt;
For which they claimed their Sunday's
due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherished they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If asked, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crowned.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were;
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor
cried;
And so they lived, and so they died.

To a Child of Quality, Five Years Old, 1704, the Author then Forty.

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band

That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To shew their passion by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell.
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms' beds
With all the tender things I swear;

Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For though the strictest prudes should
know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall hear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend
it!)

That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

Abra's Love for Solomon.

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watched my eye, preventing my command.
Abra—she so was called—did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I called another, Abra came.
Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
And laughing, glossed that Abra served so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remarked but with a common eye;
Till, more apprised of what the rumour said,
More I observed peculiar in the maid.
The sun declined had shot his western ray,
When tired with business of the solemn day,
I purposed to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I called before I sat to wash my hands—
For so the precept of the law commands—
Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approached, on my declining head
To pour the oils; she trembled as she poured;
With an unguarded look she now devoured
My nearer face, and now recalled her eye,
And heaved, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.
'And whence,' said I, 'canst thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or tear?
For sure,' I added, 'sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, or received his dart.'
Abashed she blushed, and with disorder spoke:
Her rising shame adorned the words it broke:
'If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on

The look that awes the nations from the throne !
 O ! let not death severe in glory lie
 In the king's frown and terror of his eye !
 Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain ;
 And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
 If the king smile whilst I my wo recite,
 If weeping, I find favour in his sight,
 Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight,
 O ! witness earth beneath, and heaven above !
 For can I hide it ? I am sick of love ;
 If madness may the name of passion bear,
 Or love be called what is indeed despair.
 'Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will controls
 The inward bent and motion of our souls !
 Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
 Between the cause and cure of my disease ?
 The mighty object of that raging fire,
 In which unpitied, Abra must expire.
 Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,'
 The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
 At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
 Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
 Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon ;
 For him at night, the dear expected guest,
 I had with hasty joy prepared the feast ;
 And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
 Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
 Wavering, impatient, tossed by hope and fear,
 Till he and joy together should appear.
 And the loved dog declare his master near.
 On my declining neck and open breast
 I should have lulled the lovely youth to rest,
 And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
 With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
 To rise, and from the fold release his sheep,
 Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
 Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame—
 For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came—
 Had blest my life, and decked my natal hour
 With height of title, and extent of power ;
 Without a crime my passion had aspired,
 Found the loved prince, and told what I desired
 Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
 To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
 To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
 And gather honey falling from his tongue,
 To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
 Sweeter than breezes of her native South,
 Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
 To all that great or beautiful I had seen.' . . .
 Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
 O foolish maid ! and oh, unhappy tale !
 I saw her ; 'twas humanity ; it gave
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
 Her fond excess proclaimed her passion true,
 And generous pity to that truth was due.
 Well I entreated her, who well deserved ;
 I called her often, for she always served.
 Use made her person easy to my sight,
 And ease insensibly produced delight.
 Whene'er I revelled in the women's bowers—
 For first I sought her but at looser hours—

The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet,
 The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat ;
 But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
 If gentle Abia had not decked the feast.
 Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand,
 Unless received from gentle Abia's hand.
 And, when the virgins formed the evening choir,
 Raising their voices to the master lyre,
 Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill,
 One shewed too much, and one too little skill ;
 Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
 Till all was hushed, and Abia sung alone.
 Fairer she seemed distinguished from the rest,
 And better men disclosed, as better drest.
 A bright tiara round her forehead tied.
 To juster bounds confined its rising pride.
 The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
 Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed ;
 Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
 And every gem augmented every charm.
 Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved,
 And she more lovely grew, as more beloved,

Written in Mezeray's History of France.

Whate'er thy countrymen have done
 By law and wit, by sword and gun,
 In thee is faithfully recited ;
 And all the living world that view
 Thy work, give thee the praises due,
 At once instructed and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
 What beggar in the Invalides.
 With lanneness broke, with blindness
 smitten,
 Wished ever decently to die,
 To have been either Mezeray
 Or any monarch he has written ?

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
 That down, from Pharamond to Louis,
 All covet life, yet call it pain :
 All feel the ill, yet shun the cure.
 Can sense this paradox endure ?
 Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

The man in graver tragic known
 (Though his best part long since was
 done)
 Still on the stage desires to tarry ;
 And he who played the Harlequin,
 After the jest still loads the scene,
 Unwilling to retire, though weary.*

*The Thief and the Cordelier.—A Ballad.—To the tune of 'King John'
 and the 'Abbot of Canterbury.'*

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Grève,
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave ;
 Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
 And the hangman completes what the judge but begun ;
 There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
 Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes no more crossed.
 Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known ;
 And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own ;

* Sir Walter Scott, about a year before his death, repeated the above when on a Border tour with Mr. Lockhart. They met two beggars, old soldiers, one of whom recognised the baronet, and bade God bless him. The mendicants went on their way and we stood breathing on the knoll. Sir Walter followed them with his eye and, planting his stick firmly on the sod, repeated without break or hesitation Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. That he applied them to himself was touchingly obvious.

But my hearers cry out - 'What a dence dost thou ail?
Out off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And now to assist, but a grave Cordelier?

Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seemed not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart;
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.

Derry down, &c.

'What frightens you thus, my good son?' says the priest;
'You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed.'
'O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.'

Derry down, &c.

'Pooh, prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Relay on the aid you shall have from St. Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.'

Derry down, &c.

'And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade.
Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.'

Derry down, &c.

'To-morrow!' our hero replied in a fright;
'He that's hanged before noon, ought to think of to-night.'
'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly trussed up,
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.'

Derry down, &c.

'Alas!' quoth the 'squire, 'how'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you you be so kind as to go in my place.'

Derry down, &c.

'That I would,' quoth the father, 'and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit;
The feast I proposed to you, I cannot taste,
For this night by our order, is marked for a fast.'

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said:
'Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.'

Derry down, &c.

*Ode to a Lady: She refusing to Continue a Dispute with me, and
leaving me in the argument.*

Spare, generous victor, spare the slave,

Who did unequal war pursue;

That more than triumphs he might have

In being overcome by you!

In the dispute, whatever I said,

My heart was by my tongue belied:

And in my looks you might have read

How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustained an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the light.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's joined?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspired;
To keep the beautifol foe in view,
Was all the glory I desired.

Theory of the Mind—From 'Alma.'

I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma (1) in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye
Her seat of empire is the belly.
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise;
Your stomach makes the fabric roll
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy;
He dined on hon's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread;
But, by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat and quiet—
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage or force
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar;
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they provisions want,
Chirane, avoid, retire, and faint.

As, in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wretch so long delayed;
And, armed with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turned his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill, the backward reed
He sent, and as he fled he slew.

The added movements which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour;
For though these guncracks were away—
Quare (2) would not sweat, but Quare
would say—

However more reduced and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still or breaks to pieces,
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudiced you scan
The goings of this clockwork, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off this *retoric* trigger,
He talks no more in trope and figure;
Or clog his *mathematic* wheel.
His buildings fall, his ship stands still:
Or, lastly, break his *politic* weight,
His voice no longer rules the state:
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, will still go on;
But, spoil the organ of digestion.
And you entirely change the question
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end;
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russell. (3)

REV. JAMES BRAMSTON.

Two satirical poems by the REV. JAMES BRAMSTON (*circa* 1694–1744), included in Dodsley's 'Collection,' were much admired in their day. These are: 'The Art of Politics; in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry,' 1729; and 'The Man of Taste; occasioned by Pope's Epistle on that Subject,' 1731. Bramston also wrote an imitation of Philips's 'Splendid Shilling,' entitled 'The Crooked Sixpence.' In

1 The mind

2 A noted watchmaker of the day.

3 An undertaker.

1707, Bramston was admitted at Westminster School; in 1713, he was elected to a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1735 he became vicar of Harting, in Sussex. His two principal poems are good imitations of the style of Young's and Pope's satires. The following is the conclusion of his 'Art of Politics':

Parliamentearing is a sort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.
Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent;
Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in Parliament.
Two good estates are gone—who'll take his word?
Oh, should his uncle die, he'll spend a third;
He'd buy a house his happiness to crown,
Within a mile of some good borough-town;
Tag-rag and bobtail to Sir Harry's run,
Men that have votes, and women that have none;
Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his Honour dune;
He keeps a public-house without a sign.
Cobblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,
And drunken tailors boast their right of voice.
Dearly the free-born neighborhood is bought,
They never leave him while he's worth a groat
So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground.

In 'The Man of Taste' he thus ironically expatiates:

Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirmed and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride and people's choice,
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court:
Thomson, write blank; but know that for that reason
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, one of the most remarkable men of the age, was born in Dublin, November 30, 1667. He was of English parentage—a fact which he never forgot, conceiving that there was a great distinction (as he wrote to Pope) 'between the English gentry of Ireland and the savage old Irish.' His grandfather was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, who lost his fortune through his zeal and activity for Charles I. during the Civil war. Three of the vicar's sons settled in Ireland; and Jonathan Swift, father of the celebrated author, was bred to the law in Dublin. He was steward to the society of the King's Inns, but died in great poverty before the birth of his distinguished son. Swift was supported by his uncle; and the circumstances of want and dependence with which he was early familiar, seem to have sunk deep into his haughty soul. 'Born a posthumous

child,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and bred up an object of charity, he early adopted the custom of observing his birthday as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house "that a man-child was born."' Swift was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, which he left in his twenty-first year—having only received his degree by special favour—and was received into the house of Sir William Temple, a distant relation of his mother. Here Swift met King William, and indulged hopes of preferment, which were never realised. In 1692, he repaired to Oxford, for the purpose of taking his degree of M.A.; and shortly after obtaining this distinction, he resolved to quit the establishment of Temple, and take orders in the Irish Church. He procured the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, but was soon disgusted with the life of an obscure country clergyman with an income of £100 a year. He returned to Moor Park, the house of Sir William Temple, and threw up his living at Kilroot. Temple died in 1699, and the poet was glad to accompany Lord Berkeley to Ireland in the capacity of chaplain. From this nobleman he obtained the rectory of Aghar, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathvegan; to which was afterwards added the prebend of Dunlavin, making his income only about £300 per annum. At Moor Park, Swift had (as stated in our notice of Temple) contracted an intimacy with Miss Esther Johnson, nominally the daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper; but her face, her position in the family, and Sir William's treatment of her, seemed to some to proclaim the fact that she was Temple's natural child. He left her £1000. She went, with a female friend, to reside in Ireland, to be near Swift, her early instructor, but they never were alone together.

In 1701, Swift became a political writer on the side of the Whigs, and on his visits to England, he associated with Addison, Steele, and Halifax. In 1704 was published his 'Tale of a Tub,' the wildest and wittiest of all polemical or controversial works. In 1710, conceiving that he was neglected by the ministry, he quarreled with the Whigs, and united with Harley and the Tory administration. He was received with open arms. 'I stand with the new people,' he writes to Stella, 'ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.' He carried with him shining weapons for party warfare—irresistible and unscrupulous satire, steady hate, and a dauntless spirit. From his new allies, he received, in 1713, the deanery of St. Patrick's. During his residence in England, he had engaged the affections of another young lady, Esther Vanhomrigh, who, under the name of Vanessa, rivalled Stella in poetical celebrity, and in personal misfortune. After the death of her father, this young lady and her sister retired to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Dublin. Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent

powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections. His pride or ambition led him to postpone indefinitely his marriage with Stella, to whom he was early attached. Though, he said, he 'loved her better than his life a thousand millions of times,' he kept her hanging on in a state of hope deferred, injurious alike to her peace and reputation. Did he fear the scorn and laughter of the world, if he should marry the obscure daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper? He dared not afterwards, with manly sincerity, declare his situation to Vanessa, when this second victim avowed her passion. He was flattered that a girl of eighteen, of beauty and accomplishments, 'sighed for a gown of forty-four,' and he did not stop to weigh the consequences. The removal of Vanessa to Ireland, as Stella had gone before, to be near the presence of Swift—her irrepressible passion, which no coldness or neglect could extinguish—her life of deep seclusion, only checkered by the occasional visits of Swift, each of which she commemorated by planting with her own hand a laurel in the garden where they met—her agonising remonstrances, when all her devotion and her offerings had failed, are touching beyond expression.

'The reason I write to you,' she says, 'is because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe that I cannot help telling you this and live.'

To a being thus agitated and engrossed with the strongest passion, how poor, how cruel, must have seemed the return of Swift!

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
For pastime, or to shew his wit;
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love:
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

The tragedy continued to deepen as it approached the close. Eight years had Vanessa nursed in solitude the hopeless attachment. At length she wrote to Stella, to ascertain the nature of the connection between her and Swift; the latter obtained the fatal letter, and rode instantly to Marley Abbey, the residence of the unhappy Vanessa. 'As he entered the apartment,' to adopt the picturesque language of Scott in recording the scene, 'the sternness of his countenance,

which was peculiarly formed to express the stronger passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.*

Even Stella, though believed by her friends to have been ultimately united to Swift, dropped into the grave without any public recognition of the tie, they were married, it is said, in secrecy in the garden of the deanery, when on her part all but life had faded away. The fair sufferers were deeply avenged. But let us adopt the only charitable—perhaps the just—interpretation of Swift's conduct; the malady which at length overwhelmed his reason might then have been lurking in his frame; and consciousness of the fact kept him single. Some years before Vanessa's death, a scene occurred which has been related by Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts.' Swift was walking with some friends in the neighbourhood of Dublin. 'Perceiving he did not follow us,' says Young, 'I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much decayed. Pointing at it, he said: "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at the top."' The same presentiment finds expression in his exquisite imitation of Horace (Book ii. Satire 6), made in conjunction with Pope:

I've often wished that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,

All this is mine but till I die:
I can't but think 'twould sound more
clever,

To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus: 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!

* The talents of Vanessa may be seen from her letters to Swift. They are further evinced in the following *Ode to Spring*, in which she alludes to her unhappy attachment:

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balm' breezes—fragrant flowers,
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew!

Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the
toss

With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadmus blest the scene,

And shared with me those joys serene
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine impressed their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!

To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure?
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits;

Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence,
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose.

Swift was at first disliked in Ireland, but the 'Drapier's Letters' and other works gave him unbounded popularity. His wish to serve Ireland was one of his ruling passions; yet it was something like the instinct of the inferior animals towards their offspring; waywardness, contempt, and abuse were strangely mingled with affectionate attachment and ardent zeal. Kisses and curses were alternately on his lips. Ireland, however, gave Swift her own heart—he was more than king of the rabble. After various attacks of deafness and giddiness, his temper became ungovernable, and his reason gave way. Truly and beautifully has Scott said, 'the stage darkened ere the curtain fell.'

The sad story of his latter days melts and overawes the imagination. Fits of lunacy were succeeded by the *dementia* of old age. For three years he uttered only a few words and broken interjections. He would often attempt to speak, but could not recollect words to express his meaning, upon which he would sigh heavily. Babylon in ruins (to use a simile of Addison's) was not a more melancholy spectacle than this wreck of a mighty intellect! In speechless silence his spirit passed away, October 19, 1745. He was interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, amidst the tears and prayers of his countrymen. An inscription on his tomb, composed by himself, records his exertions for liberty and his detestation of oppression.* 'The *sæva indignatio* of which he spoke as lacerating his heart,' says Thackeray, 'and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone, as if the wretch who lay under that stone, waiting God's judgment, had a right to be angry, breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him.' Swift believed he *had* a right to be angry—angry against oppression, against triumphant wrong, corruption, and hypocrisy. 'Doest thou well to be angry?' was the question asked of the Hebrew prophet of old, and he answered: 'I do well.' So thought Swift, often self-deluded, mistaking hatred for duty, faction for patriotism; misled by passion, by egotism, and caprice.

Swift's fortune, amounting to about £10,000, he left chiefly to found a lunatic asylum in Dublin.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

Gulliver's Travels' and the 'Tale of a Tub' must ever be the

* *Hic depositum est corpus JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P., hujus ecclesie Cathedralis Decani, ubi sæva indignatio ulterris cor lacerare nequit. Abi victor et imitare, si poteris stratum pro virili libertatis vindicem, &c*

chief corner-stones of Swift's fame. The purity of his prose style renders it a model of English composition. He could wither with his irony and invective; excite to mirth with his wit and invention; transport as with wonder at his marvellous powers of grotesque and ludicrous combination, his knowledge of human nature—piercing quite through the deeds of men—and his matchless power of feigning reality, and assuming at pleasure different characters and situations in life. He is often disgustingly coarse and gross in his style and subjects; but he is never licentious; his grossness is always repulsive, not seductive.

Swift's poetry is perfect, exactly as the old Dutch artists were perfect painters. He never attempted to rise above this 'visible diurnal sphere.' He is content to lash the frivolities of the age, and to depict its absurdities. In his too faithful representations, there is much to condemn and much to admire. Who has not felt the truth and humour of his 'City Shower,' and his description of 'Morning?' Or the liveliness of his 'Grand Question Debated,' in which the knight, his lady, and the chambermaid, are so admirably drawn? His most ambitious flight is his 'Rhapsody on Poetry,' and even this is pitched in a pretty low key. Its best lines are easily remembered:

Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;

Not bastard of a pedler Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stew;
Not infants drott, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

Swift's Verses on his own Death are the finest example of his peculiar poetical vein. He predicts what his friends will say of his illness, his death, and his reputation, varving the style and the topics to suit each of the parties. The versification is easy and flowing, with nothing but the most familiar and common-place expressions. There are some little touches of homely pathos, which are felt like trickling tears, and the effect of the piece altogether is electrical: it carries with it the strongest conviction of its sincerity and truth; and we see and feel—especially as years creep on—how faithful a depicter of human nature, in its frailty and weakness, was the misanthropic Dean of St. Patrick's.

A Description of the Morning.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing shewed the ruddy morn's approach. . . .
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pured the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dexterous arms,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep :
 Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet,
 And brick-dust Moll had screamed through half the street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees ;
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

A Description of a City Shower.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
 (By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
 While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
 Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
 Strike your offended sense with double stunk.
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine ;
 You'll spend in coach-hue more than save in wine.
 A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
 Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage :
 Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen ;
 He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
 Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
 A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 That swilled more liquor than it could contain,
 And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
 While the first drizzling shower is borne alope ;
 Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
 Flirts on you from her mop—but not so clean ;
 You fly, invoke the gods ; then turning, stop
 To rail ; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
 Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
 But aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was run, and which was dust.
 Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
 Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain !
 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The Templar spruce, while every spout's a-broach,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
 Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Boxed in a chair the bean impatient sits,
 While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits ;
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed—
 Those bulgy Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
 Instead of paying chairmen, run them through—
 Laocoon stuck the outside with his spear,

And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,

And bear their trophies with them as they go :

Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell

What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.

They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,

From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,

And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,

Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn Bridge.

Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,

Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,

Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

*Baucis and Philemon.—Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid—
Written about 1708.*

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happened on a winter night—

As authors of the legend write—

Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,

Taking their tour in masquerade,

Disguised in tattered habits, went

To a small village down in Kent;

Where, in the stroller's canting strain,

They begged from door to door in vain ;

Tried every tone might pity win,

But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints in woful state,

Treated at this ungodly rate,

Having through all the village past,

To a small cottage came at last,

Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,

Called in the neighborhood Philemon,

Who kindly did the saints invite

In his poor hut to pass the night.

And then the hospitable sire

Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,

While he from out the chimney took

A flitch of bacon off the hook,

And freely from the fattest side

Cut out large slices to be fried ;

Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,

Filled a large jug up to the brim,

And saw it fairly twice go round ;

Yet—what was wonderful—they found

'Twas still replenished to the top,

As if they ne'er had touched a drop.

The good old couple were amazed,

And often on each other gazed :

For both were frightened to the heart,

And just began to cry : ' What art ? '

Then softly turned aside to view

Whether the lights were burning blue.

The gentle pilgrims soon aware on't,

Told them their calling and their errand :

' Good folks, you need not be afraid,

We are but saints,' the hermits said ;

' No hurt shall come to you or yours ;

But, for that pack of churchish bores,

Not fit to live on Christian ground,

They and their houses shall be drowned :

While you shall see your cottage rise,

And grow a church before your eyes.'

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,

The roof began to mount aloft ;

Aloft rose every beam and rafter,

The heavy wall climbed slower after.

The chimney widened and grew higher ;

Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,

And there stood fastened to a joist ;

But with the up-side down, to shew

Its inclination for below :

In vain ; for some superior force,

Applied at bottom, stops its course ;

Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,

'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost

Lost by disuse the art to roast,

A sudden alteration feels,

Increased by new intestine wheels ;

And, what exalts the wonder more,

The number made the motion slower ;

The flier, though it had leaden feet,

Turned round so quick you scarce could

see't ;

But, slackened by some secret power,

Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The jack and chimney, near allied,

Had never left each other's side :

The chimney to a steeple grown,

The jack would not be left alone,

But, up against the steeple reared,

Became a clock, and still adhered :

And still its love to household cares,

By a shrill voice at noon, declares ;

Warning the cook-maid not to burn

That roast meat, which it cannot turn.

The grooming chair began to crawl,

Like a huge snail, along the wall ;

There stuck aloft in public view,

And with small change a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row

Hung high, and made a glittering show.

To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seemed to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load;
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees;
The hermits then desire their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused awhile,
Returned them thanks in homely style;
Then said: 'My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I'm old, and fun would live at ease:
Make me the parson, if you please.'

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazer's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve:
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
Could smoke his pipe, and read the news:
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vanquished in the preface and the text:
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart:
Wished women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrowed
last:

Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine:
Found his head filled with many a system.

But classic authors—he ne'er missed them

Thus having turberished up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they played their farce
on:

Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinnars, edged with Colberteen:
Her petticoat, transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes:
Amazed to see her look so prim;
And she admired as much at him.

Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were several years the man and wife:
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out:
'My dear, I see your forehead sprout!'
'Sprout,' quoth the man, 'what's this you
tell us?

I hope you don't believe me jealous?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.'

Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turned to yews.

Old Goodman Dobson, of the green,
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon to night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight;
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew.
'Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believed,
How much the other tree was grieved;
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

*From 'Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift,' Nov. 1731. **

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
'They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;

While nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please
us.'

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal raised above our size,
Who would not at a crowded show

* Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucault: 'Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.' (In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that does not displease us).

Stand high himself, keep others low ?
 I love my friend as well as you ;
 But why should he obstruct my view ?
 Then let me have the higher post ;
 Suppose it but an inch at most.
 If in a battle you should find
 One whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion killed, or trophy won ;
 Rather than thus be overtopped,
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies racked with pain, and you without :
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he ?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell ?
 Her end when emulation nuzzes,
 She turns to envy, stings, and lusses :
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all on me an usurpation.
 I have no title to aspire ;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher ;
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry : ' Pox take him and his wit.'
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbutnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refined it first, and shewed its use.

St. John (1), as well as Pulteney (2),
 knows
 That I had some repute for prose ;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could naut a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside ;
 It with such talents heaven hath blest 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
 I tamely can endure the first ;
 But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

And time is not remote, when I
 Must by the course of nature die ;

When, I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends ;
 And, though 'tis hardly understood,
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak
 ' See, how the dean begins to break !
 Poor gentleman ! he droops apace !
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him, till he 's dead.
 Besides, his memory decays :
 He recollects not what he says ;
 He cannot call his friends to mind ;
 Forgets the place where last he dined ;
 Piles you with stories o'er and o'er ;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter :
 In half the time he talks them round,
 There must another set be found.

' For poetry, he's past his prime ;
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme :
 His fire is out, his wit decayed,
 His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
 I'd have him throw away his pen—
 But there's no talking to some men.'
 And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years :
 ' He's older than he would be reckoned,
 And well remembers Charles the Second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine :
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach, too, begins to fail ;
 Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
 But now he's quite another thing ;
 I wish he may hold out till spring.
 They hug themselves and reason thus :
 ' It is not yet so bad with us.'

In such a case they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess—
 When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer : ' Worse and
 worse !'—

Would please them better than to tell,
 That, ' God be praised ! the dean is well.'
 Then he who prophesied the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest :
 ' You know I always feared the worst,
 And often told you so at first.'
 He'd rather choose that I should die,
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover,

1 Viscount Bolingbroke. 2 William Pulteney, afterwards created Earl of Bath

But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept?
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? 'He's just alive.'
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. 'The dean is dead.'

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run;
'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?'
I know no more than what the news is;

'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.
'To public uses! there's a whim!

What had the public done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride:

He gave it all—but first he died.

And had the dean in all the nation

No worthy friend, no poor relation?

So ready to do strangers good,

Forgetting his own flesh and blood? . . .
Now Curll (1) his shop from rubbish
drains:

Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cib-
ber. (2)

He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters; (3)
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent

How those I love my death lament.

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry:

'I'm sorry—but we all must die! . . .

One year is past; a different scene!

No further mention of the dean,

Who now, alas! no more is missed,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the favourite of Apollo?

Departed: and his works must follow;

Must undergo the common fate:

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes, (4)

Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

Says Lintot: 'I have heard the name;

He died a year ago.' 'The same.'

He searches all the shop in vain;

'Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane. (5)

I sent them, with a load of books,

Last Monday to the pastry-cooks.

To fancy they could live a year!

I find you're but a stranger here.

The dean was famous in his time,

And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

His way of writing now is past;

The town has got a better taste.

I keep no antiquated stuff,

But spick-and-span I have enough.

Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em:

Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem;

This ode you never yet have seen

By Stephen Duck upon the queen. (6)

Then here's a letter finely penned

Against the Craftsman and his friend;

It clearly shews that all reflection

On ministers is disaffection.

Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,

And Mr. Henley's (7) last oration.

The hawkers have not got them yet;

Your honour please to buy a set?

Suppose me dead; and then suppose

A club assembled at the Rose,

Where, from discourse of this and that,

I grow the subject of their chat.

And while they toss my name about,

With favour some, and some without,

One, quite indifferent in the cause,

My character impartial draws:

'The dean, if we believe report,

Was never ill received at court.

Although ironically grave,

He shamed the fool and lashed the knave.

To steal a hint was never known,

1 An infamous bookseller, who published pieces in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

2 Louis Theobald, the editor of Shakspeare. James Moore Smythe (a forgotten dramatist satirised in the *Dunciad*), and Colley Cibber the actor, dramatist, and poet-laureate.

3 For some of these practices he was brought before the House of Lords. Arbuthnot humorously styled Curll one of the new terrors of death.

4 Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's *Dunciad* and Letters.

5 A place where old books are sold.

6 Stephen Duck was a humble rhymester—a thrasher, or agricultural labourer—whom Queen Caroline patronised. His works are now utterly forgotten.

7 Commonly called Orator Henley, a quack preacher in London, of great notoriety in his day.

But what he writ was all his own.'

'Sir, I have heard another story;
He was a most confounded Tory;
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull, before he died.'
'Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters'
'He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.
But why would he, except he slobbered,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!

'Perhaps I may allow, the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abashed,
Must be or ridiculed or lashed.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you, nor your name
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the muddling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who soon would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower.
He would have deemed it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face. . . .

'He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and gar-
ters,
So often seen caressing Chartres. (1)
He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He followed David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,

Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish Senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaimed!
Fam Liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six hundred pound. (2) . . .

'Alas, poor dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into general odium drew him,
Which, if he liked, much good may't do
- him.

His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times;
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have tuckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown,
For party he would scarce have bled:
I say no more—because he's dead.'

'What writings has he left behind?'
'I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in verse; but most in prose:
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend
her,

As never favouring the Pretender:
Or libels yet concealed from sight.
Against the court, to shew his spite:
Perhaps his Travels, part the third;
A lie at every second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear:—
But—not one sermon, you may swear'

'He knew a hundred pleasant stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But thus I know, all people bought 'em;
As with a moral view designed,
To please, and to reform mankind:
And, if he often missed his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To shew, by one satiric touch,

1 Colonel Francis Chartres or Charteris, of intemperate character, on whom a severe indignant epitaph was written by Arbuthnot.

2 In 1713 the Queen was prevailed upon to issue a proclamation offering £300 for the discovery of the author of a pamphlet called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs* and in Ireland, in the year 1724, Lord Carteret, as Viceroy of Ireland, offered the like reward of £300 to any person who would discover the author of *The Drapier's Fourth Letter*.

No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor ;
I wish it soon may have a better :

And since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.*

*The Grand Question Debated:—Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-house. 1729.**

Thus spoke to my lady the knight (1) full of care :
' Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
Thus Hamilton's Bawn,(2) whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land ;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack or malt-house, we now must consider.
' First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall to us :
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain ;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year :
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored ;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board ;
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirlion.
If I make it a barrack, the Crown is my tenant ;
My dear, I have pondered again and again on't :
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate ;
And rather than that I would lose my estate.'
Thus ended the knight : thus began his meek wife ;
' It *must* and it *shall* be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopas ; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull runs.(3)
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
I'm all over daubed when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here ;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.'
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain ;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah,(4) who listened to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship called to be dressed,

* Swift spent almost a whole year (1728-9) at Gosford, in the north of Ireland, the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, assisting Sir Arthur in his agricultural improvements, and lecturing, as usual, the lady of the manor upon the improvement of her health by walking, and her mind by reading. The circumstance of Sir Arthur letting a ruinous building, called Hamilton's Bawn, to the crown for a barrack, gave rise to one of the dean's most lively pieces of fugitive humour — *Scott's Life of Swift*. A bawn is strictly a place near a house, inclosed with mud or stone walls, to keep the cattle.

1 Sir Arthur Acheson, an intimate friend of the poet. Sir Arthur was ancestor of the present Earl of Gosford.

2 A large old house belonging to Sir Arthur, two miles from his residence.

3 A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

4 My lady's waiting-maid.

Cried : ‘ Madam, why, surely my master’s possessed.
 Sir Arthur the malster ! how fine it will sound !
 I’d rather the hawn were sunk under ground.
 But, madam, I guessed there would never come good,
 When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood. (1)
 And now my dream’s out ; for I was a-dreamed
 That I saw a huge rat ; O dear, how I screamed !
 And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
 And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.
 ‘ Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
 You might have a barrack whenever you please :
 And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
 That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 If I had a husband like him, *I purtest*,
 ’Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest ;
 And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
 But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
 ‘ Dear madam, whene’er of a barrack I think,
 An’ I were to be hanged, I can’t sleep a wink :
 For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 I can’t get it out, though I’d never so fain.
 I fancy already a barrack contrived,
 At Hamilton’s Bawn, and the troop is arrived ;
 Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur, has warning,
 And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
 ‘ Now see when they meet how their honours behave :
 Noble captain, your servant—Sir Arthur, your slave ;
 You honour me much—The honour is mine—
 ’Twas a sad rainy night—But the morning is fine.
 Pray, how does my lady ?—My wife’s at your service.
 I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.
 Good-morrow, good captain—I’ll wait on you down—
 You shan’t stir a foot—You’ll think me a clown—
 For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther—
 You must be obeyed—your servant, Sir Arthur ;
 My humble respects to my lady unknown—
 I hope you will use my house as your own.’
 ‘ Go, bring me my smock, and leave off your prate ;
 Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.’
 ‘ Pray, madam, be quiet : what was it I said ?
 You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
 ‘ Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
 At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum ;
 Now, madam, observe how he marches in state ;
 The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate ;
 Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
 Tantara, tantara, while all the boys halloo.
 See now comes the captain all daubed with gold-lace ;
 O la ! the sweet gentleman, look in his face ;
 And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
 With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
 And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears,
 With ribbons and knots at its tail and its ears ;
 At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
 Drawn up in our court, when the captain cries “ Stand.”
 Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
 (For sure I had dizen’d you out like a queen) ;
 The captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,

Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
 (His beaver is cocked; pray, madam, mark that,
 For a captain of horse never takes off his hat;
 Because he has never a hand that is idle,
 For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle);
 Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
 As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
 (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)
 Then he lowers down the point and kisses the hilt.
 Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
 "Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in."
 The captain salutes you with congee profound,
 And your ladyship carries half-way to the ground.
 "Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
 I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
 And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
 And take a short dinner here with us to-day;
 You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
 You come in the very worst time of the year.
 If I had expected so worthy a guest!"—
 "Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
 You banter me, madam, the kingdom must grant!"—
 "You officers, captain, are so complaisant,"¹
 "Hist, hussy; I think I hear somebody coming;"—
 "No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
 'To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
 The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
 The dean and the doctor (1) have humbled their pride,
 For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
 And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first.
 The parsons for envy are ready to burst;
 The servants amazed are scarce ever able
 To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
 And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
 To peep at the captain in all his fine clothes;
 Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man;
 Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
 "And, madam," says he, "if such dinners you give,
 You'll never want parsons as long as you live:
 I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
 But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
 G—d— me, they bid us reform and repent,
 But, zounds, by their looks they never keep Lent.
 Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
 You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid;
 I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
 In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band;
 (For the dean was so shabby, and looked like a nunny,
 That the captain supposed he was curate to Jenny).
 Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
 Observe how a parson comes into a room;
 G—d— me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
 A scholar, when just from his college broke loose,
 Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose;
 Your *Noceds* and *Bluturks* and *Omaurs* (2) and stuff,
 By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
 To give a young gentleman right education,
 The army's the only good school in the nation;

1 Dr. Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood

2 Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
 But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
 I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
 And the puppy confessed he expected no good o' me.
 He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
 But he mauled me; I ne'er was so mauled in my life;
 So I took to the road, and what's very odd,
 The first man I robbed was a parson, by G—.
 Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
 But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."
 "Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 And, madam, I laughed till I thought I should split.
 So then you looked scornful, and sniffed at the dean,
 As who should say, *Now am I Skinny and Lean?* (1)
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 And the doctor was plagnily down in the hips."
 "Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the dean call: "Will your ladyship walk?"
 Her ladyship answers: "I'm just coming down."
 Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cried: "Hussy! why sure the wench is gone mad;
 How could these chimeras get into your brains?
 Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
 But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
 Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers.
 For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye;
 Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

ALEXANDER POPE.

United with Swift in friendship and in fame, but possessing far higher powers as a poet, and more refined taste as a satirist, was ALEXANDER POPE, born in London, May 21, 1688. He claimed to be of 'gentle blood,' and stated that his father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe; his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. To this information, a relative of the poet added, that Pope's grandfather was a clergyman in Hampshire, who had two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, the poet's father, was sent to Lisbon to be placed in a mercantile house, and that there he became a Roman Catholic. Recent researches have been directed to the poet's personal history, and it has been found that at the proper period (from 1681 to 1645), there was a Hampshire clergyman of the name of Alexander Pope, rector of Thruxton, and holding two other livings in the same country; but as there is no memorial of him in the church, and no entry in the register of his having had children, it is still doubtful whether this rector of Thruxton was an ancestor of the poet. The poet's maternal descent has been clearly traced.* His grandfather, Mr. William Turner, held property in Yorkshire, including the manor of Towthorpe, which he inherited from his uncle. He was wealthy, but did not take rank amongst the gentry, as there is no mention of the

* Nicknames for my lady

* *Critical and Historical Tracts*, by Joseph Hunter, No 5 London. 1857

Turner family in the 'Herald's Visitations.' Of the reputed alliance with the Earls of Downe there is no proof; if the poet's family was of the same stock, it must have been two centuries before his birth, when the Popes, afterwards ennobled as Earls of Downe, were in the rank of humble yeomen. In 1677 the poet's father is found carrying on business as a linen-merchant in London, and having acquired a respectable competency by trade, and additional property by his marriage with Edith Turner—who enjoyed £70 per annum, a rent-charge on an estate in Yorkshire—he retired from business about the year 1688, to a small estate which he had purchased at Binfield, near Windsor. The poet was partly educated by the family priest. He was afterwards sent to a Catholic seminary at Twyford, near Winchester, where he lampooned his teacher, was severely whipped, and then removed to a small school in London, where he learned little or nothing. In his twelfth or thirteenth year, he returned home to Binfield, and devoted himself to a course of self-instruction, and to the enthusiastic pursuit of literature. He delighted to remember that he had seen Dryden; and as Dryden died on the 1st of May 1700, his youthful admirer could not have been quite twelve years of age. But Pope was then a poet.

As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

At the age of sixteen, he had commenced his 'Pastorals,' translated part of Statius, and written imitations of Waller and other English poets. He soon became acquainted with some of the most eminent persons of the age—with Walsh, Wycherley, Congreve, Lansdowne, and Garth; and from this time his life was that of a popular poet enjoying high social distinction. His 'Pastorals' were published in Tonson's 'Miscellany' in 1709. In 1711 appeared his 'Essay on Criticism,' which is said to have been composed two years before publication, when Pope was only twenty-one. The ripeness of judgment which it displays is remarkable. Addison commended the 'Essay' warmly in the 'Spectator,' and it soon rose into great popularity. The style of Pope was now formed and complete. His versification was that of his master, Dryden, but he gave the heroic couplet a peculiar terseness, correctness, and melody. The 'Essay' was shortly afterwards followed by the 'Rape of the Lock' (1712). The stealing of a lock of hair from a beauty of the day, Miss Arabella Fermor, by her lover, Lord Petre, was taken seriously, and caused an estrangement between the families, and Pope wrote his poem to make a jest of the affair, 'and laugh them together again.' In this he did not succeed, but he added greatly to his reputation by the effort. The *machinery* of the poem, founded upon the Rosicrucian theory, that the elements are inhabited by spirits, which they called sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, was added in 1713, and published in the spring of 1714. The addition forms the most perfect work of Pope's genius and art. Sylphs had been previously mentioned as

invisible attendants on the fair, and the idea is shadowed out in Shakspeare's Ariel, and the amusements of the fairies in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' But Pope has blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the finest and most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world. 'It is,' says Johnson, 'the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope's compositions.' In 1713 appeared his 'Windsor Forest,' evidently founded on Denham's 'Cooper's Hill,' which it far excels. Pope was, properly speaking, no mere descriptive poet. He made the picturesque subservient to views of historical events, or to sketches of life and morals. But most of the 'Windsor Forest' being composed in his earlier years, amidst the shades of those noble woods which he selected for the theme of his verse, there is in this poem a greater display of sympathy with external nature and rural objects than in any of his other works. The lawns and glades of the forest, the russet plains, and blue hills, and even the 'purple dyes' of the 'wild heath,' had struck his young imagination. His account of the dying pheasant is a finished picture—

See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Another fine painting of external nature, as picturesque as any to be found in the purely descriptive poets, is the winter-piece in the 'Temple of Fame'—a vision after Chaucer, published by Pope, in 1715—

So Zembla's rocks—the beauteous work of frost—
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away.
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
External snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky:
As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years.

Pope now commenced his translation of the 'Iliad,' for which he issued proposals in 1713. It was published at intervals between 1715 and 1720. At first, the gigantic task oppressed him with its difficulty. He was but an indifferent Greek scholar; but gradually he grew more familiar with Homer's images and expressions, and in a short time was able to despatch fifty verses a day. Great part of the manuscript was written upon the backs and covers of letters, evincing that it was not without reason Swift called him *paper-sparing* Pope. The poet obtained a clear sum of £5320, 4s. by this translation. His exclamation—

And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive—

was, however, scarcely just, if we consider that this large sum was in part a 'benevolence' from the upper classes of society, designed to reward his literary merit. The fame of Pope was not advanced in an equal degree with his fortune by his labours as a translator. The 'fatal facility' of his rhyme, the additional false ornaments which he imparted to the ancient Greek, and his departure from the nice discrimination of character and speech which prevails in Homer, are faults now universally admitted. Cowper—though he taunted himself in Homer—justly remarks, that the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' in Pope's hands 'have no more the air of antiquity than if he had himself invented them'. They still, however, maintain their popularity with the great mass of readers, and are unequalled in splendid versification.

The 'Odyssey' was not published until 1725, and Pope on this occasion called in the assistance of his poetical friends Broome and Fenton. These two coadjutors translated twelve books, and the notes were compiled by Broome, who received from Pope a sum of £500, besides being allowed the subscriptions collected from personal friends, amounting to £70, 4s. Fenton's share was only £200. Deducting the sums paid to his co-translators, Pope realised by the 'Odyssey' upwards of £3500; and together the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' had brought to the poet a fortune of from eight to nine thousand pounds—a striking instance of the princely patronage then extended to literature.

While engaged with the 'Iliad,' Pope removed from Binfield, his father having sold his estate there, and resided, from April 1716 till the beginning of 1718, at Chiswick. Here he collected and published his poetical works; and in this volume first appeared the most picturesque, melodious, and passionate of all his productions, the 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,' and the 'Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.' The delicacy of the poet in veiling over the story of Abelard and Eloisa, and at the same time preserving the ardour of Eloisa's passion; the beauty of his imagery and descriptions; the exquisite melody of his versification, rising and falling like the tones of an Eolian harp, as he successively portrays the tumults of guilty love, the deepest penitence, and the highest devotional rapture, have never been surpassed. If less genial tastes and a love of satire withdrew Pope from those fountain-springs of the muse, it was obviously from no want of power in the poet to display the richest hues of imagination, or the finest impulses of the heart. At Chiswick, Pope's father died (October 23, 1717), and shortly afterwards the poet removed with his aged mother to Twickenham, where he had taken a lease of a house and grounds, and where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life. This classic spot, which Pope delighted to improve, and where he was visited by ministers of state,

wits, poets, and beauties, is now greatly defaced—his house pulled down, and his pleasure-grounds broken up and vulgarised *

Having completed the 'Iliad,' the poet's next great undertaking was an edition of Shakspeare, published in 1725, in six quarto volumes. The preface to this work is the best of his prose productions, but Pope failed as an editor. He wanted the requisite knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and the diligence necessary to collate copies and fix and illustrate the text. Fenton gave assistance in this edition of Shakspeare, for which he received £30, 14s. Pope's remuneration as editor was £217, 12s. In 1727 and 1728, Pope published, in conjunction with his friend Swift, three volumes of 'Miscellanies,' which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, lampoons, and libels, and led to the 'Dunciad.' This elaborate and splendid satire was first printed in an imperfect form in May 1728, then enlarged with notes, the 'Prolegomena' of Scriblerus, &c. and published in April 1729. The work displays the fertile invention of the poet, the variety of illustration at his command, and the unrivalled force and facility of his diction; but it is often indelicate, and still oftener unjust towards the miserable poets and critics against whom he waged war. 'I have often wondered,' says Cowper, 'that the same poet who wrote the "Dunciad" should have written these lines:

That mercy ~~to~~ to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

Alas for Pope, if the mercy he shewed to others was the measure of the mercy he received! Sir Walter Scott has justly remarked, that Pope must have suffered the most from these wretched contentions. His propensity to satire was, however, irresistible; he was eminently sensitive, vain, and irritable, and implacable in his resentment towards all who had questioned or slighted his poetical supremacy.

* Pope's house was not large, but sufficiently commodious for the wants of an English gentleman whose friends visited himself rather than his dwelling, and who were superior to the necessity of stately ceremonial. On one side it fronted to the road, which it closely adjoined; on the other, to a narrow lawn sloping to the Thames. A piece of pleasure-ground, including a garden, was cut off by the public road, an awkward and unpoetical arrangement, which the proprietor did his best to improve, by constructing his grotto or passage below the highway. After the poet's death the villa was purchased by Sir William Stanhope, and subsequently occupied by Lord Mendip, but being in 1807 sold to the Baroness Howe, it was by that lady taken down, that a larger house might be built near its site. The grounds have suffered a complete change since Pope's time, and an obelisk which he erected to the memory of his mother at their further extremity, has been removed. The only certain remnants of the poet's mansion are the vaults upon which it was built, three in number, the central one being connected with a tunnel, which, passing under the road, gives admission to the grounds, while the side ones are of the character of grottoes, paved with square bricks, and stuck over with shells. It is curious to find over the central stone of the entrance into the left of these grottoes, a large ammonite: and over the other, the piece of hardened clay in which its cast was left. Pope must have regarded these merely as curiosities, or *busæ nature*, little dreaming of the wonderful tale of the early condition of our globe which they assist in telling. A short narrow piazza in front of the grottoes is probably 'the evening colonnade' of the lines on the absence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The taste with which Pope laid out his grounds at Twickenham (five acres in all), had a marked effect on English landscape gardening. The Prince of Wales took the design of his garden from the poet; and Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure-grounds, received his best lessons from Pope. He aided materially in banishing the stiff formal Dutch style.

His next works were more worthy of his fame. Between the years 1731 and 1735, he had published his *Epistles* to Burlington, Bathurst, Cobham, and Arbuthnot, and also his greatest ethical work, his '*Essay on Man*,' being part of a course of moral philosophy in verse which he projected. The '*Essay*' is now read, not for its philosophy, but for its poetry. Its metaphysical distinctions are neglected for those splendid passages and striking incidents which irradiate the poem. In lines like the following, he speaks with a mingled sweetness and dignity superior to his great master Dryden:

Hope.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be hiest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

The Poor Indian.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Happiness.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we hear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise!
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou digne'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine.
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
'Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows it!—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way! The learned are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

The 'Essay on Man' is in four Epistles, the first of which was published anonymously in February 1733, and the second about three months afterwards. The third and fourth appeared in the winter of 1733-4. The right to print these Epistles *for one year* was bought by a publisher, Gilliver, for £50 an epistle.

Pope's future labours were chiefly confined to satire. Misfortunes were also now gathering round him. Swift was fast verging on imbecility, and was lost to the world; Atterbury and Gay died in 1732; and next year his venerable mother, whose declining years he had watched with affectionate solicitude, also expired. Between the years 1735 and 1739, Pope published his inimitable 'Imitations of Horace,' satirical, moral, and critical, containing the most noble and generous sentiments, mixed up with withering invective and the fiercest denunciations. In 1742, he added a fourth book to the 'Dunciad,' displaying the final advent of the goddess to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. The point of his individual satire, and the richness and boldness of his general design, attest the undiminished powers and intense feeling of the poet. Next year, Pope prepared a new edition of the four books of the 'Dunciad,' and elevated Colley Cibber to the situation of hero of the poem. This unenviable honour had previously been enjoyed by Theobald, a tasteless critic but successful commentator on Shakspeare; and in thus yielding to his personal dislike of Cibber, Pope injured the force of his satire. The laureate, as Warton justly remarks, 'with a great stock of levity, vanity, and affectation, had sense, and wit, and humour; and the author of the "Careless Husband" was by no means a proper king of the dunces.' Cibber was all vivacity and conceit—the very reverse of personified dullness,

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound.

Political events came in the rear of this accumulated and vehement satire to agitate the last days of Pope. The anticipated approach of the Pretender led the government to issue a proclamation prohibiting every Roman Catholic from appearing within ten miles of London. The poet complied with the proclamation; and he was soon afterwards too ill to be in town. This 'additional proclamation from the Highest of all Powers,' as he terms his sickness, he submitted to without murmuring. A constant state of excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study and contemplation, operating on a frame naturally delicate and deformed from birth, had completely exhausted the powers of Pope. He complained of his inability to think, yet, a short time before his death, he said: 'I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition.' Another of his dying remarks was: 'There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.' He died at Twickenham on the 30th of May, 1744.

The character and genius of Pope have given rise to abundance of comment and speculation. The occasional fierceness and petulance of his satire cannot be justified, and must be ascribed to his extreme sensibility, to over-indulged vanity, and to a hasty and irritable temper. His sickly constitution debarring him from active pursuits, he placed too high a value on mere literary fame, and was deficient in the many virtues of sincerity and candour. There was no artifice to which he was not willing to stoop to elevate his own reputation or lower that of an opponent. The most elaborate of his stratagems was that by which he published his correspondence, charging the publication upon some unknown literary burglar in alliance with Curl the bookseller. The whole of his literary history is indeed full of small plots and manœuvring, and no reliance can be placed on his statements. He appreciated moral excellence—the feeling and the admiration were there—but the lower part of his nature was constantly dragging him down to little meannesses and duplicity. At the same time he was a public benefactor, by stigmatising the vices of the great, and lashing the absurd pretenders to taste and literature. He was a fond and steady friend; and in all our literary biography, there is nothing finer than his constant undeviating affection and reverence for his venerable parents.

Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep at least one parent from the sky.

Prologue to the Satires.

As a poet, it would be absurd to rank Pope with the greatest masters of the lyre. He was the poet of artificial life and manners rather than the poet of nature. He was a nice observer and an accurate describer of the phenomena of the mind and of the varying shades and gradations of vice and virtue, wisdom and folly. He was too fond of point and antithesis, but the polish of the weapon was equalled by its keenness. 'Let us look,' says Campbell, 'to the spirit that points his antithesis, and to the rapid precision of his thoughts, and we shall forgive him for being too antithetic and sententious.' His wit, fancy, and *good sense* are as remarkable as his satire. His elegance has never been surpassed, or perhaps equalled. It is a combination of intellect, imagination, and taste, under the direction of an independent spirit and refined moral feeling. If he had studied more in the school of nature and of Shakspeare, and less in the school of Horace and Boileau; if he had cherished the frame and spirit in which he composed the 'Elegy' and the 'Eloisa,' and forgot his too exclusive devotion to that which inspired the 'Dunciad,' the world would have hallowed his memory with a still more affectionate and permanent interest than even that which waits on him as one of our most brilliant and accomplished English poets. Mr. Campbell in his

'Specimens' has given an eloquent estimate of the general powers of Pope, with reference to his position as a poet. 'That Pope was neither so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor so indistinct in describing them, as to forget the character of a genuine poet, is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But before speaking of that quality in his writings, I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature, in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and, thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is "creation's heir" He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face, however charming it may be, or the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why, then, try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature, moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners. Richardson is no less a painter of nature than Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art; and Milton is full of imagery derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine that makes "the mast of some great admiral;" and his shield is like the moon, but like the moon artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist. The "spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," are all artificial images. When Shakspeare groups into one view the most sublime objects of the universe, he fixes on "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples." Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship-of-the-line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast

of the stormy element in which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.'

Pope has had numerous editors and annotators. Warburton's authorized edition, containing the poet's last corrections, was published in nine volumes, 1751. In 1797, appeared an enlarged edition, with memoir, notes, and illustrations, by Joseph Warton, in nine volumes; in 1806, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles edited another edition, in ten volumes, which contained some additional letters and notes, and an original memoir of the poet, which led to some controversy; and in 1871, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin commenced an edition, also to extend to ten volumes, and to include several hundred unpublished letters and other new materials, collected in part by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Of the poetical works (apart from the prose treatises and correspondence) editions have been published by the Rev. A. Dyce (1835), the Rev. Dr. George Croly (1835), the Rev. H. F. Cary (1853), and Adolphus W. Ward, M.A. (1869). Of these, the last is incomparably the best.

*The Messiah: A Sacred Eclogue. Composed of Several Passages of Isaiah the Prophet. Written in Imitation of Virgil's 'Pollio.'**

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!

* First published in the *Spectator* for May 14, 1712.

Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo ! earth receives him from the bending skies ;
Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys, rise ;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage, pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more :
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On drifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowering palm succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn !
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !

See barbarous nations at thy gate attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs ;
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

The Toilet.—From 'The Rape of the Lock.'

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid ;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears ;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

Description of Belinda and the Sylphs.—From the same.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;

Oft she rejects, but never once offends,
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
 With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey:
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
 He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
 Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
 Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves;
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize;
 The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
 The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides
 The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And softened sounds along the waters die;
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts oppressed,
 The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair.
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Wait on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight.
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flow,
 Then glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-changing dyes;
 While every beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change where'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head was Ariel placed;
 His purple pinnions opening to the sun,
 He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:

Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!

Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
 By laws eternal to the ærial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest ether play
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
 Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.
 'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a turlow.'

From 'Eloisa to Abelard.'

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
 Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea, lies:
 O write it not, my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
 Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagged with horrid thorn!
 Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
 Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes.
 Oh, name for ever sad, for ever dear!
 Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.

I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
 Some due misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led through a sad variety of woe :
 Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
 There stern religion quenched the unwilling flame,
 There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh, write me all, that I may join
 Grief to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine !
 Nor foes nor fortune take thus power away :
 And is my Abelard less kind than they ?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare ;
 Love but demands what else were shed in prayer :
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
 Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banished lover, or some captive maid ;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.
 The virgin's wish without her tears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. . . .

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer ;
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led,
 You raised these hallowed walls ; the desert smiled,
 And Paradise was opened in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors :
 No silver saints, by dying misers given,
 Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heaven :
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
 In these lone walls—their day's eternal bound—
 These moss-grown domes with spiny turrets crowned,
 Where awful arches make a noonday night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
 Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' prayers I try,
 O pious fraud of amorous charity !
 But why should I on others' prayers depend ?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
 Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love !
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined,
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind ;
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ;
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusty caves,
 Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence, and a dread repose :
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. . . .

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !

The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin-lamp in sighs for thee ;
Thy image steals between my God and me ;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight ;
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye ;
While praying, trembling in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul :
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to heaven ; dispute my heart :
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me ! far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate whatever was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view !)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu !
O grace serene ! O virtue heavenly fair !
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky !
And faith, our early immortality !
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gored ?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
Is it in heaven, a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?
Why bade ye else, ye powers ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;

The glorious fault of angels and of gods :
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
 Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps—ere nature bade her die—
 Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
 Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates :
 There passengers shall stand, and, pointing say—
 While the long funerals blacken all the way—
 Lo ! these were they, whose souls the Furies steeled
 And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone—Oh, ever-injured shade !—
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier ;
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
 By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned !
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances and the public show ;
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polished marble emulate thy face ;
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb ;
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the Morn' earliest tears bestow ;
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
 The ground, now sacred by the relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !
 Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung.

Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

Happiness depends, not on Riches, but on Virtue.—From the 'Essay on Man,' Epistle IV.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.
 But Health consists with temperance alone;
 And Peace, O virtue! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
 Of vice or virtue, whether blest or cursed,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
 O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blessed.
 But fools the good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife! *
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
 Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby! † sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When nature sickened, and each gale was death? ‡
 Or why so long—in life if long can be—
 Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me? . . .
 Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
 'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
 I'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk;

* Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, fell fighting under the royal standard, in the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643 (see *ante*). Marshal Turenne was killed by a cannon-ball at Salzbach in Baden, July 26, 1675. Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded at Zutphen, Sept. 22, 1586 (see *ante*).

† The Hon. Robert Digby, third son of Lord Digby, who died in 1724.

‡ M. de Belsunce was made Bishop of Marseilles in 1709. He died in 1755. During the plague in Marseilles, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his activity.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow :
The rest is all but leather or prunella.* . . .

But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go ! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness ; say where greatness lies :
' Where, but among the heroes and the wise ?'
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind ! . . .
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame !
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete !
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy ! those to ruin, these betray :
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man :
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold :
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
O wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame !
What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas ! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day ;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame ! †
Know then this truth—enough for man to know—
' Virtue alone is happiness below.'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain :
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed :
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
Good from each object, from each place acquired,

* Prunella was a species of woollen stuff, of which clergymen's gowns were often made

† The allusion in this splendid passage is to the great Duke of Marlborough and his 'imperious' duchess.

For ever exercised, yet never tired ;
 Never elated, while one man 's oppressed ;
 Never dejected, while another 's blessed ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

From 'The Prologue to the Satires,' addressed to Dr. Arbuthnot.

P. Shut up the door, good John ! fatigued I said,
 Tie up the knocker ; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out :
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
 By land, by water, they renew the charge ;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me ;
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme
 Happy to catch me just at dinner time.*

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
 A mandlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross ?
 Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls ?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain. . . .

Who shames a scribbler ? Break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew ;
 Destroy his fib or sophistry : in vain !
 The creature 's at his dirty work again. . . .

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :
 One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud : 'Subscribe, subscribe !'

There arc, who to my person pay their court :
 I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short.
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir ! you have an eye !'
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed :
 'Just so immortal Maro held his head ;'
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown
 Dipped me in ink ; my parents', or my own ?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobeyed :
 The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife ;
 To help me through this long disease, my life ;
 To second, Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
 And teach the being you preserved, to bear. . . .

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;

* The Mint in Southwark was a sanctuary for insolvent debtors.

But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 Thus, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
 The bard whom pilier'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year ; *
 He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning ;
 And he, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these my modest satire bade translate,
 And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ? †

Let Sporus tremble !— A. What ! that thing of silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk ?
 Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way ;
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks.
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,

* Ambrose Philips.

† The jealousy betwixt Addison and Pope, originating in literary and political rivalry, has been rendered memorable by the above highly finished and poignant satire. When Atterbury read it, he saw that Pope's strength lay in satirical poetry, and he wrote to him not to suffer that talent to be unemployed.

‡ Lord Hervey.

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
 His wit all seesaw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now shuts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed:
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool;
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool:
 Not proud nor servile: be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
 That flattery even to kings he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
 That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
 But stooped to truth, and moralised his song;
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head:
 The blow, unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
 The morals blackened when the writings 'scape
 The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
 Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear.
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue, all the past;
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the last!

The Man of Ross.—From 'Moral Essays, Epistle III.'*

But all our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
 Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tossed,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise?
 'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread;
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:

* The Man of Ross was Mr John Kyrle, who died in 1724, aged ninety, and was interred in the church of Ross, in Herefordshire. Mr. Kyrle was enabled to effect many of his benevolent purposes by the assistance of friends to whom he acted as almoner.

Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, and medicine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balked are the courts, and contest is no more :
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race

B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 C. say, what sums that generous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year!
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
 Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.

B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame
 Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough, that virtue filled the space between—
 Proved by the ends of being to have been.

Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
 On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
 With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lies *—alas! how changed from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring

*George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. For Dryden's character of Villiers, see *ante*. Pope has over-coloured the picture of the duke's death, he did not die in an inn, but in the house of one of his tenants in Yorkshire, at Kirby-Moor-side. The event took place in 1688, when Villiers was in his sixty-first year. Pope alludes to Cliveden and the Countess of Shrewsbury. Cliveden was a villa on the banks of the Thames, in which the countess and Buckingham resided for some time. 'The Countess of Shrewsbury,' says Pope, 'was a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel, and it has been said, that during the combat, she held the Duke's horse in the habit of a puge.' Burnet says the Duke had great liveliness of wit, with a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule. Of this faculty the farce of the *Rehearsal* (see *ante*) is an example. But in the composition of the piece, the Duke was assisted by Butler, Sprat, Cliford, and others. Davenant, under the character of 'Bilboa,' was the original hero of the farce, and after his death, Dryden, as 'Bayes,' was substituted. The extravagances of the rhyming, heroic plays were parodied, and Dryden's dress, manner, and usual expressions copied on the stage. Some of the phrases are still current. Thus the new play-writers were said to be 'fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.' When Bayes is reminded that the plot stands still, he breaks out: 'Plot stands still! why what a devil is the plot good for, but to bring in five things?' Dryden was a great snuffer, and when about to engage in any considerable work, he took medicine and observed a cooling diet. Bayes alludes to this: 'If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets, to Arinda, and the like, I make use of stewed prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand I ever take physic, and let blood, for when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; in fine, you must purge the belly.' Sheridan's *Critic* was evidently suggested by the *Rehearsal*.

Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 ' Sister spirit, come away !'
 What is this absorbs me quite ?

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes : it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ? *

We may quote, as a specimen of the melodious versification of Pope's Homer, the well-known moonlight scene in the 'Iliad' (Book viii.), which has been both extravagantly praised and censured. Wordsworth and Southey unite in considering the lines and imagery as contradictory and false. It will be found in this case, as in many passages of Dryden that, though natural objects be incorrectly described, the beauty of the language and versification elevates the whole into poetry of a high imaginative order :

The troops exulting sat in order round,
 And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole ;
 O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays ;
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
 Whose unnumbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send :

* Pope was indebted to an obscure rhymester, THOMAS FLATMAN (1632-1672), for some of the ideas in this ode. For example :

When on my sick-bed I languish
 Full of sorrow, full of anguish ;
 Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
 Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
 Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
 ' Be not fearful, come away !'

Flatman was an artist. He was author of some Pindaric odes and other poems, of which a volume was published in 1674.

Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And aident warriors wait the rising morn.

Pope followed the old version of Chapman ;

And spent all night in open fields ; fires round about them shined,
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows ;
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart :
So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part,
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets shewed.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allowed
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats, and hard-white corn,
And all did wistfully expect the silver-throned morn.

Cowper's translation is brief, but vivid and distinct :

And when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hushed,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Stand all appaent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether opened wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheered.
So numerous seemed those fires, between the stream
Of Xanthus blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy, a thousand fires,
Each watched by fifty warriors seated near ;
The steeds beside the chariot stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day.

Associated with Pope in his Homeric labours were, as already stated, Fenton and Broome. ELIJAH FENTON (1683-1730) was an amiable scholar and man of letters ; a native of Shelton, near Stoke in Staffordshire ; took his degree of B.A. in Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1704, but being a Nonjuror in principle, he was, as Johnson says, 'driven out a commoner of nature,' and subsisted chiefly by teaching. In 1717, he published a volume of poems ; in 1723, a tragedy, entitled 'Marianne,' by which, Dr. Young says, he made £1500 ; and in 1729 he annotated the works of Waller. One of Fenton's poetical productions, a Pindaric Ode, addressed to Lord Gower, was greatly admired by Pope and Akenside—WILLIAM BROOME (1689-1745) was a native of Haslington, county of Chester, took his degree of M.A. in St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1716. He entered the church, married a wealthy widow, and died rector of Pulham, in Norfolk. He collected and published his poems in 1739. He was happier as a translator than as an original poet, and his annotations on the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' evince his learning.

MINOR POETS SATIRISED IN THE DUNCIAD.

The satire of Pope has invested with literary interest many names that would otherwise have long since passed to oblivion. The bad poets outwitted him, as Swift predicted, and provoked him to transmit their names to posterity. The first hero of the 'Dunciad,' LEWIS

THEOBALD (who died in 1744), procured the enmity of Pope by criticising his edition of Shakspeare, and editing a more valuable edition himself. Being well versed in the Elizabethan writers, and in dramatic literature generally, Theobald excelled Pope as a commentator. He also wrote some poetical and dramatic pieces, but they are feeble performances.—**JOHN DENNIS** (1657–1734) was known as ‘the critic,’ and some of his critical disquisitions evince an acute but narrow and coarse mind. He had received a learned education, and was well read in ancient and modern literature; but his intolerable vanity, irritable temper—heightened by intemperance—and the want of literary success, seem to have led him into absurdities, and rendered his whole life a scene of warfare. His critiques on Addison’s ‘Cato’ and Pope’s Homer are well known. He wrote several plays, for one of which—a tragedy called ‘Appius and Virginia’ (1708)—he invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of in the theatres. His play was not successful; and some time afterwards being present at the representation of ‘Macbeth,’ he heard his own thunder made use of, on which he exclaimed: ‘See how these rascals use me; they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!’ Many other ludicrous stories are told of Dennis, whose self-importance amounted to a disease. Southey has praised Dennis’s critical powers; and no doubt vigorous, discriminative passages may be selected from his works. They are, in general, however, heavy, and destitute of any fine perception or well-regulated judgment.—**CHARLES GILDON** (1665–1734) wrote a number of works, critical and dramatic. His plays were unsuccessful, but his ‘Complete Art of Poetry’ (1718) is a work of considerable research and care. One volume consists of criticism on the ancient and modern poets, and a second contains selected specimens.

As Gildon preferred Tickell as a translator, and Ambrose Philips as a pastoral poet, to Pope, he was keenly satirised in the ‘Dunciad’ and ‘Moral Essays.’ **LEONARD WELSTED** (1689–1747) was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, collected and republished by Nichols in 1788. Welsted was clerk in ordinary to the Ordnance. He was an accomplished scholar and an elegant poet, but his works, not being characterised by any novelty of design or originality of style, are now almost unknown.—**THOMAS COOKE** (1702–1756) was the author of several dramatic pieces, poems, and translations. His translation of Hesiod was able and popular.—**AARON HILL** (1685–1750) wrote several poems and plays, and was conspicuous among the literary men of the first half of the eighteenth century; but his best title to distinction is his correspondence with Pope, and the allusion to him in the ‘Dunciad.’ The spirit with which Hill met the attack of Pope, and the victory he obtained over him in the correspondence that ensued, are creditable to him both as a man and an author. Only one of Hill’s dramas, the tragedy of ‘Zara,’ after Voltaire, can be said to have been popular. He was an

ingenious speculative man, but seldom successful in any of his schemes—Of the numerous other small victims of Pope—James Moore Smythe, Concanen, Brevall, Ralph, Arnall, &c. it seems unnecessary to give any notice here. They have been preserved, like straws in amber, in the poet's satire, but had no influence on the literature of the age. In almost every instance, Pope was the aggressor. He loved satire; some fancied slight, rivalry, or political difference inspired his resentment, and he wasted on inferior objects powers fitted for the higher and nobler purposes of the moral Muse.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

One of Pope's assistants, though in a very undignified capacity, was RICHARD SAVAGE, who supplied the 'private intelligence and secret incidents' which add poignancy to the satire of the 'Dunciad.' Savage is better known for his misfortunes, as related by Johnson, than for any peculiar novelty or merit in his poetry. The latter rarely rises or continues long above the level of mediocrity; the former seem a romance in real life. It is almost certain, however, that Johnson's memoir, derived directly or indirectly from Savage himself, is little else than a romance, and its hero an impostor. Savage was born in London, January 16, 1696-7, the reputed issue of an adulterous connection between the wife of Charles Lord Brandon, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, and Richard Savage, Earl Rivers. Lady Brandon had been separated from her husband about ten years when she formed a *liaison* with Lord Rivers, by whom she had two children, a female child (that lived only a short time, and was christened after the father and mother, 'Ann Savage'), and a male child, baptised as 'Richard Smith.' Richard Smith, like the preceding child, was removed and placed at nurse, being taken away by a baker's wife, named Portlock, who said the child was her own, and from this time all trace of the infant is lost. 'If we are to believe Savage's story, the countess, from the hour of his birth, discovered a resolution of disowning him, and would never see her child again; suffered a large legacy left to him by his godmother to be embezzled for want of some one to prosecute his claim; told Earl Rivers, his father, on his death-bed (1712) that his child was dead, with the express object of depriving him of another legacy of £6000; endeavoured to have him kidnapped and transported; and finally interfered to the utmost of her power, and by means of an "atrocious calumny," to prevent his being saved from the hangman.* Most of these assertions have been disproved. Indeed, the story of the legacy is palpably untrue, for, as Mr. Croker has remarked, if Savage had a title to the legacy, he could not have found any difficulty in recovering it. If the executors had resisted his claims, the whole costs, as well as

* See *Notes and Queries* for 1858, where the case is fully investigated by Mr. May Thomas.

the legacy, must have been paid by them, if he had been the child to whom it was given.

Savage or (Smith) is first heard of in 1717, when was published 'The Convocation, or a Battle of Pamphlets, a Poem, written by Mr. Richard Savage.' Next year (1718) he produced a comedy, 'Love in a Veil,' which was published by Curll, and stated on the title-page to be 'written by Richard Savage, Gent, son of the late Earl Rivers' In Jacob's 'Lives of the Poets' (1717), the same story is repeated with additions; and Aaron Hill in his periodical, 'The Plain Dealer,' inserted letters and statements to the same effect, which were furnished by Savage. His remarkable history thus became known, but, unfortunately, the vices and frailties of his character began also to be displayed. Savage was not destitute of a love of virtue and principles of piety, but his habits were low and sensual. His temper was irritable and capricious; and whatever money he received, was instantly spent in obscure haunts of dissipation. In a tavern brawl, in 1727, he had the misfortune to kill a Mr. James Sinclair, for which he was tried and condemned to death, but was pardoned by Queen Caroline, and set at liberty. He published various poetical pieces as a means of support; and having addressed a birthday ode to the queen, calling himself the 'Volunteer Laureate'—to the annoyance, it is said, of Colley Cibber, the legitimate inheritor of the laurel—her majesty sent him £50, and continued the same sum to him every year. His threats and menaces induced Lord Tyrconnel, a friend of his mother, to take him into his family, where he lived on equal terms, and was allowed a sum of £200 per annum. This, as Johnson remarks, was the 'golden period' of Savage's life. As might have been foreseen, however, the habits of the poet differed very widely from those of the peer; they soon quarrelled, and the former was again set adrift on the world. The death of the queen also stopped his pension; but his friends made up an annuity for him of equal amount, to which Pope generously contributed £20. Savage agreed to withdraw to the country to avoid the temptations of London. He selected Swansea, but stopping at Bristol, was treated with great kindness by the opulent merchants and other inhabitants, whom he afterwards libelled in a sarcastic poem. In Swansea he resided about a year; but on revisiting Bristol, he was arrested for a small debt, and being unable to find bail, was thrown into prison. His folly, extravagance, and pride, though it was 'pride that licks the dust,' had left him almost without a friend. He made no vigorous effort to extricate or maintain himself. Pope continued his allowance; but being provoked by some part of his conduct, he wrote to him, stating that he was 'determined to keep out of his suspicion by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of his concerns' Savage felt the force of this rebuke from the steadiest and most illustrious of his friends. He was soon afterwards taken ill, and his condition not enabling him to procure medical assistance, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of

the 1st of August, 1743. The keeper of the prison, who had treated him with great kindness, buried the unfortunate poet at his own expense.

Savage was the author of two plays, and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of the latter, the principal piece is 'The Wanderer' (1729), written with greater care than most of his other productions, as it was the offspring of that happy period of his life when he lived with Lord Tyrconnel. Amidst much puerile and tawdry description, 'The Wanderer' contains some impressive passages. The versification is easy and correct. 'The Bastard' (1728) is also a superior poem, and bears the impress of true and energetic feeling. One couplet is worthy of Pope. Of the bastard, he says:

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race :
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

The concluding passage, in which he mourns over the fatal act by which he deprived a fellow-mortal of life, and over his own distressing condition, possesses genuine and manly pathos :

Is chance of guilt, that my disastrous heart,
 For mischief never meant, must ever smart ?
 Can self-defence be sin ? Ah, plead no more !
 What though no purposed malice stained thee o'er,
 Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
 Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
 Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
 On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall !
 Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
 To me ! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
 Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate ;
 Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
 Young and unthoughtful then ; who knows, one day,
 What ripening virtues might have made then way !
 He might have lived till folly died in shame,
 Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
 He might perhaps his country's friend have proved ;
 Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved ;
 He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall,
 And I, perchance, in him, have murdered all.
 O fate of late repentance ! always vain :
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hope find rest ? No mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer ;
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
 Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained ;
 Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
 First to advance, then screen from future harm ?
 Am I returned from death to live in pain ?
 Or would imperial pity save in vain ?
 Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and tears a mind ?
 Mother, miscalled, farewell—O! soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear ;
 All I was wretched by to you I owed ;
 Alone from strangers every comfort flowed !
 Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doomed before,

New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
 But dare not whisper her immortal name;
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
 Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
 Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
 Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
 One contest yet remains in this desire,
 Who most shall give applause where all admire.

From the Wanderer.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
 Drowns the dim night, and counterleits the day;
 From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye.
 Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly,
 There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
 And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
 Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease
 Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
 O man! thy fabric's like a well-formed state:
 Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the great
 Passions plebeians are, which factions raise;
 Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
 Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
 Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies:
 That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit,
 To noise and folly, place and power, submit;
 Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tossed,
 Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.
 The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift hen,
 And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
 His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
 Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
 For this, low-thoughted craft his life employed;
 For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed;
 For this he griped the poor, and alms denied,
 Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
 Yet smile, grieved shade! when that unprosperous store
 Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
 Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
 Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all!
 Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
 And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
 Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
 While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court.
 Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
 Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke!
 In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower.
 Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
 From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
 Each bold bad sceptre claps her sounding wings:
 And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
 On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
 From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
 Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
 The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
 Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment;
 And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
 For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
 But Justice marks their ways: she waves in air
 The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
 While here dark Villainy herself deceives,

There studious Honesty our view relieves.
 A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
 Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom;
 There sits the sapient bard in mauseful mood,
 And glows impassioned for his country's good!
 All the bright spirits of the just combined,
 Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!

A prose pamphlet, 'The Author to be Let,' written under the name of Iscariot Hackney, is ascribed by Johnson to Savage; but it was undoubtedly the work of Pope. It is a satire on the petty writers of that period. It has also been confidently stated, that both the 'Volunteer Laureate' and 'The Bastard' were written by Aaron Hill to serve the cause of his friend or protégé.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, an eminent physician, was a native of Yorkshire, and educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, of which he was admitted Fellow in 1693. Garth published in 1699 his poem of 'The Dispensary,' to aid the College of Physicians in a war they were then waging with the apothecaries. The latter had ventured to *prescribe* as well as *compound* medicines; and the physicians, to outbid them in popularity, advertised that they would give advice *gratis* to the poor, and establish a dispensary of their own for the sale of cheap medicines. The College triumphed; but in 1703 the House of Lords decided that apothecaries were entitled to exercise the privilege which Garth and his brother-physicians resisted. Garth was a popular and benevolent man, a firm Whig, yet the early encourager of Pope; and when Dryden died, he pronounced a Latin oration over the poet's remains. With Addison, he was, politically and personally, on terms of the closest intimacy. On the accession of George I. he was knighted with Marlborough's sword, and received the double appointment of Physician in ordinary to the King, and Physician-general to the Army. He edited Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' 'Translated by the most eminent hands,' in 1717. In that irreligious age, Garth seems to have partaken of the general scepticism and voluptuousness. Several anecdotes of him were related by Pope to Spence, and he is said to have remarked in his last illness, that he was glad he was dying, for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on! Yet, if the date assigned to his birth (1670) be correct, he could then have been only forty-nine years of age. He died January 18, 1718-19, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Harrow-on-the-Hill. 'The Dispensary' is a mock-heroic poem in six cantos. Some of the leading apothecaries of the day are happily ridiculed; but the interest of the satire has passed away, and it does not contain enough of the *life* of poetry to preserve it. A few lines will give a specimen of the manner and the versification of the poem. It opens in the following strain:

Extract from the 'Dispensary.'

Speak, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
 How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
 And why physicians were so cautious grown
 Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
 How by a journey to the Elysian plain,
 Peace triumphed, and old time returned again.

Not far from that most celebrated place (1)
 Where angry Justice shews her awful face;
 Where little villains must submit to fate.
 That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
 There stands a dome, (2) majestic to the sight,
 And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
 A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
 Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill;
 This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
 Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
 Nor did the learned society decline
 The propagation of that great design;
 In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
 And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
 Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
 Yet to the learned unveils her dark disguise,
 But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
 Of infant atoms kindling into life;
 How ductile matter new meanders takes,
 And slender trams of twisting fibres makes;
 And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
 By just degrees to harden into bone;
 While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
 And in full tides of purple streams return;
 How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
 And dart in emanations through the eyes;
 How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
 To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
 Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
 How great their force, how delicate their frame;
 How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
 The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
 Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
 And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
 How the dim speck of entity began
 To extend its recent form, and stretch to man; . . .
 Why Envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes; . . .
 Whence Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shewn,
 Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
 How matter, by the varied shape of pores
 Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
 How body acts upon impassive mind;
 How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
 Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
 Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
 And how the passions in the features are;
 How touch and harmony arise between
 Corporeal figure and a form unseen:
 How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,

And act at every summons of the will :
 With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
 Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
 But now no grand inquiries are descried ;
 Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside ;
 Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside ;
 Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
 And for important notions shew a zeal :
 The drooping sciences neglected pine,
 And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
 No readers here with hectic looks are found,
 Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight watching drowned :
 The lonely edifice in sweats complains
 That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
 This place, so fit for undisturbed repose,
 The god of Sloth for his asylum chose ;
 Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
 Supine with folded arms, he thoughtless nods ;
 Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
 With murmurs of soft hills, and whispering trees :
 The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
 Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence ;
 No passions interrupt his easy reign,
 No problems puzzle his lethargic brain :
 But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
 And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head,

On Death.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears ;
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.
 To die, is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
 The wise through thought the insults of death defy ;
 The fools through blessed insensibility.
 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ;
 Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
 It eases lovers, sets the captive free :
 And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Garth wrote the epilogue to Addison's tragedy of 'Cato,' which ends with the following pleasing lines :

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere ;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs !
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel transport in his own chains ;
 Sighs with success their own soft language tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal :
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy but time ;
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE was one of the most fortunate physicians and most persecuted poets of the age. He was born of a good family in Wiltshire, and took the degree of M. A. at Oxford in 1676. He

was in extensive medical practice, was knighted by King William III and afterwards made censor of the College of Physicians. In 1695, he published 'Prince Arthur,' an epic poem, which he says he wrote amidst the duties of his profession, in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets! Dryden, whom he had attacked for licentiousness, satirised him for writing 'to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.' Blackmore continued writing, and published a series of epic poems on King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, the Redeemer, the Creation, &c. All have sunk into oblivion; but Pope has preserved his memory in various satirical allusions. Addison extended his friendship to the Whig poet, whose private character was exemplary and irreproachable. Dr. Johnson included Blackmore in his edition of the poets, but restricted his publication of his works to the poem of 'Creation,' which, he said, 'wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction.' Blackmore died in 1729. The design of 'Creation' was to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind. He recites the proofs of a Deity from natural and physical phenomena, and afterwards reviews the systems of the Epicureans and the Fatalists, concluding with a hymn to the Creator of the world. The piety of Blackmore is everywhere apparent in his writings; but the genius of poetry too often evaporates amidst his commonplace illustrations and prosing declamation. One passage of 'Creation'—addressed to the disciples of Lucretius—will suffice to show the style of Blackmore, in its more select and improved manner:

The Scheme of Creation.

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds;
 Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds;
 Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
 The Author might a nobler world have made,
 In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
 And all its face in flowery scenes displayed:
 The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne,
 And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn:
 Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
 Might every hill have crown'd, have honour'd all the plains:
 This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
 Who form'd the spacious universe designed
 That man, from labour free, as well as grief,
 Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
 But He his creature gave a fertile soil,
 Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
 That some reward his industry should crown,
 And that his food in part might be his own.
 But while insulting you arraign the land,
 Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand.
 Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
 That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
 No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
 Or finished column for the palace give.
 Yet if from the hills unlaboured figures came,
 Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.
 You may the world of more defect upbraid,

That other works by Nature are unmade :
 That she did never, at her own expense,
 A palace rear, and in magnificence
 Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms ;
 That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
 Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
 What thoughtful care, what labour had been spared !
 But then no realm would one great master shew,
 No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
 With equal reason, too, you might demand
 Why boats and ships require the artist's hand ;
 Why generous Nature did not these provide,
 To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide.
 You say the hills, which high in air arise,
 Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
 That earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
 Of many spacious regions man defraud ;
 For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
 But can the objector no convenience find
 In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
 The mighty frame, that else would be disjointed !
 Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
 And for the dome afford the marble vein ?
 Do not the rivers from the mountains flow,
 And bring down riches to the vale below ?
 See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
 From the high ridges to the flatter land !
 The lofty luns abound with endless store
 Of mineral treasure and metallic ore.

THOMAS PARNELL.

In the brilliant circle of wits and poets, and a popular author of that period, was THOMAS PARNELL (1679-1718). His father possessed considerable estates in Ireland, but was descended of an English family long settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. The poet was born and educated in Dublin, went into sacred orders, and was appointed Archdeacon of Clogher, to which was afterwards added, through the influence of Swift, the vicarage of Finglass, estimated by Goldsmith (extravagantly) at £400 a year. Parnell, like Swift, disliked Ireland, and seems to have considered his situation there a cheerless and irksome banishment. As permanent residence at their livings was not then insisted upon on the part of the clergy, Parnell lived chiefly in London. He married a young lady of beauty and merit, Miss Anne Minchin, who died a few years after their union. His grief for her loss preyed upon his spirits—which had always been unequal—and hurried him into intemperance. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, and was interred there (as the register of Trinity Church states) on the 18th of October, 1718. Parnell was an accomplished scholar and a delightful companion. His *Life* was written by Goldsmith, who was proud of his distinguished countryman, considering him the last of the great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients. Parnell's works are of a miscellaneous nature—translations, songs, hymns, epistles, &c. His most celebrated piece is 'The Hermit,' familiar to most readers from their infancy.

Pope pronounced it to be 'very good;' and its sweetness of diction and picturesque solemnity of style must always please. His 'Night-piece on Death' was indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's celebrated 'Elegy;' but few men of taste or feeling will subscribe to such an opinion. In the 'Night-piece,' Parnell meditates among the tombs. Tired with poring over the pages of schoolmen and sages, he sallies out at midnight to the churchyard.

A Night-piece—The Churchyard.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie;
While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee, they life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.'

Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled
ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame—
Which, ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away—
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured
stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and boues;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right—
For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew—
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair ;
 Then, near approaching, ' Father, hail ! ' he cried,
 And, ' Hail, my son ! ' the reverend sire replied.
 Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
 And talk of various kind deceived the road :
 Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
 Nature, in silence, bid the world repose,
 When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
 There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
 It chanced the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home ;
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive ; the liveried servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate ;
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
 At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
 An early banquet decked the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
 Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go ;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
 His cup was vanished ; for in secret guise,
 The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
 So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner shewed.
 He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
 And much he wished, but durst not ask to part ;
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward.
 While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around ;
 Its owner's temper, furious and severe,
 Unkind and grudging, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran ;
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warmed the master's breast—
 'Twas then his threshold first received a guest—
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
 One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
 And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls ;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine—
 Each hardly granted—served them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.
 With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed.
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such—within himself he cried—
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When, from his vest, the young companion bore
 That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !
 But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
 The sun emerging, opens an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :
 The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought :
 His partner's acts without then cause appear ;
 'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.
 Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie ;
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great ;
 It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
 Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
 Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
 ' Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer !'
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talked of virtue till the time of bed ;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warned by a bell, and close the hour with prayer.
 At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near a closed cradle where an infant slept,
 And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,

O strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and died !
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How looked our hermit when the fact was done !
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
 Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed ;
 His steps the youth pursues : the country lay
 Perplexed with roads ; a servant shewed the way ;
 A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ! the servant trod before ;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied.
 And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
 The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
 Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
 Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
 While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries :
 ' Detested wretch ! '—but scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seemed no longer man !
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.
 Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do !
 Surprise, in secret chains, his word suspends,
 And in a calm, his settling temper ends ;
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke—
 The voice of music ravished as he spoke :
 ' Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
 For this, commissioned, I forsook the sky :
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
 Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 The Maker justly claims that world He made ;
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends .
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high ;
 Your action uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
 Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
 The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
 The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door

Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
 Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-weaned his heart from God—
 Child of his age—for him he lived in pain,
 And measured back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run !
 But God to save the father took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
 And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back !
 This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal, :
 And what a fund of charity would fail !
 Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'
 On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew ;
 Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
 The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
 The bending Hermit here a prayer begun :
 'Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.'
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And passed a life of piety and peace.

JOHN GAY.

The Italian opera and English pastorals—both sources of fashionable and poetical affectation—were driven out of the field at this time by the easy, indolent, good-humoured JOHN GAY (1688–1732), who seems to have been the most artless and the best-beloved of all the Pope and Swift circle of wits and poets. Gay was born in Devonshire, the second son of John Gay, Esq., of Frithelstock, near Great Torrington. The family was reduced in circumstances, and both parents dying when the poet was about six years of age, he was, after receiving his education in the town of Barnstaple, put apprentice to a silk-mercant in the Strand, London. He disliked this employment, and at length obtained his discharge from his master. In 1708, he published a poem in blank verse, entitled 'Wine;' and in 1713 appeared his 'Rural Sports,' a descriptive poem, dedicated to Pope, in which we may trace his joy at being emancipated from the drudgery of a shop :

But I, who ne'er was blessed by Fortune's hand,
 Nor brightened ploughshares in paternal land ;
 Long in the noisy town have been immured,
 Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured.
 Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I chose,

And soothed my harassed mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.

The same year, Gay obtained the appointment of domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. He also brought out a comedy, 'The Wife of Bath,' which was not successful. In 1714, he published his 'Shepherd's Week, in six Pastorals,' written to throw ridicule on those of Ambrose Philips; but containing so much genuine comic humour, and entertaining pictures of country-life, that they became popular, not as satires, but on account of their intrinsic merits, as affording 'a prospect of his own country.' In an address to the 'court-teous reader,' Gay says: 'Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their sties. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flock from wolves, because there are none.' This matter-of-fact view of rural life has been admirably followed by Crabbe, with a moral aim and effect to which Gay never aspired. His next attempt was dramatic. In February 1714-15 appeared 'What d'ye Call It?' a tragi-comic pastoral farce, which the audience had 'not wit enough to take;' and next year he produced his 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London,' and 'The Fan,' a poem in three books. The former of these is in the mock-heroic style, in which he was assisted by Swift, and gives a graphic account of the dangers and impediments then encountered in traversing the narrow, crowded, ill-lighted, and vice-infested thoroughfares of the metropolis. His paintings of city-life are in the Dutch style, low and familiar, but correctly and forcibly drawn. The following sketch of the frequenters of book-stalls in the streets may still be verified -

Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded he,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers at leisure learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tattered page,
A muldewed Bacon, or Stagyræ's sage;
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Uiley sleep;
Pleased sempstresses the Lock's tamed Rape unfold;
And Squirts* read Garth till apozems grow cold.

The poet gives a lively and picturesque account of the great frost in London, in 1716, when a fair was held on the river Thames:

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year
When winter reigned in black Britannia's air;

* Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy in Garth's *Dispensary*.

When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
 The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his useless oar:
 See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
 And wander roads unstable, not their own,
 Wheels o'er the hardened water smoothly glide,
 And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide;
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
 Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
 And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
 So, when a general bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
 Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
 And the loud dice resound through all the field.

Gay was always sighing for public employment, for which he was eminently unfit, and in 1714 he had obtained a short glimpse of this fancied happiness. He wrote with joy to Pope: 'Since you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy-extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary.' The poet accordingly quitted his situation in the Monmouth family, and accompanied Lord Clarendon on his embassy. He seems, however, to have held it only for about two months; for on the 23d of September of the same year, Pope welcomes him to his native soil, and counsels him, now that the queen was dead, to write something on the king, or prince, or princess. Gay was an anxious expectant of court favor, and he complied with Pope's request. He wrote a poem on the princess, and the royal family went to see his play of 'What d'ye Call It?' Gay was stimulated to another dramatic attempt (1717), and produced a piece entitled 'Three Hours After Marriage.' Some personal satire and indecent dialogue, together with the improbability of the plot, sealed its fate with the public. It soon fell into disgrace; and its author, being afraid that Pope and Arbuthnot would suffer injury from their supposed connection with it, took 'all the shame on himself.' The trio of wits, however, were attacked in two pamphlets, and Pope's quarrel with Cibber originated in this unfortunate drama. Gay was silent and dejected for some time; but in 1720 he published his poems by subscription, and realised a sum of £1000. He received, also, a present of South Sea stock, and was supposed to be worth £20,000, all of which he lost by the explosion of that famous delusion. This serious calamity, to one fond of finery in dress and of luxurious living, almost overwhelmed him, but his friends were zealous, and he was prompted to further literary exertion. In 1724, Gay brought out another drama, 'The Captives,' which was acted with moderate success; and in 1726 he wrote a volume of 'Fables,' designed for the special improvement of the Duke of Cumberland, who certainly did not learn mercy or humanity from them. The accession of the prince

and princess to the throne seemed to augur well for the fortunes of Gay; but he was only offered the situation of gentleman-usher to one of the young princesses, and considering this an insult, he rejected it. In 1726, Swift came to England, and resided two months with Pope at Twickenham. Among other plans, the Dean of St. Patrick suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be thieves and highwaymen; and the 'Beggars' Opera' was the result. When finished, the two friends were doubtful of the success of the piece; but it was received with unbounded applause. The songs and music aided greatly its popularity, and there was also the recommendation of political satire; for the quarrel between Peachum and Lockit was an allusion to a personal collision between Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townshend. The spirit and variety of the piece, in which song and sentiment are so happily intermixed with vice and roguery, still render the 'Beggars' Opera' a favourite with the public; but as Gay has succeeded in making highwaymen agreeable, and even attractive, it cannot be commended for its moral tendency. Of this, we suspect, the Epicurean author thought little. The opera had a run of sixty-two nights, and became the rage of town and country. Its success had also the effect of giving rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy enlivened by songs and music, which for a time supplanted the Italian opera, with all its exotic and elaborate graces. By this successful opera, Gay, as appears from the manager's account book, cleared £693, 13s. 6d. besides what he derived from its publication. He tried a sequel to the 'Beggars' Opera,' under the title of 'Polly;' but as it was supposed to contain sarcasms on the court, the lord chamberlain prohibited its representation. The poet had recourse to publication; and such was the zeal of his friends, and the effect of party-spirit, that 'Polly' produced a profit of £1100 or £1200. The Duchess of Marlborough gave £100 as her subscription for a copy. Gay had now amassed £3000 by his writings, which he resolved to keep 'entire and sacred.' He was at the same time received into the house of his kind patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he spent the remainder of his life. His only literary occupation was composing additional fables, and corresponding occasionally with Pope and Swift. A sudden attack of inflammatory fever hurried him out of life in three days. He died on the 4th of December 1732, aged 44. Pope's letter to Swift announcing the event was endorsed: 'On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received, December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.' The friendship of these eminent men seems to have been sincere and tender; and nothing in the life of Swift is more touching or honourable to his memory than those passages in his letters where the recollection of Gay melted his haughty stoicism, and awakened his deep though unavailing sorrow. Pope was equally grieved by the loss of him whom he has characterised as

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man, simplicity, a child.

Gay was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. The works of this easy and genial son of the Muses have lost much of their popularity. He has the licentiousness, without the elegance of Prior. His 'Fables' are still, however, the best we possess; and if they have not the nationality or rich humour and archness of La Fontaine's, they are light and pleasing, and the versification always smooth and correct. 'The Hare with Many Friends' is doubtless drawn from Gay's own experience. In the 'Court of Death,' he aims at a higher order of poetry, and marshals his 'diseases dire' with a strong and gloomy power. His song of 'Black-eyed Susan,' and the ballad beginning 'Twas when the seas were roaring,' are full of characteristic tenderness and lyrical melody. The latter is said by Cowper to have been the joint production of Arbuthnot, Swift, and Gay, but the tradition is not supported by evidence.

The Country Ballad-singer.—From 'The Shepherd's Week.'

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gathered sheaves about;
The lads with sharpened hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough. . . .

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosined bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsels' fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toying till the morning light. . . .

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear.

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun—
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swans observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,

And how the closing coleworts upwards grow ;
 How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
 Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
 And of the glow worm's light that gilds his tail.
 He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
 And in what climates they renew their breed—
 Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
 Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend—
 Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
 And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep ;
 How Nature does the puppy's eyelids close
 Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose :
 (For huntsmen by their long experience find,
 That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
 For still new fairs, before his eyes arose.
 How pedlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
 The various fairings of the country maid.
 Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
 And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine .
 How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
 And looks on thumbles with desiring eyes.
 Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
 Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
 The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
 And all the fair is crowded in his song.
 The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells ;
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
 And on the rope the venturous maiden swings ;
 Jack Pudding, in his party-coloured jacket,
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
 Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
 Of pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats.

Walking the Streets of London.—From 'Trivia.'

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
 How to walk clean by day, and safe by night ;
 How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
 When to assert the wall, and when resign,
 I sing ; thou, Trivia, goddess, and my song.
 Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along ;
 By thee transported, I securely stray
 Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way ;
 The silent court and opening square explore,
 And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
 To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
 Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays :
 For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
 Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound ;
 For thee the scavenger bids kennels ghde
 Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
 My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
 From the great theme to build a glorious name ;
 To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
 And bind my temples with a civic crown :
 But more my country's love demands my lays ;
 My country's be the profit, mine the praise !

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
 And 'Clean your shoes' resounds from every voice ;
 When late their mry sides stage-coaches shew,

And their stiff horses through the town move slow ;
 When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
 And damsels first renew their oyster-cries ;
 Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
 Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide ;
 The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
 And with the scalloped top his step be crowned :
 Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
 Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
 Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
 Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside ;
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
 Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
 And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
 You 'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care
 To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
 Now in thy trunk thy D'Oilly habit fold,
 The silken dugget ill can fence the cold ;
 The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
 And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain ;
 True Witney (1) broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
 Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn :
 Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear ?
 Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
 Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends,
 Whose ample form without one plait depends ;
 By various names in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true surtout alone ;
 Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.

If thy strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command ;
 Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their caues, with amber tipt, produce ;
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease ;
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To Court, to White's, (2) assemblies, or the play ;
 Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

Song.

Sweet woman is like the fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
 There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet. (3)

1 A town in Oxfordshire. 2 A chocolate-house in St. James's Street

3 I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May,

The Court of Death.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate :
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train !
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thundered from the throne :
‘ This night our minister we name ;
Let every servant speak his claim ;
Merit shall bear this ebony wand.’
All, at the word, stretched forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed :
‘ I to the weekly bills appeal ;
Let those express my fervent zeal ;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.’

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place ;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies ;
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due :
‘ ’Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy.
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.’

Stone urged his overgrowing force ;
And, next, Consumption’s meagre coise,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit pre-
ferred :

‘ Let none object my lingering way ;
I gain, like Fabius, by delay ;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.’

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.

All spoke then claim, and hoped the wand.

Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne :
‘ Merit was ever modest known.

What ! no physician speak his right ?
None here ! but fees then toils requite.
Let, then, Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest—
Whom wary men as foes detest—
Forego your claim. No more pretend
Intemperance is esteemed a friend ;
He shares then mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.’

The Hare with Many Friends.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father’s care.
’Tis thus in friendship ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter’s cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies :
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
She hears the near advance of death ;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay ;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view !

‘ Let me,’ says she, ‘ your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight ;
To friendship every burden’s light.
The Horse replied : ‘ Poor Honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus ;
Be comforted ; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.’

She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord :
‘ Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow ;
And when a lady’s in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
But see, the Goat is just behind.’

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;
‘ My back,’ says he, ‘ may do you harm ;
The Sheep’s at hand, and wool is warm ;

when it had a’ the flush o’ blossoms on it ; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a’ to pieces wi’ their feet. I little thought when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gait myself.”—*Elphie Deans in Heart of Mid-Lothian.*

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
 His sides a load of wool sustained :
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
 She now the trotting Calf addressed,
 To save from death a friend distressed.
 ' Shall I,' says he, ' of tender age,
 In this important care engage ?

Older and abler passed you by ;
 How strong are those, how weak am I !
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me, then. You know my heart :
 But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
 For, see, the hounds are just in view !'

Song.—Black-eyed Susan.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored.
 The streamers waving in the wind.
 When Black-eyed Susan came aboard.
 ' Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew ?'
 William, who high upon the yard
 Rocked with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.
 So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear—
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
 ' O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.
 ' Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.
 ' If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamounds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus every beauteous object that I view.
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.
 ' Though battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'
 The boatswain gave the dreadful word ;
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay aboard :
 They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 ' Adieu !' she cries, and waved her lily hand.

A Ballad.—From ‘What d’ ye Call It?’

’Twas when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind.
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclined.
 Wide o’er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crowned with willows,
 That trembled o’er the brook.

‘Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days;
 Why didst thou, venturous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what’s thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

‘The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair;
 But what’s the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be laid on
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You’d find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

‘How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why, then, beneath the water,
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wick the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.’

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wailed she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear.
 When o’er the white wave stooping
 His floating corpse she spied,
 Then, like a hy drooping,
 She bowed her head, and died.

THOMAS TICKELL.

The friendship of Addison has shed a reflected light on some of his contemporaries, and it elevated them, in their own day, to considerable importance. Amongst these was THOMAS TICKELL (1686–1740), born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, son of a clergyman, and educated at Queen’s College, Oxford. He was a writer in the ‘Spectator’ and ‘Guardian,’ and when Addison went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. He published a translation of the first book of the ‘Iliad’ at the same time with Pope. Addison and the Whigs pronounced it to be the best, while the Tories ranged under the banner of Pope. The circumstance led to a breach of the friendship betwixt Addison and Pope, which was never healed. Addison continued his patronage, and when made Secretary of State in 1717, he appointed his friend under-secretary. He also left him the charge of publishing his works, and on his death-bed recommended him to Secretary Craggs. Tickell prefixed to the collected works of Addison an elegy on his deceased friend, which is justly considered one of the most pathetic and sublime poems in the language. In 1722, Tickell published a poem, chiefly allegorical, entitled ‘Kensington Gardens;’ and being in 1724 appointed secretary to the lords-justices of Ireland, he seems to have abandoned the Muses. He died at Bath in 1740, but was buried at Glasneven, near Dublin, where he had long resided. The monumental tablet in Glasneven Church to the memory of Tickell records that ‘his highest honour was that of having been the friend of Addison.’ His elegy, and his beautiful ballad of ‘Colin and Lucy,’ would have served, however, to per-

petuate his name, while even his opponent Pope admitted that he was an 'honest man.'

From the Lines 'To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr. Addison.'

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave ?
How silently did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead.
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriots, and through walks of kings !
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid :
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee !

Of let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles shew
What worthies form the hallowed mould below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled ;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And sants who taught and led the way to heaven ;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind ?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly ?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell ;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below ?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,

And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart :
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
 That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
 Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
 In mighty visions seldom fails to rise.
 Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Thy unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;
 'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
 Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song :
 There patient shewed us the wise course to stem,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe ;
 There taught us how to live ; and—oh ! too high
 The price for knowledge—taught us how to die
 Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so loved, when'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears ?
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze !
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
 Thy walks and any prospects charm no more ;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

Colin and Lucy — A Ballad.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace,
 Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face ;

Till luckless love and pining care
 Impaired her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale
 When beating rains descend ?
 So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair !
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjured swains ! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And shrieking, at her window thrice
 The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-torn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round :

' I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Which says I must not stay ;
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.

' By a false heart and broken vows
 In early youth I die.
 Was I to blame because his bride
 Was true as asich as I ?

' Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
 Vows due to me alone ;
 Nor thou, fond maid ! receive his kiss
 Nor think him all thy own.

' To-morrow in the church to wed,
 Impatient both prepare ;
 But know, fond maid ! and know, false
 man !
 That Lucy will be there.

' Then bear my corpse, my comrades !
 bear,
 This bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke ; she died. Her corpse was
 borne

The bridegroom blithe to meet
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colm's
thoughts?

How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedewed his brow;
He shook—he groaned—he fell!

From the vain bride—ah! bride no
more!—
The varying crimson fled

When stretched before her rival's corpse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Of at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Tickell occasionally tried satire, and the following piece shews a stronger and bolder hand than the bulk of his verses. It was written to ridicule the Jacobite Earl of Mar and his rash enterprise in 1715-16 in favour of the Chevalier.

*An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus—From Horace, Book iii.
Ode 25.*

As Mar his round one morning took—
Whom some call earl, and some call
duke—

And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and frost, surveyed,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanced to spy
An aged wizard six foot high,
With bristled hair and visage blighted,
Wall-eyed, bare hunched, and second-
sighted

The grisly sage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back so round,
Then rolled his eyeballs to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of snow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Brake forth the prophet without breeches:

'Into what ills, betrayed by thee
This ancient kingdom do I see!
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn—
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
Proud English loons—our clans o'er-
come—

On Scottish pads shall amble home;
I see them dressed in bonnet blue—
The spoils of thy rebellious crew—
I see the target cast away,
And checkered plaid become their prey—
The checkered plaid to make a gown
For many a lass in London town.

'In vain the hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all their warlike gear—
The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,

In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sallied out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village;
Or, while their neighbors were asleep,
Have carried off a Lowland sheep.

'What boots thy high-born host of
beggars,

Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors?
Inflamed with bagpipe and with brandy,
In vain thy lads around thee bandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty—
A loyal soul!—thy troops affright
While hoarsely he demands the fight?
Dost thou not generous Islay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head;
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athole sheathed in arms?

'Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery and young, and uncontrolled,
With knights and squires and barons
bold—

His noble household band—advances
And on his milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars,
And Monro kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any!

'But see, Argyle, with watchful eyes,

Lodged in his deep intrenchments lies ;
 Coched like a lion in thy way,
 He waits to spring upon his prey ;
 While, like a herd of timorous deer,
 Thy army shakes and pants with fear
 Led by their doughty general's skill
 From frith to frith, and hill to hill.
 'Is thus thy haughty promise paid
 That to the Chevalier was made,
 When thou didst oaths and duty barter
 For dukedom, generalship, and garter ?
 Three moons thy Jamie shall command,

With Highland sceptre in his hand,
 Too good for his pretended birth—
 Then down shall fall the King of Perth !
 'Tis so decreed, for George shall reign,
 And traitors be forsworn in vain
 Heaven shall for ever on him smile.
 And bless him still with an Argyle ;
 While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
 Condemned to barren rocks and snows,
 And hindered passing Invenchochy,
 Shall burn thy clan, and curse poor
 Jocky !'

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Among the poets of the day whom Addison's friendship and Pope's enmity raised to temporary importance, was AMBROSE PHILIPS (1671-1749). He was a native of Shropshire, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge. He made his appearance as a poet in the same year and in the same volume as Pope—the 'Pastorals' of Philips being the first poem, and the 'Pastorals' of Pope, the last in *Tonson's 'Miscellany'* for 1709. They had been printed the year previous. Tickell injudiciously praised Philip's *Pastorals* as the finest in the language, and Pope resented this unjust depreciation of his own poetry by an ironical paper in the '*Guardian*,' calculated to make Philips appear ridiculous. Pretending to criticise the rival '*Pastorals*,' and compare them, Pope gives the preference to Philips, but quotes all his worst passages as his best, and places by the side of them his own finest lines, which he says want rusticity and deviate into downright poetry. Philips felt the satire keenly, and even vowed to take personal vengeance on his adversary, by whipping him with a rod, which he hung up for the purpose in Button's Coffee-house. Pope—faithful to the maxim that a man never forgives another whom he has injured—continued to pursue Philips with his hatred and satire to the close of his life. The pastoral poet had the good sense not to enter the lists with his formidable assailant, and his character and talents soon procured him public employment. In 1715, he was appointed paymaster of the Lottery ; he afterwards was selected by Archbishop Boulter, primate of Ireland, as his secretary, and sat for the county of Armagh in the Irish parliament. In 1734, he was made registrar of the Prerogative Court. From these appointments, Philips was able to purchase an annuity of £400 per annum, with which he hoped, as Johnson says, 'to pass some years of life (in England) in plenty and tranquility ; but his hope deceived him ; he was struck with a palsy, and died, June 18, 1749.' The '*Pastorals*' of Philips are certainly poor productions ; but he was an elegant versifier, and Goldsmith has eulogised the opening of his '*Epistle to the Earl of Dorset*' as '*incomparably fine*.' A fragment of Sappho, translated by Philips, is a poetical gem so brilliant, that it is thought Addison must have assisted in its composition :

Fragment from Sappho.

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost;

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Philips produced three tragedies, but only one—'The Distressed Mother,' from the 'Andromaque' of Racine—was successful; he wrote in the Whig journal the 'Freethinker' (1718-19), and he translated some Persian tales. Certain short complimentary pieces, by which Philips paid court, as Johnson says, 'to all ages and characters, from Walpole, the steerer of the realm, to Miss Pulteney in the nursery,' procured him the nickname of 'Namby Pamby,' first given, it is said, by Harry Carey, the dramatist and song-writer, and cordially adopted by Pope as suited to Philips's 'eminence in the infantile style.' The following is a specimen of this style:

To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mother's Arms, May 1, 1724.

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn. and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue.
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,

Like the linnæ in the bush,
To the mother linnæ's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnæ green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray,
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnæ in the nest.
Thine thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
Thine picture once resembled thee.

Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.

COPENHAGEN, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
 O'er many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain;
 There solid billows of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
 And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear,
 Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
 Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow:
 At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the descending rain unsullied froze
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy moor disclosed at once to view
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,
 And brightened every object to my eyes:
 For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
 And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns shew.
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow
 The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
 Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
 The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
 The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine
 Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine,
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
 When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies;
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
 Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
 The traveller a mazy country sees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
 Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
 Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
 And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
 His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
 And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear.
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

From the First Pastoral—Lobbin.

If we, O Dorset! quit the city throng,
 To meditate in shades the rural song,
 By your command, be present; and, O bring
 The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing
 Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
 And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.
 Begin — In unluxurious times of yore,
 When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
 Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
 As western winds had cooled the sultry air,
 His numbered sheep within the fold now pent,
 Thus plained him of his dreary discontent;
 Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,

He, solitary, sat, to breathe his vows.
 Venting the tender anguish of his heart.
 As passion taught, in accents free of art :
 And in the did he hope, while, night by night,
 His sighs were lavish'd thus on Lucy bright.
 'Ah! well-a-day, how long must I endure
 This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure?
 Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
 Delights in grief, nor any measure knows :
 And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;
 The brightening stars increase within the skies ;
 The winds are hushed ; the dews distil ; and sleep
 Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep ;
 I only, with a prowling wolf, constrained
 All night to wake : with hunger he is pained,
 And I with love. His hunger he may tame ;
 But who can quench, O cruel love ! thy flame ?
 Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
 Upraise my heedless head, then void of care.
 'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game ;
 Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
 Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
 To please the lads and win the lasses' hearts ?
 How dextrously, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
 Wont they upon the green to shift their feet !
 And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
 Some well-devised tale from me to learn !
 For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 To chase the loitering sun adown the sky
 But ah ! since Lucy coy deep-wrought her spite
 Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
 The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
 To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 Oh ! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair,
 Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair,
 Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
 Though not so fair, she would have proved more kind
 O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
 How flying years unpair thy youthful prime !
 Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
 And flowers, though left ungathered, will decay :
 The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring,
 But beauty faded has no second spring.
 My words are wind ! She, deaf to all my cries,
 Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
 She gads where'er her roving fancy leads ;
 Yet still from me. Ah me ! the tiresome chase !
 Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
 She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
 Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.'

GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

Pope has commemorated among his early friends and patrons
 'Granville the polite.' He was early distinguished and commended
 by Waller, of whom he was an imitator. His poems in praise of
 'Mira'—the Countess of Newburgh—were popular at the time of
 their production, and he was the author of several dramatic pieces
 now forgotten. He stood high in the favour of Queen Anne, was

elevated to the peerage in 1711, and was successively comptroller and treasurer of the household. In the reign of George I. he fell into disgrace, and was committed to the Tower, on a charge of disloyalty to the Hanover succession. He was released after a confinement of about a year and a half, and was restored to his seat in parliament. In 1732, he published his works in two volumes. He died January 30, 1734-35, aged about seventy. Though occasionally a pleasing versifier, Granville cannot be considered a poet.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

'It is remarkable,' says Wordsworth, 'that excepting the "Nocturnal Reverie," and a passage or two in the "Windsor Forest" of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons," does not contain a single new image of external nature.' The 'Nocturnal Reverie' was written by ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA, the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, Southampton, who died in 1720, aged about sixty. Her lines are smoothly versified, and possess a tone of calm and contemplative observation.

A Nocturnal Reverie.

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, fanned for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes:
When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shews
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycock thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechev the end;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,

And to her straggling brood the partridge calls ;
 Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
 Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep ;
 When a sedate content the spirit feels,
 And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals :
 But silent musings urge the mind to seek
 Something too high for syllables to speak :
 Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
 Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
 O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
 Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own :
 In such a night let me abroad remain,
 Till morning breaks, and all's confused again ;
 Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
 Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

The following is another specimen of the correct and smooth versification of the countess, and seems to us superior to the 'Nocturnal Reverie.'

Life's Progress.

How gaily is at first begun
 Our life's uncertain race !
 Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
 With which we just set out to run,
 Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies !
 How tempting to go through !
 Not Canaan to that prophet's eyes.
 From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
 Did more inviting shew.

How soft the first ideas prove
 Which wander through our minds !
 How full the joys, how free the love,
 Which does that early season move,
 As flowers the western winds !

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
 But April drops our tears.
 Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,

Whilst beauty compensates our care,
 And youth each vapour clears.

But oh, too soon, alas ! we climb,
 Scarce feeling we ascend
 The gently rising hill of Time,
 From whence with grief we see that
 prime,
 And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
 Fond expectation past :
 The thorns which former days had sown,
 To crops of late repentance grown,
 Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care 's a driving harm
 That helps to bear us down ;
 Which faded smiles no more can charm,
 But every tear 's a winter storm,
 And every look 's a frown.

SCOTTISH POETS.

FRANCIS SEMPILL of Beltrees (son of Robert Sempill, see *ante*), who died between 1680 and 1685, wrote some excellent rustic songs — 'Fy, let us a' to the Brudal,' 'She raise and loot me in,' and 'Maggie Lauder.'

In the years 1706, 1709, and 1711, was published in Edinburgh, in three parts, 'A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern,' by James Watson. In this collection appeared the oldest known version of 'Auld Langsyne,' though probably founded on one of earlier date. The following is the first stanza :

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon ?
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone ?

Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old longsyne ?

Another stanza seems to fix the date of the song to the time of the civil war, about the middle of the 17th century :

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is called mine,
And can afford but country cheer,
Or ought that's good therein :

Though thou wert rebel to the king,
And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
For old long-yne.

This poem or song of ' Old Longsyne ' has been ascribed (though only from supposed internal evidence) to Sir Robert Ayton (see *ante*) and also to Francis Sempill, but we have no doubt it is of later date. Another version (also ascribed to Francis Sempill) is given in Herd's collection, 1776. It begins .

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars ?
These are the noble heroes' lot
Obtained in glorious wars.

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast ;
Thy arms about me twine,
And mak me aince again as blest,
As I was lungsyne.

It is needless to point out how immeasurably superior is Burns's ' Auld Langsyne.' James Watson, in 1719, gave to the world a pretended fragment of an old heroic ballad entitled ' Hardyknute.' This imitation was greatly admired by Gray and Percy—who believed it to be ancient, though retouched by some modern hand—and by Sir Walter Scott, who said it was the first poem he ever learned, the last he should forget. It is understood to have been written by ELIZABETH, daughter of SIR CHARLES HALKET, Bart. of Pitferrian, who was married in 1696 to SIR HENRY WARDLAW, Bart. of Pitreavie, in Fife. Lady Wardlaw died in 1727, aged fifty. ' Hardyknute ' is a fine martial and pathetic ballad, though irreconcilable, as Scott acknowledged, with all chronology ; ' a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs.' The ballad extends to forty-two stanzas, and opens thus picturesquely :

Stately stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest.
He lived when Britons' breach of faith
Wrought Scotland muckle wae ;
And aye his sword tauid to their cost,
He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and towers a height,
And goodly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame sae peevish ance and lair,
For chaste and beauty deemed,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save Eleano'r the Queen.

The following also is very spirited :

The king of Norse in summer tide,
Puffed up with power and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight.
The tidings to our good Scots king
Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave array,
Drinking the bluid-red wine.

' To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the stand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands '
' Bring me my steed Madge dapple gray,
Our good king rose and cried ;
' A trustier beast in a' the land,
A Scots king never tried.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faces,
And haste and follow me.
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm :
' Come down, come down, Lord Hardy-
knute.
And rid your king frae harm.'

Then red, red grew his dark-brown
cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do :
He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The genius of the country was at length revived in all its force and nationality, its comic dialogue, Doric simplicity, and tenderness, by ALLAN RAMSAY, whose very name is now an impersonation of Scottish scenery and character. The religious austerity of the Covenanters still hung over Scotland, and damped the efforts of poets and dramatists; but a freer spirit found its way into the towns, along with the increase of trade and commerce. The higher classes were in the habit of visiting London, though the journey was still performed on horseback; and the writings of Pope and Swift were circulated over the north. Clubs and taverns were rife in Edinburgh, in which the assembled wits loved to indulge in a pleasantry that often degenerated to excess. Talent was readily known and appreciated; and when Ramsay appeared as an author, he found the nation ripe for his native humour, his 'manners-painting strains,' and his lively original sketches of Scottish life. Allan Ramsay was born in 1686, in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, where his father held the situation of manager of Lord Hopetoun's mines. When he became a poet, he boasted that he was of the 'auld descent' of the Dalhousie family, and also collaterally 'sprung from a Douglas loin.' His mother, Alice Bower, was of English parentage, her father having been brought from Derbyshire to instruct the Scottish miners in their art. Those who entertain the theory that men of genius usually partake largely of the qualities and dispositions of their mother, may perhaps recognise some of the Derbyshire blood in Allan Ramsay's frankness and joviality of character. His father died while the poet was in his infancy; but his mother marrying again in the same district, Allan was brought up at Leadhills, and put to the village school, where he acquired learning enough to enable him, as he tells us, to read Horace 'faintly in the original.' His lot might have been a hard one, but it was fortunately spent in the country till he had reached his fifteenth year; and his lively temperament enabled him, with cheerfulness—

To wade through glens wi' chorking (1) feet,
When neither plaid nor kilt could fend the weat;
Yet blithely wad he bang out o'er the brae,
And stend (2) o'er burns as hight as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.

1 *Chorking* or *churking*, the noise made by the feet when the shoes are full of water.
2 Spring.

At the age of fifteen, Allan was put apprentice to a wig-maker in Edinburgh—a light employment, suited to his slender frame and boyish *smartness*, but not very congenial to his literary taste. His poetical talent, however, was more observant than creative, and he did not commence writing till he was about twenty-six years of age. He then penned an address to the 'Easy Club,' a convivial society of young men, tinctured with Jacobite predilections, which were also imbibed by Ramsay, and which probably formed an additional recommendation to the favour of Pope and Gay, a distinction that he afterwards enjoyed. Allan was admitted a member of this 'blithe society,' and became their poet-laureate. He wrote various light pieces, chiefly of a local and humorous description, which were sold at a penny each, and became exceedingly popular. He also sedulously courted the patronage of the great, subduing his Jacobite feelings, and never selecting a fool for his patron. In this mingled spirit of prudence and poetry, he contrived

To cheek the out, and line the inside,
Of many a douce and witty pash,
And baith ways gathered in the cash.

In the year 1712 he married a writer's daughter, Christian Ross, who was his faithful partner for more than thirty years. He greatly extended his reputation by writing a continuation to King James's 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' executed with genuine humour, fancy, and a perfect mastery of the Scottish language. Nothing so rich had appeared since the strains of Dunbar or Lindsay. What an inimitable sketch of rustic-life, coarse, but as true as any by Teniers, is presented in the first stanzas of the third canto!—

Now frae the east nook o' Fife the dawn	And greedy wives, wi' grinning thrawn,
Speeld (1) westlins up the lift;	Cried lasses up to thrift;
Carls wha heard the cock had craw'n,	Dogs bark'd, and the lads frae hand
Begoud to rax and rift;	Banged to their breeks like drift
	By break o' day

Ramsay now left off wig-making, and set up a bookseller's shop, 'opposite to Niddry's Wynd.' He next appeared as an editor, and published two works, 'The Tea-table Miscellany,' being a collection of songs, partly his own; and 'The Evergreen,' a collection of Scottish poems written before 1600. He was not well qualified for the task of editing works of this kind, being deficient both in knowledge and taste. In the 'Evergreen,' he published, as ancient poems, two pieces of his own, one of which, 'The Vision,' exhibits high powers of poetry. The genius of Scotland is drawn with a touch of the old heroic Muse:

Great daring darted frae his ee,	Of stalwart make in bane and brawnd,
A braid-sword shogled at his thic,	Of just proportions large;
On his left arm a targe;	A various rainbow-coloured plaid
A shining spear filled his right hand,	Owre his left spawl (2) he threw,

Down his braid back, frae his white head,
The silver wimplers (3) grew.
Amazed, I gazed,

To see, led at command,
A stampant and rampant
Fierce lion in his hand.

In 1725, appeared his celebrated pastoral drama, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' of which two scenes had previously been published under the titles of 'Patie and Roger,' and 'Jenny and Meggy.' It was received with universal approbation, and was republished both in London and Dublin. When Gay visited Scotland in company with his patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, he used to lounge in Allan Ramsay's shop, and obtain from him explanations of some of the Scottish expressions, that he might communicate them to Pope, who was a great admirer of the poem. This was a delicate and marked compliment, which Allan must have felt, though he had previously represented himself as the vicegerent of Apollo, and equal to Homer! He now removed to a better shop, and instead of the Mercury's head which had graced his sign-board, he put up 'the presentment of two brothers' of the Muse, Ben Jonson and Drummond. He next established a circulating library, the first in Scotland. He associated on familiar terms with the leading nobility, lawyers, wits, and literati. His son, afterwards a distinguished artist, he sent to Rome for instruction. But the prosperity of poets seems liable to an uncommon share of crosses. He was led by the promptings of a taste then rare in Scotland to expend his savings in the erection of a theatre, for the performance of the regular drama. He wished to keep his 'troop' together by the 'pith of reason;' but he did not calculate on the pith of an act of parliament in the hands of a hostile magistrate. The statute for licensing theatres prohibited all dramatic exhibitions without special licence and the royal letters-patent; and on the strength of this enactment the magistrates of Edinburgh shut up Allan's theatre, leaving him without redress. To add to his mortification, the envious poetasters and strict religionists of the day attacked him with personal satires and lampoons, under such titles as—'A Looking-glass for Allan Ramsay,' 'The Dying Words of Allan Ramsay,' &c. Allan endeavoured to enlist President Forbes and the judges on his side by a poetical address in which he prays for compensation from the legislature—

Syne, for amends for what I've lost,
Edge me into some canny post.

His circumstances and wishes at this crisis are more particularly explained in a letter to the president, which now lies before us:

'Will you,' he writes, 'give me something to do? Here I pass a sort of half-idle scrimp life, tending a trifling trade, that scarce affords me the needful. Had I not got a parcel of guineas from you, and such as you, who were pleased to patronise my subscriptions, I should not have had a grey goat. I think shame—but why should I, when

I open my mind to one of your goodness?—to hint that I want to have some small commission, when it happens to fall in your way to put me into it.' (1)

It does not appear that he either got money or a *post*, but he applied himself attentively to his business, and soon recruited his purse. A citizen-like good sense regulated the life of Ramsay. He gave over poetry 'before,' he prudently says, 'the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.'

<p>Fræ twenty-five to five and forty, My muse was nowther sweer nor dorty; (2) My Pegasus wad break his tether E'en at the shagging of a feather, And through ideas scou like drift,</p>	<p>Streaking his wings up to the lift; Then, then, my soul was in a lowe, That gart my numbers safely row. But eild and judgment 'gin to say, Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.</p>
--	---

About the year 1743, his circumstances were sufficiently flourishing to enable him to build himself a small octagon-shaped house on the north side of the Castle-hill, which he called Ramsay Lodge, but which some of his waggish friends compared to a goose-pie. He told Lord Elibank one day of this ludicrous comparison. 'What!' said the witty peer, 'a goose-pie! In good faith, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the house is not ill named.' He lived in this singular-looking mansion—which has since been much improved—twelve years, and died of a complaint that had long afflicted him, scurvy in the gums, on the 7th of January, 1658, at the age of seventy-two. So much of pleasantry, good-humour, and worldly enjoyment is mixed up with the history of Allan Ramsay, that his life is one of the 'green and sunny spots' in literary biography. His genius was well rewarded; and he possessed that turn of mind which David Hume says it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year—a disposition always to see the favourable side of things.

Ramsay's poetical works are sufficiently various; and one of his editors has ambitiously classed them under heads of serious, elegiac, comic, satiric, epigrammatical, pastoral, lyric, epistolary, fables and tales. His tales are quaint and humorous, though, like those of Prior, they are too often indelicate. 'The Monk and Miller's Wife,' founded on a humorous old Scottish poem, is as happy an adaptation as any of Pope's or Dryden's from Chaucer. His lyrics want the grace, simplicity, and beauty which Burns breathed into these 'wood notes wild,' designed alike for cottage and hall; yet some of those in the 'Gentle Shepherd' are delicate and tender, and others, such as 'The Last Time I came o'er the Moor,' and 'The Yellow-haired Laddie,' are still favourites with all lovers of Scottish song. In one of the least happy of the lyrics there occurs this beautiful image:

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely, O:
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely, O.

1 From the manuscript collections in Culloden House.

2 Neither slow nor pettish

His 'Lochaber no More' is a strain of manly feeling and unaffected pathos. The poetical epistles of Ramsay were undoubtedly the prototypes of those by Burns, and many of the stanzas may challenge comparison with them. He makes frequent classical allusions, especially to the works of Horace, with which he seems to have been well acquainted, and whose gay and easy turn of mind harmonised with his own. In an epistle to Mr. James Arbuckle, the poet gives a characteristic and minute painting of himself.

Inprimis, then, for tallness, I
Am five foot and four inches high;
A black-a-vised (1) snod dapper fellow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;
With pliz of a morocco cut,
Resembling a late man of wit,
Auld gabbet Spec, (2) who was so cunning
To be a dummie ten years running.
Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Ths mair to mirth than grief inclined:
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than shew dishke by melancholy;

Well judging a sour heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.
I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I 'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
Great tables ne'er engaged my wishes
When crowded with o'er moun dishes;
A healthfu' stomach, sharply set,
Prefers a back-sey (3) piping het.
I never could imagine 't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I count occasion thus to shew it.

Ramsay addressed epistles to Gay and Somerville, and the latter paid him *in kind*, in very flattering verses. In one of Allan's answers is the following picturesque sketch, in illustration of his own contempt for the stated rules of art:

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum-trees by their side;
Where woodbines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
Where mixed jonquils and gowans grow.
And roses 'midst rank clover blow
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
In wimplings led by nature's hand;
Though docks and brambles here and there

May sometimes cheat the gardener's care,
Yet this to me's a paradise
Compared with prime cut plots and mize,
Where nature has to art resigned,
Till all looks mean, stiff, and confined.
Heaven Homer taught; the critic draws
Only from him and such their laws:
The native bards first plunge the deep
Before the artful dare to leap.

The 'Gentle Shepherd' is the greatest of Ramsay's works, and perhaps the finest pastoral drama in the world. It possesses that air of primitive simplicity and seclusion which seems indispensable in compositions of this class, at the same time that its landscapes are filled with lifelike beings, who interest us from their character, situation, and circumstances. It has none of that studied pruriency and unnatural artifice which are intruded into the 'Faithful Shepherdess' of Fletcher, and is equally free from the tedious allegory and forced conceits of most pastoral poems. It is a genuine picture of Scottish life, but of life passed in simple rural employments, apart from the guilt and fever of large towns, and reflecting only the pure and un-

1 Dark complexioned. From *black* and *Fr. obs.* the visage.

2 The *Spectator*, No. 1, by Addison

3 A Sirlow.

sophisticated emotions of our nature. The affected sensibilities and feigned distresses of the 'Corydons' and 'Delias' find no place in Ramsay's clear and manly page. He drew his shepherds from the life, placed them in scenes which he actually saw, and made them speak the language which he every day heard—the free idiomatic speech of his native vales. His art lay in the beautiful selection of his materials—in the grouping of his well-defined characters—the invention of a plot, romantic, yet natural—the delightful appropriateness of every speech and auxiliary incident—and in the tone of generous sentiment and true feeling which sanctifies this scene of humble virtue and happiness. The love of his 'gentle' rustics is at first artless and confiding, though partly disguised by maiden coyness and arch humour; and it is expressed in language and incidents alternately amusing and impassioned. At length the hero is elevated in station above his mistress, and their affection assumes a deeper character from the threatened dangers of a separation. Mutual distress and tenderness break down reserve. The simple heroine, without forgetting her natural dignity and modesty, lets out her whole soul to her early companion; and when assured of his unalterable attachment, she not only, like Miranda, 'weeps at what she is glad of,' but, with the true pride of a Scottish maiden, she resolves to study 'gentler charms,' and to educate herself to be worthy of her lover. Poetical justice is done to this faithful attachment, by both the characters being found equal in birth and station. The poet's taste and judgment are evinced in the superiority which he gives his hero and heroine, without debasing their associates below their proper level; while a ludicrous contrast to both is supplied by the underplot of Bauldy and his courtships. The elder characters in the piece afford a fine relief to the youthful pairs, besides completing the rustic picture. While one scene discloses the young shepherds by 'craigy bields' and 'crystal springs,' or presents Peggy and Jenny on the bleaching-green—

A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground—

another shews us the snug thatched cottage with its barn and peat-stack, or the interior of the house, with a clear *ingle* glancing on the floor, and its inmates happy with innocent mirth and rustic plenty. The drama altogether makes one proud of peasant-life and the virtues of a Scottish cottage. In imitation of Gay in his 'Beggars Opera,' Ramsay interspersed songs throughout the 'Gentle Shepherd,' which tend to interrupt the action of the piece, and too often merely repeat, in a diluted form, the sentiments of the dialogue. These songs in themselves, however, are simple and touching lyrics, and added greatly to the effect of the drama on the stage. In reading it, the songs may be advantageously passed over, leaving undisturbed the most perfect delineation of rural life and manners, without vulgar humility or affectation, that was ever drawn.

Ode from Horace.

Look up to Pentland's towering tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur, and slap, (1)
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whims or tee,
There's no ae gowrier to be seen,
No douser fouk wysing aje
The biassed bowls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben ;
That mutchkin-stoup it hauds but dibs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen. (2)

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon ;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth then while ;
They can a iowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wud ;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstones thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, ' Be quiet,'
The blattering winds date nae mair
move,

But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours ;

In this instance, the felicitous manner in which Ramsay has preserved the Horatian ease and spirit, and at the same time clothed the whole in a true Scottish garb, renders his version superior even to Dryden's English one. For comparison two stanzas of the latter are subjoined.

Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsoured with sorrow
bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possess'd ;
The best is but in season best.

On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip.
And lay ye twalfald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome
time ;
Then lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the soft minutes of delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath ;
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she keep ony skath.

' Haith, ye're ill-bred,' she'll smiling say ;
' Ye'll worry me, you greedy rook ;'
Syn'e frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Hei laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen maysays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly tooke for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant ;
Then surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

The appointed hour of promised bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyneess
feign,
And ludes but to be found again ;
These, these are joys the gods for youth
ordain.

1 *Cleugh*, a hollow between hills, *scaur*, a bare hill-side ; *slap*, a narrow pass between two hills.

2 A large bottle of claret holding three *magnums* or Scots pints.

Song.—Tune, 'Bush Aboon Traquair.'

At setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aft the bidden bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain:
 There will I tell the trees and dowers,
 From thoughts unfeigned and tender;
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart that cannot wander.

Lochaber no More.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've many day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Though bonie on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind;
 Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Rustic Courtship — From the 'Gentle Shepherd.'—Act I.

Hear how I served my lass I lo'e as weel
 As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal.
 Last morning I was gye and early out,
 Upon a dike I leaned, glow'ring about;
 I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lea;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
 For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
 And she was close upon me ere she wist:
 Her coats were kiltif, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
 Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
 And oh! her mouth's like ony hunny pear
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blithsome, I cried: 'My bonny Meg, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteen;
 But I can guess: ye're gaun to gather dew.'
 She scoured away, and said: 'What's that to you;
 'Then, fare-ye-well, Meg Douts, and e'en 's ye like,'

I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came with a right thieveless errand back.
 Miscal'd me first; then bade me hound my dog,
 To wear up thrie wafle ewes strayed on the bog.
 I leugh; and sae did she; then wi' great haste
 I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips.
 My very saul came loupin' to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she 'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she 'll gang cleau wud.

Dialogue on Marriage.

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green;
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
 The water clear, the lift unclouded blue,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

PEGGY. Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How,
 There a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:
 There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little hnn,
 The water fa's and maks a singin' din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear a glass,
 Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass. . . .
 We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
 The lads they're feeding far beyond the height.
 But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
 What gais ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
 The neebours a' tent this as weel as I,
 That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by,
 What ails ye at him? Tho', between us twa,
 He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.

JENNY. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug.
 Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet lug.
 Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee.
 And spreads his gartons diced beneath his knee;
 He talds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair:
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, 'How d' ye?'—or, 'There's a bonny day.'

PEGGY. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
 Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
 But ye 'll repent ye, if his love grow could—
 What likes 's a darty maiden when she's auld? . . .

JENNY. I never thought a single life a crime.
 PEGGY. Nor I: but love in whispers let's us ken.
 That men were made for us, and we for men. . . .
 Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife.
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots tooling at your knee:

When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish.

Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss ?

Can there be toil in tending day and night

The like o' them, when love maks care delight ?

JENNY. But poorth, Peggy, is the warst o' a' ;

Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,

But little love or canty cheer can come

Frae duddy doublets, and a panty toom.

Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away

Frae aff the holins your dainty lucks o' hay.

The thuck-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,

May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes.

A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,

But, on the day o' payment, breaks, and flees

Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent ;

It's no to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.

His honour maunna want—he pounds your gear ;

Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?

Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;

Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY. Mav sic ill-luck befa' that silly she

Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.

Let lunk bode weel, and strive to do their best ;

Nae mair's required ; let Heaven mak out the rest.

I've heard my honest uncle often say,

That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;

For the maist thrifty man could never get

A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let :

Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,

To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart :

Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,

And win the vogue at market, non, or fair,

For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.

A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,

Shall first be said to pay the laird his due ;

Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus without fear.

Wi' love and rowth, we through the world will steer ;

And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows life,

He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY. But what if some young gilet on the green,

Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,

Should gar you Patie think his halt-worn Meg,

And her kenned kisses, hardly worth a reg ?

PEGGY. Nae mair o' that—Deat Jenny, to be free,

There's some men constanter in love than we :

Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind

Hast blest them wi' solidity o' mind.

They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,

When our short passions wad our peace beguile :

Sae, whenso'er they slight their maiks at hame,

It's ten to aye the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll emp'oy wi' pleasure a' my art

To keep him cheerin', and secure his heart.

At e'en, when he come weary frae the hill,

I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will ;

In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,

A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane ;

And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff.

The setthing pat's be ready to tak aff ;

Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,

And serve him wi' the best we can afford ;

Good-humour and white ligonets shall be

Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

JENNY. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And dossen down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

PEGGY. But we'll grow auld thegither, and n'er find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.

See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some year syne bridegroom and bride:

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest.
Till wide then spreading branches ate increast.

And in their mixture now are fully blest:

This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the west.

Sic as stand single—a state sae liked by you!—
Beneath ilk storm, frae every art, maun bow.

JENNY. I've done—I yield, dear lassie; I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field.

DRAMATISTS.

The dramatic literature of this period was, like its general poetry, polished and artificial. In tragedy, the highest name is that of Southerne, who may claim, with Otway, the power of touching the passions, yet his language is feeble compared with that of the great dramatists, and his general style low and unimpressive. Addison's 'Cato' is more properly a classical poem than a drama—as cold and less vigorous than the tragedies of Jonson. In comedy, the national taste is apparent in its faithful and witty delineations of polished life, of which Wycherley and Congreve had set the example, and which was well continued by Farquhar and Vanbrugh. Beaumont and Fletcher first introduced what may be called comedies of intrigue, borrowed from the Spanish drama; and the innovation appears to have been congenial to the English taste, for it still pervades our comic literature. The vigorous exposure of the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier, and the essays of Steele and Addison, improving the taste and moral feeling of the public, a partial reformation took place of those nuisances of the drama which the Restoration had introduced. The Master of the Revels, by whom all plays had to be licensed, also aided in this work of retrenchment; but a glance at even those *improved* plays of the reign of William III. and his successors, will shew that ladies frequenting the theatres had still occasion to wear masks, which Colley Cibber says they usually did on the production of a new play.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE (1659–1746) may be classed either with the last or the present period. His life was long, extended, and prosperous. He was a native of Dublin, but came to England, and enrolled himself in the Middle Temple as a student of law. He afterwards entered the army, and held the rank of captain under the Duke of

York, at the time of Monmouth's insurrection His latter days were spent in retirement, and in the possession of a considerable fortune.

Southerne wrote ten plays, but only two exhibit his characteristic powers, namely 'Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage,' and 'Oroonoko.' The latter is founded on an actual occurrence, Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, and carried to one of the West India islands The impassioned grandeur of Oroonoko's sufferings, his burst of horror and indignation at the slave-trade, and his unhappy passion for Imoinda, are powerful and pathetic. In the following scene, the hero and heroine unexpectedly meet after a long absence :

OROONOKO. My soul steals from my body through my eyes ;
All that is left of life I'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.

LIEUT. 'This is strange'

OROO. If you but mock me with her image here .

If she be not Imoinda—

[She looks upon him and falls into a swoon; he runs to her.

Ha ! she faints !

Nay, then, it must be she—it is Imoinda !

My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,

To welcome her to her own empire here.

[Kisses her.

Imoinda ! oh, thy Oroonoko calls.

IMOINDA *(recovering)*. My Oroonoko ! Oh ! I can't believe

What any man can say. But if I am

To be deceived, there's something in that name,

That voice, that face—

[Stares at him.

Oh ! if I know myself. I cannot be mistaken.

[Embraces him.

OROO. Never here :

You cannot be mistaken : I am yours,

Your Oroonoko, all that you would have ;

Your tender, loving husband.

IMO. All, indeed,

That I would have : my husband ! then I am

Alive, and waking to the joys I feel :

They were so great, I could not think 'em true ;

But I believe all that you say to me :

For truth itself, and everlasting love

Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.

OROO. Take, take me all ; inquire into my heart—

You know the way to every secret there—

My heart, the sacred treasury of love :

And if, in absence, I have disemployed

A mite from the rich store ; if I have spent

A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you,

May I be cursed to wish and sigh in vain,

And you not pity me.

IMO. Oh ! I believe,

And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,

Since last we parted, have beheld the face

Of any comfort, or once wished to see

The light of any other heaven but you,

May I be struck this moment blind, and lose

Your blessed sight, never to find you more.

OROO. Imoinda ! Oh ! this separation

Has made you dearer, if it can be so,

Than you were ever to me. You appear

Like a kind star to my benighted steps,

To guide me on my way to happiness :
 I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
 You think me mad : but let me bless you all,
 Who anyways have been the instruments
 Of finding her again. Imoinda's found !
 And everything that I would have in her.

[Embraces her.]

BLAND. Sir, we congratulate your happiness ; I do most heartily.

LIEUT. And all of us : but how it comes to pass—

OROO. That would require

More precious time than I can spare you now.

I have a thousand things to ask of her,

And she as many more to know of me.

But you have made me happier, I confess.

Acknowledge it, much happier than I

Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,

Even you, who most have wronged me, I forgive.

I will not say you have betrayed me now :

I'll think you but the minister of fate,

To bring me to my loved Imoinda here.

IMO. How, how shall I receive you ? how be worthy

Of such endearments, all this tenderness ?

These are the transports of prosperity,

When fortune smiles upon us.

OROO. Let the fools

Who follow fortune live upon her smiles ;

All our prosperity is placed in love ;

We have enough of that to make us happy.

This little spot of earth you stand upon

Is more to me than the extended plains

Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign

In full delights, in joys to power unknown ;

Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

[Exeunt.]

Mr. Hallam says that Southerne was the first English writer who denounced (in this play) the traffic in slaves and the cruelties of their West Indian bondage. This is an honour which should never be omitted in any mention of the dramatist. 'Isabella' is more correct and regular than 'Oroonoko,' and the part of the heroine affords scope for a tragic actress, scarcely inferior in pathos to Belvidera. Otway, however, has more depth of passion, and more vigorous delineation of character. The plot of 'Isabella' is simple. In abject distress, and believing her husband, Biron, to be dead, Isabella is hurried into a second marriage. Biron returns, and the distress of the heroine terminates in madness and death. Comic scenes are interspersed throughout Southerne's tragedies, which, though they relieve the sombre colouring of the main action and interest of the piece, are sometimes misplaced and unpleasant.

Return of Biron.

A Chamber—Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA. I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
 That have made nature start from her old course ;
 The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down
 From her career, still paler, and subdued
 To the abuses of this under world.
 Now I believe all possible. This ring,
 This little ring, with necromantic force,

Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears ;
 Conjured the sense of honour and of love
 Into such shapes, they fright me from myself !
 I dare not think of them

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. Madam, the gentleman's below.

ISA. I had forgot ; pray, let me speak with him.
 This ring was the first present of my love
 To Biron, my first husband ; I must blush
 To think I have a second. Biron died
 (Still to my loss) at Cardy ; there's my hope
 Oh, do I live to hope that he died there ?
 It must be so ; he's dead, and this ring left,
 By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
 To bring me back again :
 That's all I have to trust to.

[Exit Nurse.]

Enter BIRON—(ISABELLA looking at him.)

My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all ;
 And let me, let me say it to myself,
 I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

BIRON. Have you forgot me quite ?

ISA. Forgot you !

BIR. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes !

My Isabella !

(He goes to her, she shrinks, and faints.)

ISA. Ha !

BIR. Oh ! come again ;

Thy Biron summons thee to life and love ;
 Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
 Thy Biron speaks to thee.
 Excess of love and joy, for my return,
 Has overpowered her. I was to blame
 To take thy sex's softness unprepared ;
 But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
 This ecstasy has made my welcome more
 Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,
 False coined, and current only from the tongue,
 Without the mind ; but passion's in the soul.
 And always speaks the heart.

ISA. Where have I been ? Why do you keep him from me ?
 I know his voice ; my life, upon the wing,
 Hears the soft lure that brings me back again ;
 'Tis he himself, my Biron.

Do I hold you fast,
 Never to part again ?

If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.

BIR. Live ever in these arms.

ISA. But pardon me :

Excuse the wild disorder of my soul ;
 The joy, the strange, surprising joy of seeing you,
 Of seeing you again, distracted me.

BIR. Thou everlasting goodness !

ISA. Answer me :

What hand of Providence has brought you back
 To your own home again ?

Oh, tell me all,

For every thought confounds me.

BIR. My best life ! at leisure all.

ISA. We thought you dead ; killed at the siege of Candy.

BIR. There I fell among the dead ;

But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave.
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too.

ISA. What a world of woe
Had been prevented but in hearing from you!

BIR. Alas! thou couldst not help me.

ISA. You do not know how much I could have done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all;
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants.

BIR. My little boy!

ISA. My life, but to have heard
You were alive.

BIR. No more, my love; complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again!
I have a thousand things to say to thee.

ISA. Would I were past the hearing.

BIR. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he's living still.

ISA. Well, both; both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.

BIR. Come, no more tears.

ISA. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss
Have mourned with me.

BIR. And all my days to come
Shall be employed in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy?

ISA. He's gone to bed, I'll have him brought to you.

BIR. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

ISA. Alas! what shall I get for you?

BIR. Nothing but rest, my love. To-might I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family -
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time;
To-morrow will do better.

ISA. I'll dispose of her, and order everything
As you would have it.

BIR. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends;
And let me then forget her, if I can.
Oh! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father and his fortune for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons.
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness?
What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISA. I have obeyed your pleasure;
Everything is ready for you.

BIR. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit.*]

Of happiness ; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me ;
I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.

ISA. Shall I attend you ?

BIR. By no means ;

I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself ;
You'll make haste after ?

ISA. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you.

[Exit Biron.

My players ! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more,
What Heaven could give I have enjoyed ; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come is a long life of woe ;
Yet I may shorten it

I promised him to follow—him !

Is he without a name ? Biron, my husband—

My husband ! Ha ! What, then, is Villeroy ?

Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner !

[Weeping.

What's to be done ? for something must be done.

Two husbands ! married to both,

And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain—

Ha ! a lucky thought

Works the right way to rid me of them all .

All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,

That every tongue and finger will find for me.

Let the just horror of my apprehensions

But keep me warm ; no matter what can come.

'Tis but a blow ; yet I will see him first,

Have a last look, to heighten my despair,

And then to rest forever.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was also bred to the law, and forsook it for the tragic drama. He was born in 1673 or 1674 of a good family at Little Barford, in Bedfordshire. His father had an estate at Lamerton, in Devonshire, and was a serjeant-at-law in the Temple. Nicholas, during the earlier years of manhood, lived on a patrimony of £300 a year in chambers in the Temple. His first tragedy, 'The Ambitious Stepmother,' acted in 1700, was performed with great success; and it was followed by 'Tamerlane,' 'The Fair Penitent,' 'Ulysses,' 'The Royal Convert,' 'Jane Shore,' and 'Lady Jane Grey.' Rowe, on rising into fame as an author, was munificently patronized. The Duke of Queensberry made him his secretary for public affairs. On the accession of George I. he was made poet-laureate and a surveyor of customs ; the Prince of Wales appointed him clerk of his council ; and the Lord Chancellor gave him the office of clerk of the presentations. Rowe was a favourite in society. It is stated that his voice was uncommonly sweet, his observations lively, and his manners so engaging, that his friends, amongst whom were Pope, Swift, and Addison, delighted in his conversation. Yet it is also reported by Spence, that there was a certain levity and carelessness about him, which made Pope, on one occasion, declare him to have no heart. Rowe

was the first editor of Shakspeare entitled to the name, and the first to attempt the collection of a few biographical particulars of the immortal dramatist. He was twice married, and died in 1718. His widow—who afterwards married a Colonel Dean—received a pension from the crown, ‘in consideration,’ not of his dramatic genius, but ‘of the translation of Lucan’s “Pharsalia” made by her late husband!’ The widow erected a handsome monument over her husband’s grave in Westminster Abbey.

In addition to the dramatic works we have enumerated, Rowe was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, which scarcely ever rises above dull and respectable mediocrity. His tragedies are passionate and tender, with an equable and smooth style of versification, not unlike that of Ford. His ‘Jane Shore’ is still occasionally performed, and is effective in the pathetic scenes descriptive of the sufferings of the heroine. ‘The Fair Penitent’ was long a popular play, and the ‘gallant gay Lothario’ was the prototype of many stage seducers and romance heroes. Richardson elevated the character in his *Lovelace*, giving at the same time a purity and sanctity to the sorrows of his *Clarissa*, which leave Row’s *Calista* immeasurably behind. The incidents of Rowe’s dramas are well arranged for stage effect; they are studied and prepared in the manner of the French school, and were adapted to the taste of the age. As the study of Shakspeare and the romantic drama has advanced in this country, Rowe has proportionally declined, and is now but seldom read or acted. His popularity in his own day is best seen in the epitaph by Pope—a beautiful and tender effusion of friendship, which, however, is perhaps not irreconcilable with the anecdote preserved by Spence:

Thy relics, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honoured bust;
Oh! next him, skilled to draw the tender tear.
For never heart felt passion more sincere:
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Britain more disdained a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.’

Penitence and Death of Jane Shore.

JANE SHORE, her HUSBAND, and BELMOUR.

BELMOUR. How fare you, lady?

JANE SHORE. My heart is thrilled with horror.

BEL. Be of courage;

Your husband lives! ’tis he, my worthiest friend.

JANE S. Still art thou there? still dost thou hover round me?

Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!

BEL. ’Tis he himself! he lives! look up

JANE S. I dare not.

Oh, that my eyes could shut him out for ever!

SHORE. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee.
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more.

JANE S. Oh! thou most injured—dost thou live, indeed?
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.

SHORE. Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond, forgiving love.
Let us haste.

Now, while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.

JANE S. What shall I say to you? But I obey.

SHORE. Lean on my arm.

JANE S. Alas! I am woundrous faint:

But that 's not strange, I have not ate these three days.

SHORE. Oh, merciless!

JANE S. Oh! I'm sick at heart!

SHORE. Thou murderous sorrow!

Would thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?

Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent!

Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:

Grief masters every sense—help me to hold her.

Enter CATESBY with a Guard.

CATESBY. Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state!

BEL. What means this violence?

[Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.]

CATES. Have we not found you,

In scorn of the Protector's strict command

Assisting this base woman, and abetting

Her infamy?

SHORE. Infamy on thy head!

Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!

I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,

And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her.

CATES. You 'll answer this at full: away with 'em.

SHORE. Is charity grown treason to your court?

What honest man would live beneath such rulers?

I am content that we should die together.

CATES. Convey the man to prison; but for her—

Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.

JANE S. I will not part with him: for me!—for me!

Oh! must he die for me? *[Following him as he is carried off—she falls.]*

SHORE. Inhuman villains! *[Breaks from the Guards.]*

Stand off! the agonies of death are on her!

She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

JANE S. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?

Oh! let me go, ye ministers of terror.

We shall offend no more, for I will die,

And yield obedience to your cruel master

Tarry a little, but a little longer,

And take my last breath with you.

SHORE. Oh, my love!
 Why have I lived to see this bitter moment—
 This grief by far surpassing all my former?
 Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me
 With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
 As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
 Thou couldst not speak?

JANE S. Forgive me! but forgive me!

SHORE. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
 Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
 Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
 May such befall me at my latest hour,
 And make my portion blest or curst for ever!

JANE S. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace.
 'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now:
 Was there not something I should have bequeathed you?
 But I have nothing left me to bestow,
 Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heaven!

[Dies.]

Calista's Passion for Lothario.

A Hall—CALISTA and LUCILLA.

CALISTA. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
 Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
 My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
 If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale
 Of pining discontent and black despair;
 For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
 But all are indignation, love, or shame,
 And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

LUCILLA. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
 That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
 Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
 That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
 Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont
 Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.

CAL. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
 Has formed a dismal, melancholy scene,
 Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
 An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
 Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
 Ravens and birds ill-omened only dwell:
 No sound to break the silence, but a brook
 That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
 Of any human shape that had been there,
 Unless the skeleton of some poor wretch
 Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
 Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

LUC. Alas! for pity.

CAL. There I fain would hide me.
 From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
 For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
 Never to live with public loss of honour:
 'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
 Of each affected she that tells my story,
 And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
 To be a tale for fools! Scorned by the women,
 And pited by the men. Oh! insupportable!

LUC. Oh! hear me, hear your ever-faithful creature;
 By all the good I wish you, by all the ill
 My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you

Never to see this faithless man again—
Let me forbid his coming.

CAL. On thy life,
I charge thee, no ; my genius drives me on ;
I must. I will behold him once again ;
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden ; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

LUC. Trust not to that :
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls ;
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon ;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, Love, supplies its place.

CAL. I have been wronged enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion ; but, alas !—
Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me—
A woman's softness hangs about me still ;
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
Ha ! Altamont ! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling :
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

[Exit Lucilla.]

WILLIAM LILLO.

The experiment of domestic tragedy, founded on sorrows incident to real life in the lower and middling ranks, was tried with considerable success by WILLIAM LILLO (1693-1739), a jeweller in London. Lillo carried on business successfully for several years, dying with property to a considerable amount, and an estate worth £60 per annum. Possessing a literary taste, this industrious citizen devoted his leisure hours to the composition of three dramas, 'George Barnwell,' 'Fatal Curiosity,' and 'Arden of Feversham.' A tragedy on the latter subject had, it will be recollected, appeared about the time of Shakspeare. At this early period of the drama, the style of Lillo may be said to have been also shadowed forth in the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' and one or two other plays founded on domestic occurrences. These, however, were rude and irregular, and were driven off the stage by the romantic drama of Shakspeare and his successors. Lillo had a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and his style was generally smooth and easy. To the masters of the drama he stands in a position similar to that of Defoe, compared with Cervantes or Sir Walter Scott. His 'George Barnwell' describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and to an ignominious death. The characters are naturally delineated ; and we have no doubt it

was correctly said that 'George Barnwell' drew more tears than the rants of 'Alexander the Great.' His 'Fatal Curiosity' is a far higher work. Driven by destitution, an old man and his wife murder a rich stranger who takes shelter in their house, and they discover, but too late, that they have murdered their son, returned after a long absence. The harrowing details of this tragedy are powerfully depicted; and the agonies of old Wilmot, the father, constitute one of the most appalling and affecting incidents in the drama.

The execution of Lillo's plays is unequal, and some of his characters are dull and commonplace; but he was a forcible painter of the dark shades of humble life. His plays have not kept possession of the stage. The taste for murders and public executions has declined; and Lillo was deficient in poetical and romantic feeling. The question, whether the familiar cast of his subjects was fitted to constitute a more genuine or only a subordinate walk in tragedy, is discussed by Campbell in the following eloquent paragraph:

'Undoubtedly the genuine delineation of the human heart will please us, from whatever station or circumstances of life it is derived. In the simple pathos of tragedy, probably very little difference will be felt from the choice of characters being pitched above or below the line of mediocrity in station. But something more than pathos is required in tragedy; and the very pain that attends our sympathy requires agreeable and romantic associations of the fancy to be blended with its poignancy. Whatever attaches ideas of importance, publicity, and elevation to the object of pity, forms a brightening and alluring medium to the imagination. Athens herself, with all her simplicity and democracy, delighted on the stage to

Let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by.

Even situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life, are more picturesque and poetical than its ordinary level. It is certainly on the virtues of the middling rank of life that the strength and comforts of society chiefly depend, in the same manner as we look for the harvest, not on cliffs and precipices, but on the easy slope and the uniform plain. But the painter does not, in general, fix on level countries for the subjects of his noblest landscapes. There is an analogy, I conceive, to this in the moral painting of tragedy. Disparities of station give it boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery—the region where its storm and sunshine may be portrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring.'

Fatal Curiosity.

YOUNG WILMOT, unknown, enters the house of his parents and delivers them a casket, requesting to retire an hour for rest.

AGNES the mother, alone, with the casket in her hand.

AGNES. Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,

As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
 His confidence amazes me. Perhaps
 It is not what he says I'm strongly tempted
 To open it and see. No; let it rest.
 Why should my curiosity excite me
 To search and pry into the affairs of others,
 Who have to employ my thoughts so many cares
 And sorrows of my own? With how much ease
 The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
 My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
 Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
 How immense the worth of those fair jewels!
 Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
 Base poverty and all its abject train;
 The mean devices we're reduced to use
 To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
 From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
 The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
 Of an insulting world. Possessed of these,
 Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
 And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
 At our approach, and once more bend before us.
 A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
 More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
 For sure, it was a happiness to think,
 Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
 Nay, it was more than thought. I saw and touched
 The bright temptation, and I see it yet.
 'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.
 Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
 Am I in love with misery and want,
 To rob myself, and count so vast a loss?
 Retain it then. But how? There is a way.
 Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
 Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice,
 But dire necessity, suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

OLD WILMOT. The mind contented, with how little pains
 The wandering senses yield to soft repose,
 And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep
 Already—happy man! What dost thou think,
 My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
 He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
 Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears,
 He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips;
 And with a look that pierced me to the soul,
 Begged me to comfort thee, and— Dost thou hear me?
 What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well.
 This casket was delivered to you closed:
 Why have you opened it? Should this be known,
 How mean must we appear!

AGNES. And who shall know it?

O. WIL. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
 Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
 May be maintained and cherished to the last.
 To live without reproach, and without leave
 To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt
 And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

AGNES. Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of sense!
 Pursue no further this detested theme:
 I will not die. I will not leave the world

For all that you can urge, until compelled.

O. WIL. To chase a shadow, when the sitting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing :
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice :
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

AGNES. Nor live, I hope.

O. WIL. There is no fear of that.

AGNES. Then we'll live both.

O. WIL. Strange folly ! Where's the means ?

AGNES. The means are there ; those jewels.

O. WIL. Ha ! take heed :

Perhaps thou dost but try me ; yet take heed
There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
In some condition may be brought to approve ;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.

AGNES. And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

O. WIL. The inhospitable murder of our guest ?
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy ;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror ?

AGNES. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life than end our own.

O. WIL. It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime :
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss. And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
Oh, what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborned
To plead the cause of vile assassination !

AGNES. You're too severe : reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.

O. WIL. Rest contented :

Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betrayed within : my will's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation
Does it to be o'ercome.

AGNES. Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on or delayed.
We must despatch him sleeping : should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.

O. WIL. True, his strength,
Single, is more, much more than ours united ;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Generous, unhappy man ! Oh, what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish !

AGNES. By what means ?

By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death ?

O. WIL. Why, what a fiend !
How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient,
Have pride and poverty made thee !

AGNES. Barbarous man !
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest entreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote inhospitable land.

The loveliest youth in person and in mind
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains !
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then ?
Thou cruel husband ! thou unnatural father !
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man !
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son ;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me.

O. WIL. Dry thy tears :
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much : so have we both.
But chide no more : I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor ill-fated unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear ;
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself. What shall I use ?

AGNES. The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.

O. WIL. No.
'Tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt. Steal to the door,
And bring me word if he be still asleep.
Or I'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch !
Thy thoughts are perishing ; thy youthful joys,
Touched by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom. But though extinguished,
He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch : to die well pleased
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then ?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He's to be envied, if compared with me.

[Exit Agnes.]

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

The comedies of CONGREVE abound more than any others, perhaps, in the English language, in witty dialogue and lively incident, but their licentiousness has banished them from the stage. The life of this eminent dramatic writer was a happy and prosperous one. He was born at Bardsey, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and baptised February 10, 1669-70. He was of a good family, and his father held a military employment in Ireland, where the poet was educated—first at Kilkenny School, and then at Trinity College, Dublin. He studied

law in the Middle Temple, but began early to write for the stage. His 'Old Bachelor' was produced in January 1692-3, and acted with great applause. Lord Halifax conferred appointments on him in the customs and other departments of public service, worth £600 per annum. Other plays soon appeared: the 'Double Dealer' in 1694; 'Love for Love' in 1695; the 'Mourning Bride,' a tragedy, in 1697; and the 'Way of the World' in 1700. In 1710 he published a collection of miscellaneous poems, of which one little piece, 'Doris,' is worthy of his fame; and his good-fortune still following him, he obtained, on the accession of George I. the office of secretary for the island of Jamaica, which raised his emoluments to about £1200 per annum. Basking in the sunshine of opulence and courtly society, Congreve wished to forget that he was an author; and when Voltaire waited upon him, he said he would rather be considered a gentleman than a poet. 'If you had been merely a gentleman,' said the witty Frenchman, 'I should not have come to visit you.' A complaint in the eyes, which terminated in total blindness, afflicted Congreve in his latter days: he died at his house in London on the 19th of January 1729-30.

Dryden complimented Congreve as one whom every muse and grace adorned; and Pope dedicated to him his translation of the 'Iliad.' What higher literary honours could have been paid a poet whose laurels were all gained, or at least planted, by the age of thirty? One incident in the history of Congreve is too remarkable to be omitted. He contracted a close intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough (daughter of the great duke), sat at her table daily, and assisted in her household management. On his death, he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £10,000, to this eccentric lady. The duchess spent seven of the ten thousand pounds in the purchase of a diamond necklace. 'How much better would it have been to have given it to Mrs. Bracegirdle,' said Young the poet and clergyman. Mrs. Bracegirdle was an actress with whom Congreve had been very intimate for many years. The duchess honoured the poet's remains with a splendid funeral. The corpse lay in state under the ancient roof of the Jerusalem chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, who had been Speaker, and was afterwards first Lord of the Treasury, and other men of high consideration. The Duchess of Marlborough, if report is to be believed, further manifested her regard for the deceased poet in a manner that spoke more for her devotedness than her taste. It is said that she had a statue of him in ivory, which moved by clock-work, and was placed daily at her table; that she had a wax-doll made in imitation of him, and that the feet of this doll were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been when he suffered from the gout. This idol of fashion and literature has been removed by the just award of posterity from the high place

he once occupied. His plays are generally without poetry or imagination, and his comic genius is inextricably associated with sensuality and profaneness. We admire his brilliant dialogue and repartee, and his exuberance of dramatic incident and character; but the total absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life—the beauty and gracefulness of female virtue, the feelings of generosity, truth, honour, affection, modesty, and tenderness—leaves his pages barren and unproductive of any permanent interest or popularity. His glittering artificial life possesses but few charms to the lovers of nature or of poetry, and is not recommended by any moral purpose or sentiment. The ‘Mourning Bride,’ Congreve’s only tragedy, possesses higher merit than most of the serious plays of that day. It has the stiffness of the French School, with no small affectation of fine writing, without passion, yet it possesses poetical scenes and language. The opening lines have often been quoted:

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I’ve read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Dr. Johnson considered the following extract as forming the most poetical paragraph in the whole range of the drama—finer than any one in Shakspeare!

Description of a Cathedral.

ALMERIA—LEONORA.

ALMERIA. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.

LEONORA. It bore the accent of a human voice.

ALM. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We’ll listen.

LEON. Hark!

ALM. No; all is hushed and still as death. ’Tis dreadful
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart,
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

LEON. Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will increase your melancholy.

ALM. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me Anselmo’s tomb,
Lead me o’er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies; for I’ll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia’s more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill.

In Congreve's comedies there is a constant stream of wit and liveliness, and quick interchange of dialogue and incident. He was a master of dramatic rules and art. Nothing shews more forcibly the taste or inclination of the present day for the poetry of nature and passion, instead of the conventional world of our ancestors in the drama, than the neglect into which the works of Congreve have fallen, even as literary productions

Gay Young Men upon Town.—From the 'Old Bachelor.'

BELMOUR—VAINLOVE.

BELMOUR. Vainlove, and abroad so early! Good-morrow. I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in it.

VAINLOVE. Belmour, good-morrow. Why, truth on't is, these early sallies are not usual to me; but business, as you see, sir—[*Shewing letters*—and business must be followed, or be lost.

BEL. Business! And so must time, my friend, be close pursued or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.

VAIN. Pleasure, I guess you mean.

BEL. Ay, what else has meaning?

VAIN. Oh, the wise will tell you—

BEL. More than they believe or understand.

VAIN. How; how, Ned? a wise man says more than he understands?

BEL. Ay, ay, wisdom is nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was—that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools; they have need of them. Wit be my faculty, and pleasure my occupation; and let father Time shake his glass. Let low and earthly souls grovel till they have worked themselves six foot deep into a grave. Business is not my element; I roll in a higher orb, and dwell—

VAIN. In castles i' th' air of thy own building—that's thy element, Ned.

A Swaggering Bully and Boaster.—From the same

SIR JOSEPH WITTOL—SHARPER—CAPTAIN BLUFF.

SIR JOSEPH. Oh, here he comes. Ay, my Hector of Troy; welcome, my bully. my back; egad, my heart has gone pit-a-pat for thee.

BLUFF. How now, my young knight? Not for fear, I hope? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

SIR JOS. Nay, egad, I hate fear ever since I had like to have died of fright. But—

BLUFF. But! Look you here, boy: here's your antidote; here's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking fit. But who hast thou got with ye; is he of mettle?

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

SIR JOS. Ay, bully, a smart fellow; and will fight like a cock.

BLUFF. Say you so? Then I'll honour him. But has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghill.

SIR JOS. I don't know; but I'll present you.

BLUFF. I'll recommend myself. Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting. I reverence a man that loves fighting. Sir, I kiss your hults.

SHARPER. Sir, your servant, but you are misinformed; for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I am not for it.

BLUFF. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I find you are not of my palate; you can't relish a dish of fighting without some sauce. Now, I think fighting for fighting's sake is sufficient cause. Fighting to me is religion and the laws!

SIR JOS. Ah, well said, my hero! Was not that great, sir? By the Lord Harry, he says true; fighting is meat, drink, and clothes to him. But, Back, this gentleman

is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night. You know I told you.

BLUFF. Ay, then I honour him again. Sir, may I crave your name?

SHARPER. Ay, sir, my name's Sharper.

SIR JOS. Pray, Mr. Sharper, embrace my Back; very well. By the Lord Harry, Mr. Sharper, he is as brave a fellow as Cannibal; are you not, Bully-Back?

SHARPER. Hannibal, I believe you mean, Sir Joseph?

BLUFF. Undoubtedly he did, sir. Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted. But alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth.

SHARPER. How, sir? I make a doubt if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

BLUFF. Oh, excuse me, sir; have you served abroad, sir?

SHARPER. Not I, really, sir.

BLUFF. Oh, I thought so. Why, then, you can know nothing, sir. I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders with all its particulars.

SHARPER. Not I, sir; no more than public papers or Gazettes tell us.

BLUFF. Gazette! Why, there again now. Why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round, put into the Gazette. I'll tell you a strange thing now as to that. You must know, sir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there; but no matter for that. Perhaps, sir, there was scarce anything of moment done but a humble servant of yours that shall be nameless was an eye-witness of. I won't say had the greatest share in't—though I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know. Well, Mr. Sharper, would you think it? In all this time, as I hope for a truncheon, that rascally Gazette-writer never so much as once mentioned me. Not once, by the way! Took no more notice than as if Noll Blunt had not been in the land of the living.

SHARPER. Strange!

SIR JOS. Yet, by the Lord Harry, 'tis true, Mr. Sharper; for I went every day to coffee-houses to read the Gazette myself.

BLUFF. Ay, ay; no matter. You see, Mr. Sharper, after all, I am content to retire—live a private person. Scipio and others have done so.

SHARPER. Impudent rogue.

SIR JOS. Ay, this modesty of yours. Egad, if he would put in for't, he might be made general himself yet.

BLUFF. Oh, fie no, Sir Joseph; you know I hate this.

SIR JOS. Let me but tell Mr. Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon; egad, he did; those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames.

BLUFF. Death! What do you mean, Sir Joseph?

SIR JOS. Look you now, I tell you he is so modest, he'll own nothing.

BLUFF. Pish; you have put me out; I have forgot what I was about. Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave—

SIR JOS. I am dumb.

BLUFF. This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr. Sharper. This sword I'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in Europe; it shall decide a controversy, or split a cause.

SIR JOS. Nay, now, I must speak; it will split a hair; by the Lord Harry, I have seen it!

BLUFF. Zounds! sir, it is a he; you have not seen it, nor shan't see it: sir, I say you can't see. What d'ye say to that, now?

SIR JOS. I am blind.

BLUFF. Death! had any other man interrupted me.

SIR JOS. Good Mr. Sharper, speak to him; I dare not look that way.

SHARPER. Captain, Sir Joseph's penitent.

BLUFF. Oh, I am calm, sir; calm as a discharged culverin. But 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. Nay, come, Sir Joseph; you know my heat's soon over.

SIR JOS. Well, I am a fool sometimes, but I'm sorry.

BLUFF. Enough.

SIR JOS. Come, we'll go take a glass to drown animosities.

Scandal and Literature in High Life—From 'The Double Dealer.'

CYNTHIA—LORD and LADY FROTH—BRISK.

LADY FROTH. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town as well as in the country.

BRISK. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called 'heavens' charioteer.'

LADY F. Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here: you know what goes before—the comparison you know. [*Reads.*]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

BRISK. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

LADY F. No; for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

BRISK. Right, right; that saves all.

LADY F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

BRISK. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

LADY F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say,
He shews his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

BRISK. That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

LADY F. [*Reads.*]

And when at night his labour's done,
Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Ay, charioteer does better—

Into the dairy he descends.
And there his whipping and his driving ends;
There he's secure from danger of a balk;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

BRISK. Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make: don't you think *balk*—I know it's a good rhyme—but don't you think *balk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

LADY F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our Jehu was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

BRISK. Was he? I'm answered, if Jehu was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes though, to prevent criticism; only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, 'Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman.'

LADY F. I will; you'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

BRISK. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me perish!

LORD FROTH. Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whister and Mr. Sneer.

LADY F. Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsome top. Foh! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

LORD F. O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

BRISK. Who? my Lady Toothless? Oh, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old ewe.

LORD F. Foh!

LADY F. Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

BRISK. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

CYNTHIA. [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

LADY F. Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't lut of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

BRISK. I know whom you mean. But, deuce take me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish!

LADY F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

BRISK. Heh? egad, so I did. My lord can sing it.

CYNTHIA. O good, my lord; let us hear it.

BRISK. 'Tis not a song neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

LORD F. [*Sings.*]

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?

BRISK. Short, but there's salt in't. My way of writing, egad!

From 'Love for Love.'

ANGELICA—SIR SAMPSON LEGEND—TATTLE—MRS. FRAIL—MISS PRUE—BEN LEGEND and SERVANT.*

BEN. Where's father?

SERVANT. There, sir; his back's towards you.

SIR SAMPSON. My son, Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy; body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

BEN. Thank you, father; and I'm glad to see you.

SIR S. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [*Kisses him.*]

BEN. So, so; enough, father. Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

SIR S. And so thou shalt. Mrs. Angelica, my son Ben.

BEN. Forsooth, if you please. [*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship i' faith. [*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock boat—so. [*Kisses Miss.*]

TATTLE. Sir, you are welcome ashore.

BEN. Thank you, thank you, friend.

SIR S. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

BEN. Ay, ay, been! been far enough, an that be all. Well, father, and how do you all at home? How does brother Dick and brother Val?

SIR S. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years; I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

BEN. Mess, that's true; marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say. Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you. Well, you be not married again, father, be you?

SIR S. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben; I would not marry for thy sake.

BEN. Nay, what does that signify?—an you marry again, why, then, I'll go to sea again; so there's one for t' other, an that be all. Pray, don't let me be your hinder ance; e'en marry a God's name, an the wind sit that way. As for my part, may hap I have no mind to marry.

MRS. FRAIL. That would be a pity: such a handsome young gentleman.

* In the character of Ben, Congreve gave the first humorous and natural representation of the English sailor, afterwards so fertile and amusing a subject of delineation with Smollett and other novelists and dramatists.

BEN. Handsome! hee, hee, hee; nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest an the ship were sinking, as we say at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now, a man that is married has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get them out again when he would.

SIR S. Ben's a wag.

BEN. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man than a galley slave is like one of us free sailors. He is chained to an oar all his life; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

SIR S. A very wag! Ben's a very wag! Only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

Mrs F. Not at all; I like his humour mightily; it's plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

BEN. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman hugely. How say you, mistress! would you like going to sea? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a hugh wind, lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head. Top and top-gallant, by the mess.

Mrs F. No? why so?

BEN. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset, and then you'll carry your keels above water; hee, hee, hee.

ANGELICA. I swear Mr. Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature—an absolute sea-wit.

SIR S. Nay, Ben has parts; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take anything ill, madam.

BEN. No; I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part; for if I give a jest, I take a jest; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

ANG. I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended. But methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. Tatle, we must not hinder lovers.

TATLE. Well, Miss, I have your promise.

[*Aside to Miss.*]

SIR S. Body o' me, madam, you say true. Look you, Ben, this is your mistress. Come, Miss, you must not be shame-faced; we'll leave you together.

MISS PRUE. I can't abide to be left alone; may not my cousin stay with me?

SIR S. No, no; come, let us away.

BEN. Look you, father; mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

SIR S. I warrant thee, boy; come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

BEN and MISS PRUE.

BEN. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together. Come, I'll haul a chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit beside you.

MISS PRUE. You need not sit so near one; if you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off; I ain't deaf.

BEN. Whv, that's true, as you say, nor I ain't dumb; I can be heard as far as another. I'll heave off to please you [*Sits further off.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am as it were bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking; I was commanded by father; and if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

MISS P. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

BEN. No? I'm sorry for that. But pray, why are you so scornful?

MISS P. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

BEN. Nay, you say true in that; it's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way and to row another.

Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above-board; I'm not for keeping anything under hatches; so that if you bent as willing as I, say so a God's name; there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-faced; some maidens, tho' they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to 's face. If that's the case, why, silence gives consent.

MISS P. But I'm sure it's not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will. I'm too big to be whipt; so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more. So there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me any more, you ugly thing.

BEN. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil. As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end; and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father: I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat-o'-nine-tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t' other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small-beer to a bowl of punch.

MISS P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will; you great sea-calf.

BEN. What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket? Let 'n, let 'n, let 'n—but an he comes near me, mayhap I may give him a salt-cel for 's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy? Sea-calf! I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd you. Marry thee! oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wicked vessels.

From the sparkling, highly wrought love-scenes of Congreve it would be perilous to quote. 'I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him,' said Mr. Thackeray, in one of his admirable lectures; 'and my feelings were rather like those which I daresay most of us here have had at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy—a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted; of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love and cheeks dimpling with smiles that once covered yon ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!''*

* *English Humorists.*

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH united what Leigh Hunt calls the 'apparently incompatible geniuses' of comic writer and architect. His Blenheim and Castle Howard have outlived the 'Provoked Wife' or the 'Relapse;' yet the latter were highly popular once; and even Pope, though he admits his want of *grace*, says that he never wanted *wit*. Vanbrugh was the son of a successful sugar-baker, who rose to be an esquire, and comptroller of the Treasury Chamber, besides marrying the daughter of Sir Dudley Carlton. It is doubtful whether the dramatist was born in the French Bastile, or the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The time of his birth was about the year 1666, when Louis XIV. declared war against England. It is certain he was in France at the age of nineteen, and remained there some years. In 1695, he was appointed secretary to the commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital; and two years afterwards appeared his play of the 'Relapse' and the 'Provoked Wife,' 'Æsop,' the 'False Friend,' the 'Confederacy,' and other dramatic pieces followed. Vanbrugh was now highly popular. He made his design of Castle Howard in 1702, and Lord Carlisle appointed him Clarendieux king-at-arms, a heraldic office which gratified Vanbrugh's vanity. In 1706, he was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the habit and ensigns of the Order of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover; and in the same year he commenced his design for the great national structure at Blenheim. He built various other mansions, was knighted by George I. and appointed comptroller of the royal works. He died, aged sixty, in 1726. At the time of his death, Vanbrugh was engaged on a comedy, the 'Provoked Husband,' which Colley Cibber finished with equal talent. The architectural designs of Vanbrugh have been praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds for their display of imagination, and their originality of invention. Though ridiculed by Swift and other wits of the day for heaviness and incongruity of design, Castle Howard and Blenheim are noble structures, and do honour to the boldness of conception and picturesque taste of Vanbrugh.

As a dramatist, the first thing in his plays which strikes the reader is the lively ease of his dialogue. Congreve had more wit, but less nature, and less genuine unaffected humour and gaiety. Vanbrugh drew more from living originals, and depicted the manners of his times—the coarse debauchery of the country knight, the gallantry of town-wits and fortune-hunters, and the love of French intrigue and French manners in his female characters. Lord Foppington, in the 'Relapse,' is the original of most of those empty coxcombs who abound in modern comedy, intent only on dress and fashion. When he loses his mistress, he consoles himself with this reflection: 'Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aching heart is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of a person of quality.'

I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affront. [*Aloud.*] Dear Tom, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon cœur*—strike me dumb! You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality—split my windpipe!

The young lady thus eulogised, Miss Hoyden, is the lively, ignorant, romping country-girl to be met with in most of the comedies of this period. In the 'Provoked Wife,' the coarse pot-house valour and absurdity of Sir John Brute (Garrick's famous part) is well contrasted with the fine-lady airs and affectation of his wife, transported from the country to the hot-bed delicacies of London fashion and extravagance. Such were the scenes that delighted our playgoing ancestors, and which may still please us, like old stiff family portraits in their grotesque habiliments, as pictures of a departed generation.

These portraits of Vanbrugh's were exaggerated and heightened for dramatic effect; yet, on the whole, they are characteristic likenesses. The picture is not altogether a pleasing one, for it is dashed with the most unblushing licentiousness. A tone of healthful vivacity, and the absence of all hypocrisy, form its most genial features. 'The licence of the times,' as Mr. Leigh Hunt remarks, 'allowed Vanbrugh to be plain spoken to an extent which was perilous to his animal spirits;' but, like Dryden, he repented of these indiscretions; and if he had lived, would have united his easy wit and nature to scenes inculcating sentiments of honour and virtue.

Picture of the Life of a Woman of Fashion.

SIR JOHN BRUTE, in the 'Provoked Wife,' disguised in his lady's dress, joins in a drunken midnight frolic, and is taken by the Constable and Watchmen before a Justice of the Peace.

JUSTICE. Pray, madam, what may be your ladyship's common method of life? if I may presume so far.

SIR JOHN. Why, sir, that of a woman of quality.

JUSTICE. Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example?

SIR JOHN. Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drunk three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I'm trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the playbills.

JUSTICE. Very well, madam.

SIR JOHN. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

JUSTICE. So, madam.

SIR JOHN. By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

JUSTICE. Poor man.

SIR JOHN. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down

at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go to visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I live.

JUSTICE. So ! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings ?

SIR JOHN. Like a woman of spirit, sir ; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice. Seven's the man ! Oons, sir, I set you a hundred pound ! Why, do you think, women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins ? Oh, the Lord help your head !

JUSTICE. Mercy on us, Mr. Constable ! What will this age come to ?

CONSTABLE. What will it come to indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks !

Fable.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attacked a lady's heart together.
The Band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take, instead

Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
How happy she would be !

The Bob he talked of management,
What wondrous blessings Heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry :
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wig and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing—mend his soul !

But prate, and talk, and play the fool.
He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one who laboured all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d' ye
see,
The Feather—as it might be me—
Steps, sir, from behind the screen,
With such an air and such a mien—
Like you, old gentleman—in short,
He quickly spoiled the statesman's sport
It proved such sunshine weather,
That you must know, at the first beek
The lady leaped about his neck,
And off they went together !

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

GEORGE FARQUHAR (1678–1707) was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and adventure, than most of this race of comic writers. He had an uncontrollable vivacity and love of sport, which still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet. Farquhar was an Irishman, born in Londonderry, and, after some college irregularity, he took to the stage. Happening accidentally to wound a brother-actor in a fencing-scene, he left the boards at the age of eighteen, and procured a commission in the army from the Earl of Orrery. His first play, 'Love and a Bottle,' came out at Drury Lane in 1698; the 'Constant Couple' in 1700; the 'Inconstant' in 1703; the 'Stage-coach' in 1704; the 'Twin Rivals' in 1705; the 'Recruiting Officer' in 1706; and the 'Beaux' Stratagem' in 1707. Farquhar was early married to a lady who had deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sunk a victim to ill health and over-exertion in his thirtieth year. A letter written shortly before his death to Wilks the actor, possesses a touching brevity of expression: 'Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave to thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine—GEORGE FARQUHAR.' One of these daughters, it appears,

married a 'low tradesman,' and the other became a servant, while their mother died in circumstances of the utmost indigence.

The 'Beaux' Stratagem' is Farquhar's best comedy. The plot is admirably managed, and the disguises of Archer and Aimwell form a ludicrous, yet natural series of incidents. Boniface, the landlord, is still a favourite on the stage. Scrub, the servant, is equally true and amusing, and the female characters, though as free-spoken, if not as frail as the fine-bred ladies of Congreve and Vanbrugh, are sufficiently discriminated. Sergeant Kite, in the 'Recruiting Officer,' is an original picture of low life and humour rarely surpassed. Farquhar has not the ripe wit of Congreve, or of our best comic writers. He was the Smollett, not the Fielding, of the stage.

'Farquhar,' says Leigh Hunt, 'was a good-natured, sensitive, reflecting man, of so high an order of what may be called the *town* class of genius, as to sympathise with mankind at large upon the strength of what he saw of them in little, and to extract from a quintessence of good sense an inspiration just short of the romantic and imaginative; that is to say, he could turn what he had experienced in common life to the best account, but required in all cases the support of its ordinary associations, and could not project his spirit beyond them. He felt the little world too much, and the universal too little. He saw into all false pretensions, but not into all true ones; and if he had had a larger sphere of nature to fall back upon in his adversity, would probably not have died of it. The wings of his fancy were too common, and grown in too artificial an air, to support him in the sudden gulfs and aching voids of that new region, and enable him to beat his way to their green islands. His genius was so entirely social, that notwithstanding what appeared to the contrary in his personal manners, and what he took for his own superiority to it, compelled him to assume in his writings all the airs of the most received town ascendancy; and when it had once warmed itself in this way, it would seem that it had attained the healthiness natural to its best condition, and could have gone on for ever, increasing both in enjoyment and in power, had external circumstances been favourable. He was becoming gayer and gayer, when death, in the shape of a sore anxiety, called him away as if from a pleasant party, and left the house ringing with his jest.'

Humorous Scene at an Inn.

BONIFACE—AIMWELL.

BONIFACE. This way, this way, sir.

AIMWELL. You're my landlord, I suppose?

BON. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

AIM. Oh, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

BON. Oh, sir, what will your servant please to drink, as the saying is?

AIM. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

BON. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Alm. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Box. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children : I'll shew you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, about eight-and-fifty years, and I beieve have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Alm. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk ?

Box. Not in my life, sir ; I have fed purely upon ale : I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see— Your worship's health. [*Drinks.*—Ha ! delicious, delicious iancy it Burgundy ; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Alm. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Box. Strong ! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it ?

Alm. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord ?

Box. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir ; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Alm. How came that to pass ?

Box. I don't know how, sir ; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir, she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is ; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after ; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Alm. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her ?

Box. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done ; she cured her of three tympanes : but the fourth carried her off : but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Alm. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned ?

Box. Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year ; and I believe she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbors.

Alm. Has the lady any children ?

Box. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles ; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband. 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day ; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Alm. What sort of a man is he ?

Box. Why, sir, the man's well enough ; says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith ; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Alm. A sportsman, I suppose ?

Box. Yes, he's a man of pleasure ; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Alm. A fine sportsman, truly !—and married, you say ?

Box. Ay ; and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man you know, would not— Sir, my humble service. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me ; I pay him his rent at quarter day ; I have a good running trade ; I have but one daughter, and I can give her— But no matter for that.

Alm. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface. Pray, what other company have you in town ?

Box. A power of fine ladies ; and then we have the French officers.

Alm. Oh, that's right ; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company ?

Box. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em ; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little ; one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell Rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon ; I'll wait on you in half a minute.

*From the 'Recruiting Officer.'**Scene—The Market-place.*

Drum beats the Grenadiers' march. Enter SERGEANT KITE, followed by THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the Mob.

KITE. [*Making a speech.*] If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have served masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. [*Drum.*] Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides I don't beat up for common soldiers: no, I list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour—it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good-fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man. Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

COSTAR. Is there no harm in 't? Won't the cap list me?

KITE. No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

COST. Are you sure there is no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder-plot upon me?

KITE. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

COST. My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. [*Going to put it on.*] It smells wondrously of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

THOMAS. Ay, wauns does it.

COST. Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

KITE. The crown, or the bed of honour.

COST. Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honour?

KITE. Oh, a mighty large bed!—bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may be in it together, and never feel one another.

COST. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

KITE. Sound!—av, so sound that they never wake.

COST. Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there.

KITE. Say you so? then I find, brother—

COST. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look ye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'y'e see. If I have a mind to list, why, so; if not, why 'tis not so; therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no brodering me, faith.

KITE. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir; I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own you are a man every inch of you, a pretty, young sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax: 'tis base; though I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads!—he steps like a castle!—but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

COST. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

KITE. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters: 'tis the king's money and the king's drink; he's a generous king and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

ALL MOB. No, no, no.

KITE. Huzza, then!—huzza for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

ALL MOB. Huzza!

KITE. Beat drum. [*Exeunt shouting. Drum beating the Grenadiers' March.*

Scene—The Street.

Enter KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk.

KITE sings.

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,

For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c.

[*The Mob sing the chorus.*]

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day—
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c.

KITE. Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play; we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes; why, why you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now an't we?

THO. No, Sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

KITE. No!

THO. I'll be a justice-of-peace.

KITE. A justice-of-peace, man!

THO. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

KITE. Done; you are a justice-of-peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

COST. I'll be a queen.

KITE. A queen!

COST. Ay, of England; that's greater than any king of them all.

KITE. Bravely said, faith! Huzza for the queen [*Huzza.*] But harkye, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

BOTH. No, no, no.

KITE. I wonder at that; I have two of them set in gold, and as like his majesty; God bless the mark!—see here, they are set in gold.

[*Taking two broad pieces out of his pocket; presents one to each.*]

THO. The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*] What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus! what's that, sergeant?

KITE. Oh, Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin for King George; that's all.

COST. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

KITE. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know. I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away. [*They sing and put up the money.*]

Enter PLUME, the Recruiting Officer, singing,

Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey.
Over the hills and far away.

Come on, my men of muth, away with it; I'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads?

KITE. Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats; this is the captain; the captain.

THO. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

COST. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.

THO. And I'se scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

PLUME. Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

KITE. A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve their king; I have entertained them just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

PLUME. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

COST. Wounds, Tummas, what's this! are you listed?

THO. Flesh! not I: are you, Costar?

COST. Wounds! not I.

KITE. What! not listed? ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, I' faith.

COST. Come, Tummas, we 'll go home.

THO. Ay, ay, come.

KITE. Home! for shame, gentlemen; behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Thomas! honest Costar!

THO. No, no; we'll be gone.

KITE. Nay, then, I command you to stay; I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St. Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St. Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his belly the next minute.

PLUME. What's the matter, sergeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

KITE. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir; and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being listed.

THO. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

PLUME. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money?

COST. Not a brass farthing, sir.

KITE. They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

COST. Wounds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed and shot into the bargain.

THO. And I: look ye here, sir.

COST. Nothing but the king's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now.

KITE. See there, a guinea; one-and-twenty shillings; 't'other has the fellow on 't.

PLUME. The case is plain, gentlemen: the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

COST. So, it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin?

THO. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

COST. Flesh; but we an't, Tummas: I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain. *[Captain and Sergeant whisper the while.]*

PLUME. 'Twill never do, Kite; your tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

THO. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbour Coster here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

PLUME. Look ye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog! Come, how was it?

THO. Nay, then, we'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue; an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon; and—

COST. Nay, Tummas, let us speak; you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

PLUME. How? by way of a present? the rascal! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel, rogue, villain! *[Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.]*

BOTH. O brave noble captain! huzza! A brave captain, faith!

COST. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. 'Tis the bravest captain I ever saw. Wounds! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter KITE.

KITE. An't you a couple of pretty fellows, now? Here you have complained to the captain; I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

BOTH. I.

KITE. March, you scoundrels!

[Beats them off.]

COLLEY CIBBER—STEELE—PHILIPS—AARON HILL—MRS. CENTLIVRE.

Among the other successful writers for the stage may be instanced COLLEY CIBBER (1671-1757), an actor and manager, whose comedy, the 'Careless Husband,' is still deservedly a favourite. Cibber was

a lively amusing writer, and his 'Apology for his Life,' is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the language.—**SIR RICHARD STEELE** was also a dramatist, and obtained from George I. a patent, appointing him manager and governor of the royal company of comedians.—The 'Distrest Mother,' translated from Racine, was brought out by **AMBROSE PHILIPS**, the friend of Addison, and was highly successful.—**AARON HILL** adapted the 'Zara' of Voltaire to the English theatre, and wrote some original dramas, which entitled him, no less than his poems, to the niche he has obtained in the 'Dunciad.'—A more legitimate comic writer appeared in **MRS. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE** (1667–1723), whose life and writings were immoral, but who possessed considerable dramatic skill and talent. Her comedies, the 'Busy Body,' 'The Wonder—A Woman keeps a Secret,' and 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife,' are still favourite acting plays. Her plots and incidents are admirably arranged for stage effect, and her characters well discriminated. Mrs. Centlivre had been some time an actress, and her experience had been of service to her in writing for the stage. Her plays have recently (1873) been collected and published in four volumes.

PROSE LITERATURE

ESSAYISTS.

The literature of France had the delightful essays of MONTAIGNE, and, a century later, the 'Characters' of La Bruyère, in which the artificial life of the court of Louis XIV. was portrayed with fidelity and satirical effect; but it was not until the reign of Queen Anne that any English writer ventured to undertake a periodical work in which he should meet the public with a paper on some topic of the day, exposing fashionable folly, or insinuating instruction in the form of tale, allegory, or anecdote. The honour of originating this branch of literature is due to Daniel Defoe, who on the 19th of February 1704 commenced a literary and political journal, entitled 'The Review,' which he continued for about nine years, publishing for the first year twice a week, and afterwards thrice—on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—the days in which the post left London for the country. Defoe aimed at being a censor of manners; he lashed the vices of the age, wrote also light and pleasant papers, and descanted on subjects of trade and commerce. His 'Review' was highly popular. But it was not till Steele and Addison took the field that the essay assumed universal interest and importance, and exercised a great and beneficial influence on the morality, the piety, social manners, and intelligence of the British public.

SIR RICHARD STEELE—JOSEPH ADDISON.

The life of Addison we have already sketched. Steele was of English parentage, but born in Dublin, March 12, 1671-2. His father held the office of Secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond; and through Ormond's influence Richard Steele was placed in the Charterhouse, London. There he met Addison, just the same age as himself, and a close intimacy was formed between them, one of the most memorable in literature. Steele always regarded Addison with respect approaching to veneration.

'Through the school and through the world,' as Mr. Thackeray has said, 'whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head-boy.' They were together at Oxford, Steele having been entered of Merton College in 1692. He remained there three years, but left without taking a degree; and becoming enamoured of the military profession, but unable to obtain a commission, he entered as a private in the Horse Guards. A rich relation in Ireland threatened to disinherit him if he took this step, but Steele, 'preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune,' enlisted, and *was* disinherited. In the army, he was soon a favourite; he obtained a cornetcy, became secretary to his colonel, Lord Cutts, and afterwards was promoted to the rank of captain. He then plunged into the fashionable vices and follies of the age, at the same time acquiring that knowledge of life and character which proved so serviceable to him when he exchanged the sword for the pen. As a check on his irregularities—a self-monitor—Steele wrote a treatise, called the 'Christian Hero,' which he published in 1701. His gay associates did not relish this semi-religious work (which abounds in fine characteristic passages), and not being himself very deeply impressed with his own reasoning and pious examples, he set about writing a comedy, 'The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode,' which was performed at Drury Lane in 1703 with great success. Next year he produced another play, the 'Tender Husband,' and in 1704 the 'Lying Lover,' which proved to be too grave a comedy for the public taste. The ill-success of this piece deterred him from attempting the stage again until 1722, when he achieved his great dramatic triumph by the production of the 'Conscious Lovers.'

Steele was now a popular and fashionable man upon town. The Whig minister, Harley, conferred upon him the office of Gazetteer and Gentleman-Usher to Prince George; he had married a wife who died soon afterwards, leaving him an estate in Barbadoes, and his second marriage with 'Molly Scurlock' added to his fortune. But Steele lived expensively, and was never free from pecuniary difficulties. His letters to his wife—of which about 400 have been preserved, forming the most singular correspondence ever published—shew that he was familiar with duns and bailiffs, with misery, folly, and repentance. Addison upon one occasion lent him £1000, which

was repaid within a twelvemonth; but another loan from the same friend is said to have been reclaimed by an execution, and Addison has been condemned for harshness. To his friend, Benjamin Victor, Steele related the case. His bond on some expensive furniture was put in force, but from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a manner of living altogether too costly, and, taking it as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the same gaiety of temper he had always shewn.* The warning was little heeded—Steele had a long succession of troubles and embarrassments, but nothing could depress the elastic gaiety of his spirits. In 1709, a happy project suggested itself. His office of *Gazetteer* gave him a command of early foreign intelligence, and following up Defoe's scheme of a thrice-a-week journal on the post-days, combining news and literature, he organised the 'Tatler,' the first number of which appeared on the 12th of April, 1709. Swift had, by his ridicule of Partridge the almanac-maker, made the name of Isaac Bickerstaff familiar; Steele adopted it for his new work, and thus, as he said, 'gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit, while the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common journals of news brought in a multitude of readers.'

Addison also came to his aid. He sent him hints from Ireland, and after the 80th number, became a regular contributor. 'I fared,' says Steele, 'like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid: I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' Some of the most charming of Addison's essays appear in the 'Tatler,' but Steele stamped its character on the work as a gentle censor of manners and morals, a corrector of the public taste, and a delightful exponent of English society and English feeling. He aimed at high objects—to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.' That the careless and jovial 'Dick Steele' should set about such a task is only another illustration of the contradictions and incongruities in his character. His happy genius, however, carried him over all difficulties. The 'Tatler' was continued regularly thrice a week, price one penny each number, until the 2d of January 1710–11. By this time the Tories were triumphant; Steele lost his appointment of *Gazetteer*; but his success as an essayist inspired him with ambition, and on the 1st of March 1710–11, appeared the first number of the 'Spectator,' which was to be published daily. The design was carried out, with unexampled success through 555 numbers, terminating on the 6th of December 1712. In 1714, the 'Spectator' was resumed, and eighty numbers—forming an eighth volume—added. In its

* See Forster's *Essays*—Sir Richard Steele,

most prosperous period, when Bolingbroke thought to curb the press by imposing a stamp on each sheet, the 'Spectator' doubled its price, yet maintained its popularity, and paid government on account of the half-penny stamp a sum of £29 each week. It had also a circulation of about 10,000 in volumes. Of the excellent effects produced by the essays of Steele and Addison, we possess the evidence not only of the improved state of society and literature which afterwards prevailed, but likewise the testimony of writers contemporary with the authors themselves. All speak of a decided and marked improvement. The 'Spectator' ceased in December 1712, and in the March following appeared the 'Guardian,' which was also issued daily. It extended to 175 numbers, or two volumes. Pope, Berkeley, Budgell, and other friends, aided Steele in this new work, but Addison was again his principal assistant. Of the 271 papers in the 'Tatler,' Steele wrote 188, Addison 42, and both conjoined, 36. Of 635 'Spectators,' Addison wrote 274, Steele, 240; and of 175 'Guardians,' Steele wrote 82, and Addison, 53. At various intervals during his busy life Steele attempted other periodicals on the same plan—as the 'Englishman,' (which was chiefly political, and extended to 57 numbers), the 'Lover,' the 'Reader,' the 'Plebeian,' the 'Theatre,' &c.—but these were short-lived productions, and had little influence either on his fame or fortune.

Political controversy now raged. Swift assailed Steele with witty malice and virulence, and the patriotism of Steele prevailed over his interest, for he resigned an appointment he had received as commissioner of stamps, and threw himself into political warfare with disinterested but headlong zeal. He obtained a seat in parliament as member for Stockbridge, spoke warmly in support of the Protestant succession, which he conceived to be in danger, and published a pamphlet, entitled the 'Crisis,' which contained 'some seasonable remarks on the danger of a popish successor.' For these insinuations against the Protestantism of the government, Steele was expelled the House of Commons by a majority of 245 against 152 votes. The death of Queen Anne, however, humbled his opponents; and in the new reign, Steele received a place in the household—Surveyor of the Royal Stables, Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians—was placed in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, and knighted by King George I. Through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, he entered parliament as member for Boroughbridge, and was an active politician and debater. In 1717, he visited Edinburgh, as one of the commissioners of forfeited estates, and whilst there, he is said on one occasion to have given a splendid entertainment to a multitude of decayed tradesmen and beggars collected from the streets! In 1718, he published an account of a patent scheme he had devised, called 'The Fishpool,' for conveying salmon and other fish alive from Ireland to the London market. In 1719, he opposed the Peerage Bill, by which it was sought to fix permanently the number of

peers, and prohibit the crown from making any new creations except to replace extinct families. On this question he was opposed by Addison, but Steele had the advantage in point of argument, and the bill was thrown out. In this controversy, Addison is said to have sneered at his friend under the name of 'Little Dicky.' The allusion, however, has been misunderstood, as Lord Macaulay maintains; the matter is doubtful; but the friends had parted never to meet again: Addison sunk into his premature grave before any reconciliation took place. Next year, Steele honourably distinguished himself against the South-sea Scheme; he again took an active part in theatrical affairs, and wrote his comedy of the 'Conscious Lovers' (1722); but his pecuniary difficulties increased, and he retired to a seat in Wales, left him by his second wife, where he died on the 1st of September 1729. He was almost forgotten by his contemporaries; but posterity has done justice to his talents and virtues—to his overflowing kindness of heart, and the spontaneous graces and charm of his writings.

As an essayist, Steele is remarkable for the vivacity and ease of his composition. He tried all subjects; was a humorist, a satirist, a critic, and story-teller. His *Inkle and Yarico*, and other tales in the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' are exquisite for their simple pathos. His pictures of life and society have the stamp of reality. They are often imperfectly finished, and present trivial and incongruous details, but they abound in inimitable touches. His elevated conception of the female character has justly been remarked as distinguishing him from most writers of his age. His gallantry to women was a pure and chivalrous devotion. Of one lady he said that 'to love her was a liberal education'—one of the most felicitous compliments ever paid. Steele had also great fertility of invention, both as respects incident and character. His personages are drawn with dramatic spirit, and with a liveliness and airy facility that blind the reader to his defects of style. The Spectator Club, with its fine portraits of Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, &c., will ever remain a monument of the felicity of his fancy, and his power of seizing upon the shades and peculiarities of character. If Addison heightened the humour and interest of the different scenes, to Steele belongs the merit of the original design, and the first conception of the actors.

The following extracts will shew something of Steele's manner, though not his versatility:

Love, Grief, and Death.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoor in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa,' for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked

up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application.

Agreeable Companions and Flatterers.

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, and heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificance. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependants are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that nor to company. There are of this good-natured order who are so kind to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spicen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are you persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that

barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but harks upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but harks whatever you propose or utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities—as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffrey hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an earnest traveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone: 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

Quack Advertisements.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails.

There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others; for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, and campaigns.' Both by sea and land ! I will not answer for the distempers called 'sea-voyages, and campaigns,' but I daresay that of green-sickness might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment ; to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words 'rainy, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this ; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side ; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement ; and if my friend had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shews his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops ; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten ? But Charles Ingolton, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further ; all the rest is granted. They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when, sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front ; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, 'More Latin still ? What a prodigious scholar is this man !' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man, to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.'

Story-telling.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them ; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack ;' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour ; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule ; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to rejoice at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it ; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was

founded upon the shaking a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once! and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you may make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion of dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly; so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'That's all!'

Story of Unnion and Valentine.

At the siege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private sentinel; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance, but frequently said he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one murthering the other complaining; when in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he, expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy: 'Ah, Valentine, can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger, as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcass, crying: 'Ah, Valentine, was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee!' He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

From the essays of Addison we subjoin some extracts. We have already spoken of the prose style of Addison, and Dr. Johnson's eulogium on it has almost passed into a proverb in the history of our literature. 'Whoever wishes,' says the critic and moralist, 'to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' There he will find a rich but chaste vein of humor and satire—lessons

of morality and religion divested of all austerity and gloom—criticism at once pleasing and ingenious—and pictures of national character and manners that must ever charm from their vivacity and truth. The mind of Addison was so happily constituted, that all its faculties appear to have been in healthy vigour and due proportion, and to have been under the control of correct taste and principles. Greater energy of character, or a more determined hatred of vice and tyranny, would have curtailed his usefulness as a public censor. He led the nation gently and insensibly to a love of virtue and constitutional freedom, to a purer taste in morals and literature, and to the importance of those everlasting truths which so warmly engaged his heart and imagination. The national taste and circumstances have so much changed during the last century and a half, that these essays, immutable as they are, have become antiquated, and are little read.

Among the other prose works of the essayist are ‘Remarks on Several Parts of Italy in the years 1701, 1702, 1703,’ in which he has considered the passages of the ancient poets that have any relation to the places and curiosities he saw. The style of this early work is remarkable for its order and simplicity, but seldom rises into eloquence. He wrote also ‘Dialogues on the Usefulness of Ancient Medals, especially in Relation to the Latin and Greek Poets,’ a treatise uniting patient research and originality of thought and conception. The learning of Addison is otherwise displayed in his unfinished treatise on the ‘Evidences of the Christian Religion,’ in which he reviews the heathen philosophers and historians who advert to the spread of Christianity, and also touches on a part of the subject now more fully illustrated—the fulfilment of the Scripture prophecies. The ‘Whig Examiners’ of Addison (five in number) are clever, witty, party productions. He ridicules his opponents without bitterness or malice, yet with a success that far outstripped competition. When we consider that this great ornament of our literature died at the age of forty-seven, and that the greater part of his manhood was spent in the discharge of important official duties, we are equally surprised at the extent of his information and the variety and richness of his genius.

The Political Upholsterer.

There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbors. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the ‘Postman;’ and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus’s welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind.

This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer! I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress; for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender. I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter. He told me no: 'But pray,' says me 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?' for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. 'But pray,' says he, 'do you think there is anything in the story of his wound?' And finding me surprised at the question, 'Nay,' says he, 'I only propose it to you.' I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. 'But why in the heel,' says he, 'more than in any other part of the body?' 'Because,' said I, 'the bullet chanced to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the 'Supplement' with the 'English Post,' and had been just examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. 'The "Daily Courant,"' says he, 'has these words: We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration. This is very mysterious: but the "Postboy" leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now the "Postman,"' says he, 'who used to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: the late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation. This certain prince,' says the upholsterer, 'whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be'—Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worthy my while to make him repeat.*

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them:

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon the extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen: Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found, by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the

* The prince here alluded to so mysteriously was the son of James II.

bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him a half-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

The Vision of Mirza.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled 'The Visions of Mirza,' which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows.

On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another; 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the

other?" 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life: consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But, tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it?' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed beneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to be in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life.'

I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tormented in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the former end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it, but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the

discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that he so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I: 'Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that he hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the otherside of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

Sir Roger de Coverley's Visit to Westminster Abbey.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, 'in which,' says he, 'there are a great many ingenious fancies.' He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's 'Chronicle,' which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic: when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her medicine *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out: 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried: 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather, a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his "Chronicle."'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, 'what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland?' The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him 'that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit.' I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good-humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wumble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard, but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry IV.'s; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is a figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stole away several years since; 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger: 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.'

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shaming, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, 'who,' as our knight observed with some surprise, 'had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.'

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

Genealogy of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I

to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy: Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he has issue Humour. Humour therefore, being the youngest of the illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; inasmuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

Ned Softly.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite; and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. 'You must understand,' says Ned, 'that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who shewed me some verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it.' Upon which he began to read as follows:

'To Mira, on her incomparable poems.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phoebus' self in petticoats.

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art),
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing:
For ah! it wounds me like his dart.'

'Why,' says I, 'this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dunt in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think you critics call it), as ever entered into the thought of a poet.'

'Dear Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, shaking me by the hand, 'everybody knows you to be a judge of these things: and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's "Art of Poetry" three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.'

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,

'That is,' says he, 'when you have your garland on; when you were writing verses.'

To which I replied: 'I know your meaning; a metaphor!'

'The same,' said he, and went on:

'And tune your soft melodious notes.

'Pray, observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon 1 quids. Give me your opinion of it.'

'Truly,' said I, 'I think it as good as the former.'

‘I am very glad to hear you say so,’ says he; ‘but mind the next.’

You seem a sister of the Nine.

‘That is,’ says he, ‘you seem a sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them.’

‘I remember it very well,’ said I; ‘but pray proceed.’

‘Or Phœbus’ self in petticoats.’

‘Phœbus,’ says he, ‘was the god of poetry. These few instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman’s reading. Then to take off from the air of learning which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar in petticoats?’

‘Or Phœbus’ self in petticoats.’

‘Let us now,’ says I, ‘enter upon the second stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.’

‘I fancy, when your song you sing.

‘It is very right,’ says he; ‘but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, “Your song you sing;” or, “You sing your song.” You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art);

or

I fancy, when your song you sing,
You sing your song with so much art.’

‘Truly,’ said I, ‘the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it.’

‘Dear sir,’ said he, grasping me by the hand, ‘you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?’

Your pen was plucked from Cupid’s wing.’

‘Think!’ says I, ‘I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.’

‘That was my meaning,’ says he: ‘I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter:

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

‘Pray how do you like that “Ah!” Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? “Ah!” It looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

‘My friend Dick Easy,’ continued he, ‘assured me he would rather have written that “Ah!” than to have been the author of the “Æneid.” He indeed objected, that I made Mira’s pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that:—

‘Oh! as to that,’ says I, ‘it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.’ He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

The Works of Creation.

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole

firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection: 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret horror as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works and the infinity of those ob-

jects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent : and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. ‘Oh that I knew where I might find him!’ says Job. ‘Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.’ In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty’s omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

EUSTACE BUDGELL.

EUSTACE BUDGELL (1685–1737) was a relation of Addison—his mother being Addison’s cousin-german. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and afterwards rose to be Under-Secretary of State, and a distinguished member of the Irish Parliament. Thirty-seven numbers of the ‘Spectator’ are ascribed to Budgell; and though Dr. Johnson says that these were either written by Addison, or so much improved by him that they were made in a manner his own, there seems to be no sufficient authority for the assertion. It is true that the style and humour resemble those of Addison; but as the two writers were

much together, a successful attempt on Budgell's part to imitate the productions of his friend, was probable enough. In 1717, Budgell, who was a man of extreme vanity and vindictive feeling, had the imprudence to lampoon the Irish viceroy, by whom he had been deeply offended, the result of which was his dismissal from office, and return to England. During the prevalence of the South-sea Scheme, he lost a fortune by speculation, and in attempts to gain a seat in the House of Commons, and subsequently figured principally as a virulent party writer and an advocate of infidelity. At length his declining reputation suffered a mortal blow by a charge of having forged a testament in his own favour. By the will of Dr Matthew Tindal, it appeared that a legacy of £2000 had been left to Budgell. The will was set aside and the unhappy author disgraced. It is to this circumstance that Pope alludes in the couplet :

Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my gull,
And write whatever he please—except my will.

Some years afterwards, this wretched man, involved in debts and difficulties, and dreading an execution in his house, deliberately committed suicide, by leaping from a boat while shooting London Bridge. This took place in 1737. There was found in his bureau a slip of paper on which he had written :

What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong.

But in this he of course misrepresented Addison, who has put the following words into the mouth of the dying Cato :

Yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas ! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not.
The best may err, but you are good.

The contributions of Budgell to the *Spectator* are distinguished by the letter X.

The Art of Growing Rich.

The subject of my present paper I intend as an essay on 'The ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.'

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift ; all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue ; and I believe there are few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find, that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift ; I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs :

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do to-day.
Never neglect small matters and expenses.

A third instrument in growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied: 'That his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. If,' says he, 'I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.'

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that, without it, the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to a happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else, or, at least, are not content to be getting an estate unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being in Paris, and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them; when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or, 'Snuff of a thousand flowers.' The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until, making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the Grenadiers' March on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'Poison for Monsieur;' upon a second, 'Poison for the Dauphin;' and on a third, 'Poison for the King.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired; the host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais; and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that, had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been so well able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St. James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who, from low beginnings, push themselves up to the top of states and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saying is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is, at the same time, forming some great design.

JOHN HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES (1677-1730) was another frequent contributor to the 'Spectator.' He wrote two papers and several letters in the 'Tatler,' eleven papers and thirteen letters in the 'Spectator,' and two papers in the 'Guardian.' The high reputation which he at one time enjoyed as a writer of verse, has now justly declined. In translation, however, both in poetry and prose, he made some successful efforts. Of several dramatic pieces which he produced, 'The Siege of Damascus' is the best. Addison had a high opinion of the dramatic talent of Hughes, and even requested him to write a conclusion to his tragedy of 'Cato,' which had lain long past him in an incomplete state. But shortly afterwards Addison 'took fire himself, and went through with the fifth act.' The reputation of Hughes was well sustained by the manner in which he edited the works of Spenser. The virtues of this estimable person—who died at the age of forty-three—were affectionately commemorated by Sir Richard Steele in a publication called 'The Theatre.'

THEOLOGICIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

RICHARD BENTLEY.

DR. RICHARD BENTLEY (1662-1742) was perhaps the greatest classical scholar that England has produced. He was the son of a small farmer near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, educated at Cambridge, and became chaplain to Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. He was afterwards appointed preacher of the lecture instituted by Boyle for the defence of Christianity, and delivered a series of discourses against atheism. In these Bentley introduced the discoveries of Newton as illustrations of his argument, and the lectures were highly popular. His next public appearance was in the famous controversy with the Honourable Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, relative to the genuineness of the Greek epistles of Phalaris. This controversy we have spoken of in the notice of Sir William Temple (*ante*). Most of the wits and scholars of that period joined with Boyle against Bentley; but he triumphantly established his position that the epistles are spurious.

while the poignancy of his wit and sarcasm, and the sagacity evinced in his conjectural emendations, were unequalled among his Oxford opponents. Bentley was afterwards made master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1716 he was also appointed regius professor of divinity. He published editions of Horace, Terence, and Phædrus. The talent he had displayed in making emendations on the classics tempted him, in an 'evil hour,' to edit Milton's 'Paradise Lost' in the same spirit. He assumed, without the slightest authority, that Milton's text had been tampered with, owing to his blindness. The critic was then advanced in years, and had lost some portion of his critical sagacity and discernment, while it is doubtful if he could ever have entered into the loftier conceptions and sublime flights of the English poet. His edition was a decided failure. Some of his *emendations* destroy the happiest and choicest expressions of the poet. The sublime line,

No light, but rather darkness visible,

Bentley renders :

No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.

Another fine Miltonic passage :

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements,

is reduced into prose as follows :

Then as 'twas well observed, our torments may
Become our elements.

Such a critic could never have possessed poetical sensibility, however extensive and minute might be his verbal knowledge of the classics. Bentley died at Cambridge in 1743. He seems to have been the impersonation of a combative spirit. His college-life was spent in continual war with all who were officially connected with him. He is said one day, on finding his son reading a novel, to have remarked: 'Why read a book that you cannot quote?'—a saying which affords an amusing illustration of the nature and object of his literary studies.

Authority of Reason in Religious Matters.

We confess ourselves as much concerned, and as truly as [the deists] themselves are, for the use and authority of reason in controversies of faith. We look upon right reason as the native lamp of the soul, placed and kindled there by our Creator, to conduct us in the whole course of our judgments and actions. True reason, like its divine Author, never is itself deceived, nor ever deceives any man. Even revelation itself is not shy nor unwilling to ascribe its own first credit and fundamental authority to the test and testimony of reason. Sound reason is the touchstone to distinguish that pure and genuine gold from baser metals; revelation truly divine, from imposture and enthusiasm: so that the Christian religion is so far from declining or fearing the strictest trials of reason, that it everywhere appeals to it; is defended and supported by it; and indeed cannot continue, in the apostle's description (James, i. 27), 'pure and undefiled' without it. It is the benefit of reason alone, under the Providence and Spirit of God, that we ourselves are at this day a reformed orthodox church: that we departed from the errors of popery, and that we knew, too, where to stop; neither running into the extravagances of fanaticism, nor shid-

ing into the indifferency of libertinism. Whatsoever, therefore, is inconsistent with natural reason, can never be justly imposed as an article of faith. That the same body is in many places at once, that plain bread is not bread; such things, though they be said with never so much pomp and claim to infallibility, we have still greater authority to reject them, as being contrary to common sense and our natural faculties; as subverting the foundations of all faith, even the grounds of their own credit, and all the principles of civil life.

So far are we from contending with our adversaries about the dignity and authority of reason; but then we differ with them about the exercise of it, and the extent of its province. For the deists there stop, and set bounds to their faith, where reason, their only guide, does not lead the way further, and walk along before them. We, on the contrary, as (Deut. xxxiv,) Moses was shewn by divine power a true sight of the promised land, though himself could not pass over to it, so we think reason may receive from revelation some further discoveries and new prospects of things, and be fully convinced of the reality of them; though itself cannot pass on, nor travel those regions; cannot penetrate the fund of those truths, nor advance to the utmost bounds of them. For there is certainly a wide difference between what is contrary to reason, and what is superior to it, and out of its reach.

DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY (1662-1732), an Oxford divine and zealous high-churchman, was one of the combatants in the critical warfare with Bentley about the epistles of Phalaris. Originally tutor to Lord Orrery, he was, in 1713, rewarded for his Tory zeal by being named Bishop of Rochester. Under the new dynasty and Whig government, his zeal carried him into treasonable practices, and in 1722 he was apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in a plot to restore the Pretender, and was committed to the Tower. A bill of pains and penalties was preferred against him; he made an eloquent defence, but was deposed and outlawed. Atterbury now went into exile, and resided first at Brussels, and afterwards at Paris, continuing to correspond with Pope, Bolingbroke and his other Jacobite friends, till his death. The works of this accomplished, but restless and aspiring prelate consisted of four volumes of sermons, some visitation charges, and his epistolary correspondence, which was extensive. His style is easy and elegant, and he was a very impressive preacher. The good taste of Atterbury is seen in his admiration of Milton, before fashion had sanctioned the applause of the great poet. His letters to Pope breathe the utmost affection and tenderness. The following farewell letter to the poet was sent from the Tower, April 10, 1723:

DEAR SIR—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did; and that no accident of time, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion to triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall

want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him or anybody, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. It so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever-affectionate, &c

'Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

Atterbury, however, was clearly guilty. He afterwards became, like Bolingbroke, the chief counsellor and director of the exiled court, and strove in vain to infuse some of his own turbulent energy into the feeble mind of the Chevalier. He organised a plan for raising the Highland clans, and a special envoy was despatched from Rome, but the scheme miscarried. Though ready to plunge his country into civil war, Atterbury regarded it with tenderness:

Thus on the banks of Seine,
Far from my native home, I pass my hours,
Broken with years and pain; yet my firm heart
Regards my friends and country e'en in death.

Usefulness of Church-Music.

The use of vocal and instrumental harmony in divine worship I shall recommend and justify from this consideration; that they do, when wisely employed and managed, contribute extremely to awaken the attention and enliven the devotion of all serious and sincere Christians; and their usefulness to this end will appear on a double account, as they remove the ordinary hinderances of devotion, and as they supply us further with special helps and advantages towards quickening and improving it.

By the melodious harmony of the church, the ordinary hinderances of devotion are removed, particularly these three; that engagement of thought which we often bring with us into the church from what we last converse with; those accidental distractions that may happen to us during the course of divine service; and that weariness and flatness of mind which some weak tempers may labor under, by reason, even of the length of it.

When we come into the sanctuary immediately from any worldly affair, as our very condition of life does, alas! force many of us to do, we come usually with divided and alienated minds. The business, the pleasure, or the amusement we left, sticks fast to us, and perhaps engrosses that heart for a time, which should then be taken up altogether in spiritual addresses. But as soon as the sound of the sacred hymns strikes us, all that busy swarm of thoughts presently disperses: by a grateful violence we are forced into the duty that is going forward, and, as indecent and backward as we were before, find ourselves on the sudden seized with a sacred warmth, ready to cry out, with holy David: 'My heart is fixed. O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.' Our misapplication of mind at such times is often so great, and we so deeply immersed in it, that there needs some very strong and powerful charm to rouse us from it; and perhaps nothing is of greater force to this purpose than the solemn and awakening airs of church-music.

For the same reason, those accidental distractions that may happen to us are also best cured by it. The strongest minds, and best practised in holy duties, may sometimes be surprised into a forgetfulness of what they are about by some violent outward impressions; and every slight occasion will serve to call off the thoughts of no less willing though much weaker worshippers. Those that come to see and to be

seen here, will often gain their point; will draw and detain for a while the eyes of the curious and unwarly. A passage in the sacred story read, an expression used in the common forms of devotion, shall raise a foreign reflection, perhaps, in musing and speculative minds, and lead them on from thought to thought, and point to point, till they are bewildered in their own imaginations. These, and a hundred other avocations, will arise and prevail; but when the instruments of praise begin to sound, our scattered thoughts presently take the alarm, return to their post and to their duty, preparing and arming themselves against their spiritual assailants.

Lastly, even the length of the service itself becomes a hindrance sometimes to the devotion which it was meant to feed and raise; for, alas! we quickly tire in the performance of holy duties; and as eager and unwearied as we are in attending upon secular business and trifling concerns, yet in divine offices, I fear, the expostulation of our Saviour is applicable to most of us: 'What! can ye not watch with me one hour?' This infirmity is relieved, this hindrance prevented or removed, by the sweet harmony that accompanies several parts of the service, and returning upon us at fit intervals, keeps our attention up to the duties when we begin to flag, and makes us insensible of the length of it. Happily, therefore, and wisely is it so ordered, that the morning devotions of the church, which are much the longest, should share also a greater proportion of the harmony which is useful to enliven them.

But its use stops not here, at a bare removal of the ordinary impediments to devotion; it supplies us also with special helps and advantages towards furthering and improving it. For it adds dignity and solemnity to public worship; it sweetly influences and raises our passions whilst we assist at it, and makes us do our duty with the greatest pleasure and cheerfulness; all which are very proper and powerful means towards creating in us that holy attention and erection of mind, the most reasonable part of this our reasonable service.

Such is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and heightened by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship.

Further, the availability of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind will appear from the great influence it naturally has on the passions, which, when well directed, are the wings and sails of the mind, that speeds its passage to perfection, and are of particular and remarkable use in the offices of devotion; for devotion consists in an ascent of the mind towards God, attended with holy breathings of soul, and a divine exercise of all the passions and powers of the mind. These passions the melody of sounds serves only to guide and elevate towards their proper object; these it first calls forth and encourages, and then gradually raises and inflames. This it does to all of them, as the matter of the hymns sung gives an occasion for the employment of them; but the power of it is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love, which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest and most inseparable mark of true devotion; which recommends what we do in virtue of it to God, and makes it relishing to ourselves; and without which all our spiritual offerings, our prayers, and our praises, are both insipid and unacceptable. At this our religion begins, and at this it ends; it is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven; of the pleasures of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music and holy love, the joint enjoyment of which, we are told, is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages.

Now, it naturally follows from hence, which was the last advantage from whence I proposed to recommend church-music, that it makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigour and cheerfulness. It is certain, that the more pleasing an action is to us, the more keenly and eagerly are we used to employ ourselves in it; the less liable are we, while it is going forward, to tire, and droop, and be dispirited. So that whatever contributes to make our devotion taking, within such a degree as not at the same time to dissipate and distract it, does, for that very reason, contribute to our attention and holy warmth of mind in performing it. What we take delight in, we no longer look upon as a task, but return to always with desire, dwell upon with satisfaction, and quit with uneasiness. And this it was which made holy David express himself in so pathetic a manner con-

cerning the service of the sanctuary: 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' When, oh when, shall I come to appear before the presence of God? The ancients do sometimes use the metaphor of an army when they are speaking of the joint devotions put up to God in the assembly of his saints. They say we there meet together in troops to do violence to heaven: we encompass, we besiege the throne of God, and bring such a united force as is not to be withstood. And I suppose we may as innocently carry on the metaphor as they have begun it, and say, that church-music, when decently ordered, may have as great uses in this army of supplicants, as the sound of the trumpet has among the host of the mighty men. It equally rouses the courage, equally gives life, and vigour, and resolution, and unanimity to these holy assailants.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE, a distinguished divine, scholar, and metaphysician, was born at Norwich---which his father represented in parliament---on the 11th of October 1675. His powers of reflection and abstraction are said to have been developed when a mere boy. His biographer, Whiston, relates that 'one of his parents asked him, when very young, whether God could do everything. He answered, Yes. He was asked again, whether God could tell a lie. He answered No. And he understood the question to suppose that this was the only thing that God could not do; nor durst he say, so young was he then, that he thought there was anything else which God could not do---while yet he well remembered that he had even then a clear conviction in his own mind that there was one thing which God could not do---that he could not annihilate that space which was in the room where they were.' This opinion concerning the necessary existence of space became a leading feature in the mind of the future philosopher. At Caius' College, Cambridge, Clarke cultivated natural philosophy with such success, that in his twenty-second year he published an excellent translation of Rohault's 'Physics,' with notes, in which he advocated the Newtonian system, although that of Descartes was taught by Rohault, whose work was at that time the textbook in the university. Four editions of Clarke's translation were required before it ceased to be used in the university; but at length it was superseded by treatises in which the Newtonian philosophy was avowedly adopted.

Having entered the church, Clarke found a patron and friend in Dr. Moore, bishop of Norwich, and was appointed his chaplain. Between the years 1699 and 1702, he published several theological essays on baptism, repentance, &c., and executed paraphrases of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. These tracts were afterwards published in two volumes. The bishop next gave him a living at Norwich; and his reputation stood so high, that in 1704 he was appointed to preach the Boyle lecture. His boyish musings on eternity and space were now revived. He selected as the subject of his first course of lectures, the 'Being and Attributes of God;' and the second year he chose the 'Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion.' The lectures were published in two volumes, and attracted notice and controversy from their containing Clarke's celebrated ar-

gument *a priori* for the existence of God, the germ of which is comprised in a 'Scholium' annexed to Newton's 'Principia.' According to Sir Isaac and his scholar, as immensity and eternity are not *substances*, but *attributes*, the immense and eternal Being, whose attributes they are, must exist of necessity also. The existence of God, therefore, is a truth that follows with demonstrative evidence from those conceptions of space and time which are inseparable from the human mind.

Professor Dugald Stewart, though considering that Clarke, in pursuing this lofty argument, soared into regions where he was lost in the clouds, admits the grandness of the conception, and its connection with the principles of natural religion. 'For when once we have established, from the evidences of design everywhere manifested around us, the existence of an intelligent and powerful *cause*, we are unavoidably led to apply to this cause our conceptions of *immensity* and *eternity*, and to conceive *Him* as filling the infinite extent of both with his presence and with his power. Hence we associate with the idea of God those awful impressions which are naturally produced by the idea of infinite space, and perhaps still more by the idea of endless duration. Nor is this all. It is from the immensity of space that the notion of infinity is originally derived; and it is hence that we transfer the expression, by a sort of metaphor, to other subjects. When we speak, therefore, of *infinite* power, wisdom, and goodness, our notions, if not wholly borrowed from space, are at least greatly aided by this analogy; so that the conceptions of immensity and eternity, if they do not of themselves *demonstrate* the existence of God, yet necessarily enter into the ideas we form of his nature and attributes.*' How beautifully has Pope clothed this magnificent conception in verse!—

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and *God the soul*;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

The followers of Spinoza built their pernicious theory upon the same argument of endless space; but Pope has spiritualised the idea by placing God as the soul of all, and Clarke's express object was to shew that the subtleties they had advanced *against* religion, might be better employed in its favour. Yet Whitson only repeated a simple and obvious truth when he told Clarke that in the commonest weed in his garden were contained better arguments for the being and attributes of the Deity than in all his metaphysics.

The next subject that engaged the studies of Clarke was a 'Defence of the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul' in reply to

* Stewart's Dissertation, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Mr. Henry Dodwell and Collins. He also translated Newton's 'Optics' into Latin, and was rewarded by his guide, philosopher, and friend with a present of £500. In 1709, he obtained the rectory of St. James's, Westminster, took his degree of D.D. and was made chaplain in ordinary to the queen. In 1712, he edited a splendid edition of Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' with corrections and emendations, and also gave to the world an elaborate treatise on the 'Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.' The latter involved him in considerable trouble with the church authorities; for Clarke espoused the Arian doctrine, which he also advocated in a series of sermons. He next appeared as a controversialist with Leibnitz, the German philosopher, who had represented to the Princess of Wales, afterwards the queen-consort of George II. that the Newtonian philosophy was not only physically false, but injurious to religion.

Sir Isaac Newton, at the request of the princess, entered the list on the mathematical part of the controversy, and left the philosophical part of it to Dr. Clarke. The result was triumphant for the English system; and Clarke, in 1717, collected and published the papers which had passed between him and Leibnitz. In 1724, he put to press a series of sermons, seventeen in number. Many of them are excellent, but others are tinged with his metaphysical predilections. He aimed at rendering scriptural principle a precept conformable to what he calls eternal reason and the fitness of things, and hence his sermons have failed in becoming popular or useful. 'He who aspires,' says Robert Hall, 'to a reputation that shall survive the vicissitudes of opinion and of time, must aim at some other character than that of a metaphysician.' In his practical sermons, however, there is much sound and admirable precept. In 1727, Dr. Clarke was offered, but declined, the appointment of Master of the Mint, vacant by the death of his illustrious friend, Newton. The situation was worth £1500 a year, and the disinterestedness and integrity of Clarke were strikingly evinced by his declining to accept an office of such honour and emoluments, because he could not reconcile himself to a secular employment. His conduct and character must have excited the admiration of the queen, for we learn from a satirical allusion in Pope's 'Moral Epistle on the Use of Riches'—first published in 1731—that her majesty had placed a bust of Dr. Clarke in her hermitage in the royal grounds. 'The doctor duly frequented the court,' says Pope in a note; 'but he should have added,' rejoins Warburton, 'with the innocence and disinterestedness of a hermit.'

In 1729, Clarke published the first twelve books of the 'Iliad,' with a Latin version and copious annotations; and Homer has never had a more judicious or acute commentator. The last literary efforts of this indefatigable scholar were devoted to drawing up an 'Exposition of the Church Catechism,' and preparing several volumes of sermons for the press. These were not published till after his death, which took place on the 17th of May 1729. The various talents and learn-

ing of Dr. Clarke, and his easy cheerful disposition, earned for him the highest admiration and esteem of his contemporaries. As a metaphysician, he was inferior to Locke in comprehensiveness and originality, but possessed more skill and logical foresight, the natural result of his habits of mathematical study; and he has been justly celebrated for the boldness and ability with which he placed himself in the breach against the Necessitarians and Fatalists of his times. His moral doctrine—which supposes virtue to consist in the regulation of our conduct according to certain fitnesses which we perceive in things, or a peculiar congruity of certain relations to each other—being inconsequential unless we have previously distinguished the ends which are morally good from those that are evil, and limited the conformity to one of those classes, has been condemned by Dr. Thomas Brown and Sir James Mackintosh.* His speculations were over-refined, and seem to have been coloured by his fondness for mathematical studies.

Natural and Essential Difference between Right and Wrong.

The principal thing that can, with any colour of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil, is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as, in painting, two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other, that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black: so, though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases—which yet are very far from occurring frequently—to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust—and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations—yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different: even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man, having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed, no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought

* See Brown's *Philosophy* and the *Dissertations* of Stewart and Mackintosh. Warburton in his notes on Pope, thus sums up the moral doctrine. 'Dr Clarke and Wollaston considered moral obligation as arising from the essential differences and relations of things, Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, as arising from the moral sense and the generality of divines, as arising solely from the will of God. On these three principles, practical morality has been built by these different writers.' 'Thus has God been pleased,' adds Warburton, 'to give three different excitements to the practice of virtue: that men of all ranks, constitutions, and educations, might find their account in one or other of them—something that would hit their palate, satisfy their reason, or subdue their will. But this admirable provision for the support of virtue hath been in some measure defeated by its pretended advocates, who have sacrilegiously untwisted this threefold cord, and each running away with the part he esteemed the strongest, hath affixed that to the throne of God, as the golden chain that is to unite and draw all to it.'—*Divine Legation*, Book 1.

that such a law could have authorised or excused, much less have justified such actions, and have made them become good: because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest and most intricate cases though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally, that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even the most flagrant cases that can be supposed; which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr. Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his shifting expressions, his secret self-condemnation. There are therefore certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things or different relations one to another, or depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the difference of the things themselves.

DR. WILLIAM LOWTH.

DR. WILLIAM LOWTH (1661-1732) was distinguished for his classical and theological attainments, and the liberality with which he communicated his stores to others. He published a 'Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Old and New Testaments,' (1692), 'Directions for the Profitable Reading of the Holy Scriptures,' 'Commentaries on the Prophets,' &c. He furnished notes on Clemens Alexandrinus for Potter's edition of that ancient author, remarks on Josephus for Hudson's edition, and annotations on the ecclesiastical historians for Reading's Cambridge edition of those authors. He also assisted Dr. Chandler in his 'Defence of Christianity from the Prophecies.' His learning is said to have been equally extensive and profound, and he accompanied all his reading with critical and philological remarks. Born in London, Dr. Lowth took his degrees at Oxford, and experiencing the countenance and support of the bishop of Winchester, became the chaplain of that prelate, a prebend of the cathedral of Winchester, and rector of Buriton.

DR. BENJAMIN HOADLY.

DR. BENJAMIN HOADLY, successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, was a prelate of great controversial ability, who threw the weight of his talents and learning into the scale of Whig politics, at that time fiercely attacked by the Tory and Jacobite parties. Hoadley was born at Westerham, in Kent, in 1676. In 1706, while rector of St. Peter's-le-Poor, London, he attacked a sermon by Atterbury, and thus incurred the enmity and ridicule of Swift and Pope. He defended the revolution of 1688, and attacked the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience with such vigour and perseverance, that, in 1709, the House of Commons recommended him to the favour of the queen. Her majesty does not appear to have complied with this request; but her successor, George I. elevated him to the see of Bangor. Shortly after his elevation to

the bench, Hoadly published a work against the non-jurors, and a sermon preached before the king at St. James's, on the 'Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ.' The latter excited a long and vehement dispute, known by the name of the Bangorian Controversy, in which forty or fifty tracts were published. The Lower House of Convocation took up Hoadly's works with warmth, and passed a censure of them, as calculated to subvert the government and discipline of the church, and to impugn and impeach the regal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. The controversy was conducted with unbecoming violence, and several bishops and other grave divines—the excellent Sherlock among the number—forgot the dignity of their station and the spirit of Christian charity in the heat of party warfare. Pope alludes sarcastically to Hoadly's sermon in the 'Dunciad.'

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bowed to *Christ's no kingdom here.*

The truth, however, is, that there was 'nothing whatever in Hoadly's sermon injurious to the established endowments and privileges, nor to the discipline and government of the English Church, even in theory. If this had been the case, he might have been reproached with some inconsistency in becoming so large a partaker of her honours and emoluments. He even admitted the usefulness of censures for open immoralities, though denying all church authority to oblige any one to external communion, or to pass any sentence which should determine the condition of men with respect to the favour or displeasure of God. Another great question in this controversy was that of religious liberty as a civil right, which the convocation explicitly denied. And another related to the much-debated exercise of private judgment in religion, which, as one party meant virtually to take away, so the other perhaps unreasonably exaggerated.* The style of Hoadly's controversial treatises is strong and logical, but without any of the graces of composition, and hence they have fallen into oblivion. He was author of several other works, as 'Terms of Acceptance,' 'Reasonableness of Conformity,' 'Treatise on the Sacrament,' &c. A complete edition of his works was published by his son in three folio volumes (1773). There can be no doubt that the independent and liberal mind of Hoadly, aided by his station in the church, tended materially to stem the torrent of slavish submission which then prevailed in the church of England. He died in 1761.

The Kingdom of Christ not of this World.

If, therefore, the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ, it is essential to it that Christ himself be the sole lawgiver and sole judge of his subjects, in all points relating to the favour or displeasure of Almighty God; and that all his subjects, in what station soever they may be, are equally subjects to him; and that no one of them, any more than another, hath authority either to make new laws for Christ's subjects, or to impose a sense upon the old ones, which is the same thing; or to

* Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*.

judge, censure, or punish the servants of another master, in matters relating purely to conscience or salvation. If any person hath any other notion, either through a long use of words with inconsistent meanings, or through a negligence of thought, let him but ask himself whether the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ or not; and if it be, whether this notion of it doth not absolutely exclude all other legislators and judges in matters relating to conscience or the favour of God, or whether it can be his kingdom if any mortal men have such a power of legislation and judgment in it. This inquiry will bring us back to the first, which is the only true account of the church of Christ, or the kingdom of Christ, in the mouth of a Christian; that it is the number of men, whether small or great, whether dispersed or united, who truly and sincerely are subjects to Jesus Christ alone as their lawgiver and judge in matters relating to the favour of God and their eternal salvation.

The next principal point is, that, if the church be the kingdom of Christ, and this 'kingdom be not of this world,' this must appear from the nature and end of the laws of Christ, and of those rewards and punishments which are the sanctions of his laws. Now, his laws are declarations relating to the favour of God in another state after this. They are declarations of those conditions to be performed in this world on our part, without which God will not make us happy in that to come. And they are almost all general appeals to the will of that God; to his nature, known by the common reason of mankind, and to the imitation of that nature, which must be our perfection. The keeping his commandments is declared the way to life, and the doing his will the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The being subjects to Christ, is to this very end, that we may the better and more effectually perform the will of God. The laws of this kingdom, therefore, as Christ left them, have nothing of this world in their view; no tendency either to the exaltation of some in worldly pomp and dignity, or to their absolute dominion over the faith and religious conduct of others of his subjects, or to the erecting of any sort of temporal kingdom under the covert and name of a spiritual one.

The sanctions of Christ's law are rewards and punishments. But of what sort? Not the rewards of this world; not the offices or glories of this state; not the pains of prisons, banishments, fines, or any lesser and more moderate penalties; nay, not the much lesser and negative discouragements that belong to human society. He was far from thinking that these could be the instruments of such a persuasion as he thought acceptable to God. But as the great end of his kingdom was to guide men to happiness after the short images of it were over here below, so he took his motives from that place where his kingdom first began, and where it was at last to end; from those rewards and punishments in a future state, which had no relation to this world; and to shew that his 'kingdom was not of this world,' all the sanctions which he thought fit to give to his laws were not of this world at all.

St. Paul understood this so well, that he gives an account of his own conduct, and that of others in the same station, in these words: 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men:' whereas, in too many Christian countries since his days, if some who profess to succeed him were to give an account of their own conduct, it must be in a quite contrary strain: 'Knowing the terrors of this world, and having them in our power, we do not persuade men, but force their outward profession against their inward persuasion.'

Now, wherever this is practised, whether in a great degree or a small, in that place there is so far a change from a kingdom which is not of this world, to a kingdom which is of this world. As soon as ever you hear of any of the engines of this world, whether of the greater or the lesser sort, you must immediately think that then, and so far, the kingdom of this world takes place. For, if the very essence of God's worship be spirit and truth, if religion be virtue and charity, under the belief of a Supreme Governor and Judge, if true real faith cannot be the effect of force, and if there can be no reward where there is no willing choice—then, in all or any of these cases, to apply force or flattery, worldly pleasure or pain, is to act contrary to the interests of true religion, as it is plainly opposite to the maxims upon which Christ founded his kingdom; who chose the motives which are not of this world, to support a kingdom which is not of this world. And indeed it is too visible to be hid, that wherever the rewards and punishments are changed from future to present, from the world to come to the world now in possession, there the kingdom founded by our Saviour is, in the nature of it, so far changed, that it is become, in such a degree, what he professed his kingdom was not,—that is, of this world; of the same

sort with other common earthly kingdoms, in which the rewards are worldly honours, posts, offices, pomp, attendance, dominion; and the punishments are prisons, fines, banishments, galleys and racks, or something less of the same sort.

CHARLES LESLIE.

CHARLES LESLIE (1650-1722) author of a work still popular, 'A Short and Easy Method with the Deists,' was a son of a bishop of Clogher, who is said to have been of a Scottish family. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, Charles Leslie studied the law in London, but afterwards turned his attention to divinity, and in 1680 took orders. As chancellor of the cathedral of Connor, he distinguished himself by several disputations with Catholic divines, and by the boldness with which he opposed the pro-popish designs of King James. Nevertheless, at the Revolution, he adopted a decisive tone of Jacobitism, from which he never swerved through life. Removing to London, he was chiefly engaged for several years in writing controversial works against Quakers, Socinians, and Deists, of which, however, none are now remembered besides the little treatise of which the title has been given, and which appeared in 1699. He also wrote many occasional and periodical tracts in behalf of the House of Stuart, to whose cause his talents and celebrity certainly lend no small lustre. Being for one of these publications obliged to leave the country, he repaired, in 1713, to the court of the Chevalier at Bar-le-Duc, and was well received. James allowed him to have a chapel fitted up for the English service, and was even expected to lend a favourable ear to his arguments against popery; but this expectation proved vain. It was not possible for an earnest and bitter controversialist like Leslie to remain long at rest in such a situation, and we are not therefore surprised to find him return in disgust to England in 1721. He soon after died at his house of Glaslough, in the county of Monaghan. The works of this remarkable man have been collected in seven volumes (Oxford 1832), and it must be allowed that they place their author very high in the list of controversial writers, the ingenuity of the arguments being only equalled by the keenness and pertinacity with which they are pursued.

BISHOP PATRICK—DR. WATERLAND.

SYMON PATRICK (1626-1707), successively bishop of Chichester and Ely, was author of a series of Paraphrases and Commentaries on the historical and poetical portions of Scripture, from Genesis to the Song of Solomon, which extended to ten volumes, and were published between 1697 and 1710.

DANIEL WATERLAND (1683-1740) was elected a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1699. He was a controversial theologian of great ability and acuteness, and successfully vindicated the doctrines of the Church of England from Arian and Deistic assailants. His several publications on the Trinity constitute a valuable series of treatises. He published also two volumes of 'Sermons.' Waterland

died archdeacon of Middlesex. A complete edition of his works, with a life of the author by Bishop Van Mildert, was published at Oxford, in eleven volumes, in 1823.

WILLIAM WHISTON (1667-1752) was an able but eccentric scholar, and so distinguished as a mathematician, that he was made deputy-professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge, and afterwards successor to Sir Isaac Newton, of whose principles he was one of the most successful expounders. Entering into holy orders, he became chaplain to the bishop of Norwich, rector of Lowestoft, &c. He was also appointed Boyle lecturer in the university, but was at length expelled for promulgating Arian opinions. He then went to London, where a subscription was made for him, and he delivered a series of lectures on astronomy. Towards the close of his life, Whiston became a Baptist, and believed that the millennium was approaching, when the Jews would all be restored. Had he confined himself to mathematical studies, he would have earned a high name in science; but his time and attention were dissipated by his theological pursuits, in which he evinced more zeal than judgment. His works are numerous. Besides a 'Theory of the Earth' in defence of the Mosaic account of the creation, published in 1696, and some tracts on the Newtonian system, he wrote an 'Essay on the Revelation of St. John' (1706), 'Sermons on the Scripture Prophecies' (1708), 'Primitive Christianity Revived,' five volumes (1712), 'Memoirs of his Own Life' (1749-50), &c. An extract from the last-mentioned work is subjoined:

Whistonian Controversy.—Anecdote of the Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy.

After I had taken holy orders, I returned to the college, and went on with my own studies there, particularly the mathematics and the Cartesian philosophy, which was alone in vogue with us at that time. But it was not long before I, with immense pains, but no assistance, set myself with the utmost zeal to the study of Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries in his 'Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica,' one or two of which lectures I had heard him read in the public schools, though I understood them not at all at that time—being indeed greatly excited thereto by a paper of Dr. Gregory's when he was professor in Scotland, wherein he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius, and had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches, were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say. What the occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's leaving the Cartesian philosophy, and of discovering his amazing theory of gravity was, I have heard him long ago, soon after my first acquaintance with him, which was 1694, thus relate, and of which Dr. Pemberton gives the like account, and somewhat more fully, in the preface to his explication of his philosophy. It was thus: an inclination came into Sir Isaac's mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which he knew always tended to go along a straight line the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call gravity; taking this postulatam, which had been thought of before, that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's centre. Upon Sir Isaac's first trial,

when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at the distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be sixty measured miles only, according to the gross measures then in use, he was in some degree disappointed; and the power that restrained the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected had it been the power of gravity alone by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this disappointment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity and partly that of Cartesius's vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculation, and went to other studies. However, some time afterward, when Monsieur Picart had much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was sixty-nine and a half such miles, Sir Isaac, in turning over some of his former papers, lighted upon this old imperfect calculation, and, correcting his former error, discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's centre, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quantity; and that if a stone was carried up to the moon, or to sixty semi-diameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity, and the moon's own menstrual motion was stopped, and she was let fall by that power which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the same point, and with the same velocity; which was therefore no other power than that of gravity. And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural or rather necessary, to suppose it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c. the same distance with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually: which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention of the wonderful Newtonian philosophy.

DR. WILLIAM NICOLSON—DR. MATTHEW TINDAL—NICHOLAS TINDAL—

DR. HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX.

DR. WILLIAM NICOLSON (1655–1727), successively bishop of Carlisle and Londonderry, and, lastly, archbishop of Cashel, was a learned antiquary and investigator of our early records. He published 'Historical Libraries of England, Scotland, and Ireland'—collected into one volume, in 1776—being a detailed catalogue or list of books and manuscripts referring to the history of each nation. He also wrote 'An Essay on the Border Laws,' 'A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons,' and 'A Description of Poland and Denmark.' The only professional works of Dr. Nicholson are a preface to Chamberlayne's 'Polyglott of the Lord's Prayer,' and some able pamphlets on the Bangorian Controversy.

DR. MATTHEW TINDAL (1657–1733) was a zealous controversialist, in times when controversy was pursued with much keenness by men fitted for higher duties. His first attacks were directed against priestly power, but he ended in opposing Christianity itself; and Paine and other later writers against revelation have drawn some of their weapons from the armoury of Tindal. Like Dryden and many others, Tindal embraced the Roman Catholic religion when it became fashionable in the court of James II.; but he abjured it in 1687, and afterwards became an advocate under William III. from whom he received a pension of £300 per annum. He wrote several political and theological tracts, but the work by which he is chiefly known is entitled 'Christianity as Old as the Creation, or the Gospel a Republication of the Religion of Nature' (1730). The tendency of this treatise is to discredit revealed religion: it was answered by Dr.

Waterland; and Tindal replied by reiterating his former statements and arguments. He wrote a second volume to this work shortly before his death, but Dr. Gibson, the bishop of London, interfered, and prevented its publication.

After the death of Tindal, it appeared from his will that he had left a sum of £2000 to Budgell—already noticed as one of the writers of the ‘Spectator’—but this sum was so disproportioned to the testator’s means, that Budgell was accused of forging the will, and Tindal’s nephew got it set aside. The disgrace consequent on this transaction is supposed to have been the primary cause of Budgell’s committing suicide. The nephew, NICHOLAS TINDAL (1687–1774), was a Fellow of Trinity College, and chaplain of Greenwich Hospital. He translated some works and was author of a continuation of Rapin’s ‘History of England.’

Another of the sceptical writers of this period was JOHN TOLAND (1669–1722), author of ‘Christianity not Mysterious’ (1696), a work which occasioned much controversy. He wrote various treatises on theological and historical subjects, and was a learned but pedantic student, always in trouble and difficulties. His works were never collected, and are now forgotten.

DR. HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX (1648–1724) was author of a still popular and valuable work, the ‘Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament,’ the first part of which was published in 1715, and the second in 1717. He wrote also a ‘Life of Mahomet’ (1697), ‘Directions to Church-wardens’ (1707), and ‘A Treatise on Tithes’ (1710). Prideaux’s ‘Connection’ is a work of great research, connecting the Old with the New Testament by a luminous historical summary. Few books have had a greater circulation, and it is invaluable to all students of divinity. Its author was highly respected for his learning and piety. He was archdeacon of Suffolk, and at one time Hebrew lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford. His extensive library of oriental books has been preserved in Clare Hall, Cambridge, to which college it was presented by himself.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Two distinguished philosophical writers adorn this period, Shaftesbury and Berkeley. Both were accomplished and elegant authors, and both, in their opinions, influenced other minds. The *moral sense* of the former was adopted by Hutcheson, and the *idealism* of Berkeley was reproduced by Hume.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London in 1671. After a careful private education, he travelled for some time, and in 1693 entered the House of Commons. Five years afterwards, he repaired to Holland, and cultivated the society of Bayle and Le Clerc. On his return, he succeeded to the earldom, and spoke frequently in the House of Lords. All his parliamentary appearances were creditable to his talents, and honourable to his taste.

and feelings. His first publication was in 1708, 'A Letter on Enthusiasm,' prompted by the extravagance of the French prophets, whose zeal had degenerated into intolerance. In 1709, appeared his 'Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody,' and 'Sensus Communis,' an essay upon the freedom of wit and humour. In this latter production he vindicates the use of ridicule as a test of truth. In 1710, he published another slight work, a 'Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author.' Soon afterwards, ill health compelled Lord Shaftesbury to seek a warmer climate. He fixed on Naples, where he died in February 1713, at the early age of forty-two. A complete collection of his works was published in 1716, in three volumes, under the general title of 'Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times.'

The style of Shaftesbury is lofty and musical. He bestowed great pains on the construction of his sentences, and the labour is too apparent. Desirous also of blending the nobleman and man of the world with the author, a tone of assumption and familiarity deforms some of his arguments and illustrations. He was an ardent admirer of the ancients, and, in his dialogue entitled 'The Moralists,' has adopted in a great measure the elevated style of his favorite Plato. With those who hold in like estimation the works of that 'divine philosopher,' and who are willing to exchange continuity, precision, and simplicity, for melody and stateliness of diction, 'The Moralists' cannot fail to be regarded, as it was by Leibnitz and Monboddo, with enthusiastic admiration.

The religious tendency of Shaftesbury's writings has been extensively discussed. That he is a powerful and decided champion against the atheists is universally admitted; but with respect to his opinion of Christianity, different views have been entertained. A perusal of the 'Characteristics' will make it evident that much of the controversy which the work has occasioned has arisen from the inconsistent opinions expressed in its different parts. Pope informed Warburton, that to his knowledge the 'Characteristics' had done much harm to revealed religion. The poet himself was a diligent reader of the work, as appears from his 'Essay on Man.'

As a moralist, Lord Shaftesbury holds the conspicuous place of founder of that school of philosophers by whom virtue and vice are regarded as naturally and fundamentally distinct, and who consider man to be endowed with a 'moral sense' by which these are discriminated, and at once approved of or condemned, without reference to the self-interest of him who judges. In opposition to Hobbes, he maintains that the nature of man is such as to lead to the exercise of benevolent and disinterested affections in the social state; and he earnestly inculcates the doctrine, that virtue is more conducive than vice to the temporal happiness of those who practice it. He speaks of 'conscience, or a natural sense of the odiousness of crime and injustice;' and remarks, that as, in the case of objects of the external senses, 'the shapes, motions, colours, and proportions of these latter

being presented to our eye, there necessarily results a beauty or deformity, according to the different measure, arrangement, and disposition of their several parts; so, in behaviour and actions, when presented to our understanding, there must be found, of necessity, an apparent difference, according to the regularity and irregularity of the subjects.' 'The mind,' says he, 'feels the soft and harsh, the agreeable and disagreeable, in the affections; and finds a foul and fair, a harmonious and a dissonant, as really and truly here, as in any musical numbers, or in the outward forms or representations of sensible things. Nor can it withhold its admiration and ecstasy, its aversion and scorn, any more in what relates to one than to the other of these subjects.' 'However false or corrupt it be within itself, it finds the difference, as to beauty and comeliness, between one heart and another; and accordingly, in all disinterested cases, must approve in some measure of what is natural and honest, and disapprove what is dishonest and corrupt.' This doctrine, which in the pages of Shaftesbury is left in a very imperfect state, has been successively followed out by Dr. Hutcheson of Glasgow, and subsequently adopted and illustrated by Reid, Stewart, and Brown.

Platonic Representation of the Scale of Beauty and Love.—From The 'Moralists.'

I have now a better idea of that melancholy you discovered; and notwithstanding the humorous turn you were pleased to give, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical causes I then assigned to it. Love, doubtless, is at the bottom, but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire.

Here, in my turn, I began to raise my voice, and imitate the solemn way you had been teaching me. Knowing as you are (continued I.) well knowing and experienced in all the degrees and orders of beauty, in all the mysterious charms of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general; and with a larger heart, and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders chiefly amiable.

Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general harmony is composed, and commonweal established. Nor satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilises or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature: these are its delightful prospects, and this charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit—such is its love of order and perfection—it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part, but extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a just and wise administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided; since, without such a supreme intelligence and providential care, the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours

to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

This, Palemon, is the labour of your soul; and this its melancholy: when unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme beauty, it meets with darkening clouds which intercept its sight. Monsters arise, not those from Libyan deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile, and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is condemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer, to shew why nature errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. 'Tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contraries; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms, a resignation is required—a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form, a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interest can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!—that world, Palemon, which even now transported you, when the sun's fainting light gave way to these bright constellations, and left you this wide system to contemplate.

Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to anything below. The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else nutritional or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitutions of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquake, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathises often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds enclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis *good* which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.*

God in the Universe.

It is in vain for us to search the bulky mass of matter; seeking to know its nature; how great the whole itself, or even how small its parts. If, knowing only some of the rules of motion, we seek to trace it further, it is in vain we follow it into the bodies it has reached. Our tardy apprehensions fail us, and can reach nothing beyond the body itself, through which it is diffused. Wonderful being (if we may call it so) which bodies never receive, except from others which lose it; nor ever lose, unless by imparting it to others. Even without change of place it has its force: and bodies big with motion labour to move, yet stir not; whilst they express an energy beyond our comprehension.

* This passage receives from Sir James Mackintosh the high praise, 'that there is scarcely any composition in our language more lofty in its moral and religious sentiments, or more exquisitely elegant and musical in its diction.'

In vain too we pursue that phantom Time, too small, and yet too mighty for our grasp; when shrinking to a narrow point, it escapes our hold, or mocks our scanty thought by swelling to eternity an object unproportioned to our capacity, as is thy being, O thou ancient Cause! older than Time, yet young with fresh Eternity.

In vain we try to fathom the abyss of space, the seat of thy extensive being; of which no place is empty, no void which is not full.

In vain we labour to understand that principle of sense and thought, which seeming in us to depend so much on motion, yet differs so much from it, and from matter itself, as not to suffer us to conceive how thought can more result from this, than this arise from thought. But thought we own pre-eminent, and confess the reallest of beings; the only existence of which we are made sure of, by being conscious. All else may be only dream and shadow. All which even sense suggests may be deceitful. The sense itself remains still; reason subsists; and thought maintains its eldership of being. Thus are we in a manner conscious of that original and externally existent thought, whence we derive our own. And thus the assurance we have of the existence of beings above our sense, and of Thee (the great exemplar of thy works) comes from Thee, the all-true and perfect, who hast thus communicated thyself more immediately to us, so as in some manner to inhabit within our souls; Thou who art original soul, diffusive, vital in all, inspiring the whole!

BISHOP BERKELEY.

DR. GEORGE BERKELEY, to whom Pope assigned 'every virtue under heaven,' was born at Dysert Castle or Tower, on the banks of the Nore, near Thomastown, county of Kilkenny, March 12, 1684-5. He received, like Swift, his early education at Kilkenny School, and afterwards was entered of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was distinguished for proficiency in mathematical knowledge. He was admitted a fellow in 1707. Two years afterwards, Berkeley published his 'Essay towards a new Theory of Vision.' 'The question of the Essay,' says Berkeley's latest biographer, 'comes to this—What is really meant by our *seeing* things in ambient space? Berkeley's answer when developed may be put thus—What, before we reflected, we had supposed to be a seeing of real things, is not seeing really extended things at all, but only seeing something that is constantly connected with their extension; what is vulgarly called seeing them is, in fact, reading about them: when we are every day using our eyes we are virtually interpreting a book: when by sight we are determining for ourselves the actual distances, sizes, shapes, and situations of things, we are simply translating the words of the universal and divine language of the senses.*' This Essay was followed, in 1710, by a 'Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge,' which is 'a systematic assault upon scholastic abstractions, especially upon abstract or unperceived matter, space, and time. It assumes that these are the main cause of confusion and difficulty in the sciences, and of materialistic atheism.'

Berkeley's theory of physical causation anticipates Hume while it consummates Bacon, and opens the way to the true conception of physical induction. In 1711, Berkeley, having in 1709 entered into holy orders, published a 'Discourse of Passive Obedience,' a defence

* *Life and Letters of Berkeley*, by Professor A. C. Fraser. Edinburgh, who edited also a complete and excellent edition of Berkeley's Works, 4 vols. Oxford, 1871.

of the Christian duty of not resisting the supreme civil power. This discourse gave rise to the opinion that Berkeley was a Jacobite, but he was in reality no party politician. In 1713, the retired philosopher visited London and wrote some papers for Steele's 'Guardian.' The same year he published his 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,' the design of which, he said, was plainly to demonstrate the reality and perfection of human knowledge, the incorporeal nature of the soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity, in opposition to sceptics and deists. In this work his ideal system was developed in language singularly animated and imaginative. He now became acquainted with Swift, Pope, Steele, and the other members of that brilliant circle, by whom he seems to have been sincerely beloved. He accompanied the Earl of Peterborough, as chaplain and secretary, in his embassy to Sicily, and afterwards travelled on the continent as tutor to Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. This second excursion engaged him upwards of four years. While abroad, we find him writing thus justly and finely to Pope: 'As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling, I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature. Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling streams, are nowhere in such perfection as in England; but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.'

While at Paris, Berkeley visited the French philosopher Malebranche, then in ill health, from a disease of the lungs. A dispute ensued as to the ideal system, and Malebranche was so impetuous in argument, that he brought on a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off in a few days. This must have been a more than ideal disputation to the amiable Berkeley, who could not but be deeply afflicted by such a tragic result. On his return he published a Latin tract, 'De Motu,' and an essay on the fatal South-sea Scheme, in 1720 Pope introduced him to the Earl of Burlington, and by that nobleman he was recommended to the Duke of Grafton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. His grace made Berkeley his chaplain, and afterwards appointed him to the deanery of Derry. It was soon evident, however, that personal aggrandisement was never an object of interest with this benevolent philosopher. He had long been cherishing a project, which he announced as 'a scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' In this college he most 'exorbitantly proposed,' as Swift humorously remarked, 'a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow and ten for a student.' No anticipated difficulties could daunt him, and he communicated his enthusiasm to others. Coadjutors were obtained, a royal charter was granted, and Sir Robert Walpole

promised a sum of £20,000 from the government to promote the undertaking. In January, 1729, Berkeley and his friends sailed for Rhode Island, where he had some idea of purchasing land, as an investment for Bermuda, and perhaps also of establishing a friendly correspondence with influential New Englanders. Newport was then a flourishing town, and Berkeley resided there till July or August, when he removed to the valley in the interior of the island, where he had bought a farm (ninety-six acres) and built a house. He lived the life of a recluse in Rhode Island, but applied himself to his literary and philosophical studies.

The estate at Bermuda had been purchased and the public money was due, but Walpole declined to advance the sum promised, and the project was at an end. Berkeley returned to Europe, and was in London in February 1732. Next month appeared the largest of his works, 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher,' a series of moral and philosophical dialogues. Fortune again smiled on Berkeley: he became a favourite with Queen Caroline, and, in 1734, was appointed to the bishopric of Cloyne. Lord Chesterfield afterwards offered him the see of Clogher, which was double the value of that of Cloyne, but he declined the preferment. Some useful tracts were afterwards published by the bishop, including one on tar-water, which he considered to possess high medicinal virtues. Another of his works is entitled 'The Querist; containing several Queries proposed to the Consideration of the Public.' In 1752, he removed with his family to Oxford, to superintend the education of one of his sons; and, conscious of the impropriety of residing apart from his diocese, he endeavoured to exchange his bishopric for some canonry or college at Oxford. Failing of success, he wrote to resign his bishopric, worth £1400 per annum; but the king declared that he should die a bishop, though he gave him liberty to reside where he pleased. This incident is honourable to both parties. In 1753 the good prelate died suddenly at his residence at Oxford, while sitting on a couch in the midst of his family. His remains were interred in Christ Church, where a monument was erected to his memory.

The life of Berkeley presents a striking picture of patient labour and romantic enthusiasm, of learning and genius, benevolence and worth. His dislike to the pursuits and troubles of ambition are thus expressed by him to a friend in 1747: 'In a letter from England, which I told you came a week ago, it was said that several of our Irish bishops were earnestly contending for the primacy. Pray, who are they? I thought Bishop Stone was only talked of at present. I ask this question merely out of curiosity, and not from any interest, I assure you. I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time than wear a diadem. I repeat these things to you, that I may not seem to have

declined all steps to the primacy out of singularity, of pride, or stupidity, but from solid motives. As for the argument from the opportunity of doing good, I observe that duty obliges men in high station not to decline occasions of doing good; but duty doth not oblige men to solicit such high stations.' He was a poet as well as a mathematician and philosopher, and had he cultivated the lighter walks of literature as diligently as he did his metaphysical and abstract speculations, he might have shone with lustre in a field on which he but rarely entered. When inspired with his transatlantic mission, he penned the following fine moral verses, that seem to shadow forth the fast accomplishing greatness of the New World:

Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts.
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way:
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

The works of Berkeley form an important landmark in metaphysical science. At first, his valuable and original 'Theory of Vision' was considered a philosophical romance, yet his doctrines are now incorporated with every system of optics. The chief aim of Berkeley was 'to distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from the *seemingly instantaneous* conclusions which experience and habit teach us to draw from them in our earliest infancy; or, in the more concise metaphysical language of a later period, to draw the line between the *original* and the *acquired perceptions* of the eye.* The

* Dugald Stewart.

ideal system of Berkeley was written to expose the sophistry of materialism, but it is defective and erroneous. He attempts to prove that extension and figure, hardness and softness, and all other sensible qualities are mere *ideas* of the mind, which cannot possibly exist in an insentient substance—a theory which, it has been justly remarked, tends to unhinge the whole frame of the human understanding, by shaking our confidence in those principles of belief which form an essential part of its constitution. Our ideas he ‘evidently considered not as states of the individual mind, but as separate things existing in it, and capable of existing in other minds, but in them alone; and it is in consequence of these assumptions that his system, if it were to be considered as a system of scepticism, is chiefly defective. But having, as he supposed, these ideas, and conceiving that they did not perish when they ceased to exist in his mind, since the same ideas recurred at intervals, he deduced, from the necessity which there seemed for some omnipresent mind, in which they might exist during the intervals of recurrence, the necessary existence of the Deity; and if, indeed, as he supposed, ideas be something different from the mind itself, recurring only at intervals to created minds, and incapable of existing but in mind, the demonstration of some infinite omnipresent mind, in which they exist during these intervals of recurrence to finite minds, must be allowed to be perfect. The whole force of the pious demonstration, therefore, which Berkeley flattered himself with having urged irresistibly, is completely obviated by the simple denial, that ideas are anything more than the mind itself affected in a certain manner; since, in this case, our ideas exist no longer than our mind is affected in that particular manner which constitutes each particular idea; and to say that our ideas exist in the divine mind, would thus be to say, only, that our mind itself exists in the divine mind. There is not the sensation of colour in addition to the mind, nor the sensation of fragrance in addition to the mind; but the sensation of colour is the mind existing in a certain state, and the sensation of fragrance is the mind existing in a different state.* The style of Berkeley has been generally admired: it is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher. A love of description and of external nature is evinced at times, and possesses something of the freshness of Izaak Walton.

Industry.—From ‘*An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain, written soon after the affair of the South-sea Scheme.*’

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true, that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public, as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect, is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.

It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes, as may

* Dr. THOMAS BROWN.

draw those who are less skilful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty but must see and own, whether he understands the game or not, that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public gaming-table and play off their money one to another.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state : this is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner, that some men shall from nothing acquire in an instant vast estates, without the least desert ; while others are as suddenly stripped of plentiful fortunes, and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity, what can be hoped for on the one hand but abandoned luxury and wantonness, or on the other but extreme madness and despair ?

In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods, as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains that are to be made by an honest industry, must be ruinous to the public, and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin.

God grant the time be not near when men shall say : ‘ This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others ; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies to luxury, tender of other men’s lives, and prodigal of their own ; inferior in nothing to the old Greeks or Romans, and superior to each of those people in the perfections of the other. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness ; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted Epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin.’

Prejudices and Opinions.

Prejudices are notions or opinions which the mind entertains without knowing the grounds and reasons of them, and which are assented to without examination. The first notions which take possession of the minds of men, with regard to duties social, moral, and civil, may therefore be justly styled prejudices. The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty ; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to receive that which is bad.

Do what you can, there will still be a bias from education ; and if so, is it not better this bias should lie towards things laudable and useful to society ? This bias still operates, although it may not always prevail. The notions first instilled have the earliest influence, take the deepest root, and generally are found to give a colour and complexion to the subsequent lives of men, inasmuch as they are in truth the great source of human actions. It is not gold, or honour, or power, that moves men to act, but the opinions they entertain of those things. Hence it follows, that if a magistrate should say : ‘ No matter what notions men embrace, I will take heed to their actions,’ therein he shews his weakness ; for, such as are men’s notions, such will be their deeds.

For a man to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbour as himself, to honour his superiors, to believe that God scans all his actions, and will reward or punish them, and to think that he who is guilty of falsehood or injustice hurts himself more than any one else ; are not these such notions and principles as every wise governor or legislator would covet above all things to have firmly rooted in the mind of every individual under his care ? This is allowed even by the enemies of religion, who would fain have it thought the offspring of state policy, honouring its usefulness at the same time that they disparage its truth. What, therefore, cannot be acquired by every man’s reasoning, must be introduced by precept, and riveted by custom ; that is to say, the bulk of mankind must, in all civilised societies, have their minds, by timely instruction, well-seasoned and furnished with proper notions, which, although the grounds or proofs thereof be unknown to them, will nevertheless influence their conduct, and so far render them useful members of the state. But if you strip men of these then notions, or, if you will, prejudices, with regard

to modesty, decency, justice, charity, and the like, you will soon find them so many monsters utterly unfit for human society.

I desire it may be considered that most men want leisure, opportunity, or faculties, to derive conclusions from their principles, and establish morality on a foundation of human science. True it is—as St. Paul observes—that the ‘invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen;’ and from thence the duties of natural religion may be discovered. But these things are seen and discovered by those alone who open their eyes and look narrowly for them. Now, if you look throughout the world, you shall find but few of these narrow inspectors and inquirers, very few who make it their business to analyse opinions, and pursue them to their rational source, to examine whence truths spring, and how they are inferred. In short, you shall find all men full of opinions, but knowledge only in a few.

It is impossible, from the nature and circumstances of humankind, that the multitude should be philosophers, or that they should know things in their causes. We see every day that the rules, or conclusions alone, are sufficient for the shopkeeper to state his account, the sailor to navigate his ship, or the carpenter to measure his timber; none of which understand the theory, that is to say, the grounds and reasons either of arithmetic or geometry. Even so in moral, political, and religious matters, it is manifest that the rules and opinions early imbibed at the first dawn of understanding, and without the least glimpse of science, may yet produce excellent effects, and be very useful to the world; and that, in fact, they are so, will be very visible to every one who shall observe what passeth round about him.

It may not be amiss to inculcate, that the difference between prejudices and other opinions doth not consist in this, that the former are false, and the latter true; but in this, that the former are taken upon trust, and the latter acquired by reasoning. He who hath been taught to believe the immortality of the soul, may be as right in his notion, as he who hath reasoned himself into that opinion. It will then by no means follow, that because this or that notion is a prejudice, it must be therefore false. The not distinguishing between prejudices and errors is a prevailing oversight among our modern freethinkers.

There may be, indeed, certain mere prejudices or opinions which, having no reasons either assigned or assignable to support them, are nevertheless entertained by the mind, because they are intruded betimes into it. Such may be supposed false, not because they were early learned, or learned without their reasons, but because there are in truth no reasons to be given for them.

Certainly if a notion may be concluded false because it was early imbibed, or because it is with most men an object of belief rather than of knowledge, one may by the same reasoning conclude several propositions of Euclid to be false. A simple apprehension of conclusions, as taken in themselves, without the deductions of science, is what falls to the share of mankind in general. Religious awe, the precepts of parents and masters, the wisdom of legislatures, and the accumulated experience of ages, supply the place of proofs and reasonings with the vulgar of all ranks; I would say that discipline, national constitution, and laws human or Divine, are so many plain landmarks which guide them into the paths wherein it is presumed they ought to tread.

From ‘Maxims concerning Patriotism.’

A man who hath no sense of God or conscience, would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why guardian to the state?

A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole, the latter considers himself as the whole.

Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good.

When the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each his own interest.

Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

THE REV. JOHN NORRIS.

The REV. JOHN NORRIS (1657-1711), an English Platonist and 'mystic divine,' was one of the earliest opponents of the philosophy of Locke. Hallam characterises him as 'more thoroughly Platonic than Malebranche, to whom, however, he pays great deference, and adopts his fundamental hypothesis of seeing all things in God.' His first work, 'A Collection of Miscellanies,' 1678, was popular and went through several editions. It consists of poems, essays, discourses, and letters. In the preface to this work, Norris says: 'It may appear strange, that in such a refining age as this, wherein all things seem ready to receive their last turn and finishing stroke, poetry should be the only thing that remains unimproved.' Yet Milton had only been dead four years, and Butler and Dryden were alive! Norris's own poetry is quaint and full of conceits, but he has one simile which was copied (or stolen) by two poets—Blair, author of 'The Grave,' and Thomas Campbell ('Pleasures of Hope').

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angel visits short and bright;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

The Parting.

In another piece Norris repeats the image:

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit and away.

We may quote a few more lines containing poetic fancy and expression:

Distance presents the objects fair,
With charming features and a graceful air,
But when we come to seize th' inviting prey,
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away.

So to th' unthinking boy the distant sky,
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely:
He with ambitious haste climbs th' ascent,
Curious to touch the flammant;
But when with an unwearied pace,
Arrived he is at the long wished-for place,
With sighs, the sad event he does deplore—
His Heaven is still as distant as before.

The works of Norris are numerous: 'The Picture of Love Unveiled,' 1682; 'An Idea of Happiness,' 1683; 'Practical Discourses,' 4 vols 1687; 'Discourses upon the Beatitudes,' 1691; 'A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Immortality of the Soul,' 1708.

On Perfect Happiness.

Nothing does more constantly, more inseparably, cleave to our minds, than this desire of perfect and consummated happiness. This is the most excellent end of all our endeavours, the great prize, the great hope. This is the mark every man shoots at; and though we miss our aim never so often, yet we will not, cannot give over, but, like passionate lovers, take resolution from a repulse. The rest of our passions are much at our own disposal; yield either to reason or time; we either argue ourselves out of them, or at least outlive them. We are not always in love with pomp and grandeur, nor always dazzled with the glittering of riches; and there is a season when pleasure itself—that is, sensible pleasure—shall count in vain. But the desire of perfect happiness has no intervals, no vicissitudes. It outlasts the motion of the pulse, and survives the runs of the grave. ‘Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it.’ And now certainly God would never have planted such an ardent, such an unfortunate appetite in our souls; and, as it were, interwoven it with our very natures, had he not been able to satisfy it.

I come now to shew wherein this perfect happiness does consist; concerning which, I affirm in the first place, that it is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. The greatest fruition we have of God here is imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. And as for all other objects they are finite, and consequently, though never so fully enjoyed, cannot afford us perfect satisfaction. No, man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me’ (Job xxvii. 13. 14). The vanity of the creature has been so copiously discoursed upon, both by philosophers and divines, and withal is so obvious to every thinking man’s experience, that I need not here take an inventory of the creation, nor turn Ecclesiastes after Solomon. I shall only add one or two remarks concerning the objects of secular happiness. The first is this, that the objects wherein men generally seek for happiness here, are not only finite in their nature, but also few in number. Indeed, could a man’s life be so contrived, that he should have a new pleasure still ready at hand as soon as he was grown weary of the old, and every day enjoy a virgin delight, he might then, perhaps, like Mr. Hobbes’s motion, and for a while think himself happy in this continued succession of new acquisitions. But, alas! nature does not treat us with this variety; the compass of our enjoyments is much shorter than that of our lives, and there is a periodical circulation of our pleasures, as well as of our lives. The enjoyments of our lives run in a perpetual round, like the months in the calendar, but with a quicker revolution; we dance like fairies in a circle, and our whole life is but a nauseous tautology. We rise like the sun, and run the same course we did the day before; and to-morrow is but the same over again. . . . But there is another grievance which contributes to defeat our endeavours after perfect happiness in the enjoyment of this life; which is, that the objects wherein we seek it are not only finite and few, but that they commonly prove occasions of greater sorrow to us, than ever they afforded us content. This may be made out several ways, as from the labour of getting, the care of keeping, the fear of losing, and the like topics commonly insisted upon by others. But I waive these and fix upon another account less blown upon, and I think more material than any of the rest. It is this: that although the object loses that great appearance in the fruition which it had in the expectation, yet, after it is gone, it resumes it again. Now we, when we lament the loss, do not take our measures from that appearance which the object had in the enjoyment (as we should do to make our sorrow not exceed our happiness), but from that which it has in the reflection: and consequently we must needs be more miserable in the loss than we were happy in the enjoyment.

From these and the like considerations, I think it will evidently appear, that this perfect happiness is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. Wherein then does it consist? I answer positively in the full and entire fruition of God. He, as Plato speaks, is the proper and principal end of man, the centre of our tendency, the ark of our rest. He is the object which alone can satisfy the appetite of the most capacious soul, and stand the test of fruition to eternity, and to enjoy him fully is perfect felicity.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

DANIEL DEFOE.

The political contests of this period engaged a host of miscellaneous writers. The most powerful and effective belonged to the Tory or Jacobite party; but the Whigs possessed one unflinching and prolific champion—DANIEL FOE, or DE FOE, as he chose afterwards to write his name—the father or founder of the English novel and author, it is said, of 254 separate publications! This excellent writer was a native of London, the son of a St. Giles butcher, and dissenter. Daniel was born in 1661, and was intended to be a Presbyterian minister, having with this view studied five years at a dissenters' academy at Newington. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, and afterwards added to these an acquaintance with the Spanish, Italian, and French languages. When the Monmouth insurrection broke out, Defoe followed the Duke's standard. On the failure of the enterprise, he escaped punishment, and entered on business as a wholesale trader in hosiery in Freeman's Court, Cornhill. He next became a merchant-adventurer, and visited Spain and Portugal. He failed in business, and compounded with his creditors, who accepted a composition on his single bond.

'He forced his way,' he says, 'through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from £17,000 to less than £5000.' He then became secretary to, and ultimately owner of works at Tilbury for the manufacture of bricks and pantiles. This also was an unsuccessful undertaking, and Defoe lost by its failure a sum of £3000. Before this he had become known to the government of William III. as an able writer, and was appointed accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty, which office he held from 1695 till the duty was suppressed in 1699. As an author, the first undoubted work by Defoe, though published anonymously, was a 'Letter on His Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience' (1687). Defoe justly considered that the dictation of James II. suspending laws without the consent of parliament, was a subversion of the whole government or constitution of the country. The Revolution coming soon after, Defoe was one of the steadiest supporters of its principles. In March 1698, he published a remarkable volume, 'An Essay upon Projects,' in which various schemes and improvements are recommended, the work evincing great sagacity, knowledge and ingenuity. One of his projects was a savings-bank for the poor. In 1701, he made a great success. His 'True-born Englishman,' a poetical satire on the foreigners, and a defence of King William and the Dutch, had an almost unexampled sale. Eighty thousand pirated copies of the poems were sold on the streets. Defoe was in reality no poet, but he could reason in verse, and had an unlimited command of homely and

forcible language. The opening lines of this satire have often been quoted :

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there ;
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

Various political tracts followed from the active pen of our author. In 1702, he wrote an ironical treatise against the High-Church party, entitled 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' which was voted a libel by the House of Commons ; and the author being apprehended, was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. He wrote a hymn to the pillory (1704), which he wittily styled

A hieroglyphic state-machine,
Condemned to punish fancy in ;

and Pope alluded to the circumstance, exaggerating the punishment, with the spirit of a political partisan, not that of a friend to literature or liberty, in his 'Dunciad'—

Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe.

The political victim lay nearly two years in Newgate, during which he carried on his periodical work, 'The Review,' published thrice a week. The character of Defoe, notwithstanding his political persecution, must have stood high ; for he was employed in 1706 by the cabinet of Queen Anne on a mission to Scotland to advance the great measure of the Union, of which he afterwards wrote a history. He again tried his hand at political irony, and issued three significant pamphlets—'Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover,' and 'What if the Pretender should Come?' and 'An Answer to a Question that Nobody thinks of—viz: But what if the Queen should Die?' These were all published in 1713, and ran through several editions. But neither Whig nor Tory could understand Defoe's ironical writings. He was taken into custody, and had to find bail, himself in £800, and two friends in £400 each, to answer for the alleged libels.

Through the influence of Harley, Lord Oxford, however, Defoe obtained a pardon under the Great Seal, confuting the charges brought against him, and exempting him from any consequences thereafter on account of those publications. These disasters were supposed to have made Defoe withdraw altogether from politics ; but in 1864 certain letters were discovered in the State Paper Office in Defoe's handwriting, shewing that he was engaged on several political journals in 1718. 'In considering,' he says, 'which way I might be rendered most useful to the government, it was proposed by my Lord Townshend (Secretary of State) that I should still appear as if I were as before, under the displeasure of the government, and separated from the Whigs and that I might be now serviceable in a kind of disguise, than if I appeared openly.' In this way he undertook to

take the sung out of three or four opposition papers, which by his management would be so disabled and enervated as to do no mischief, or give any offence to the government.' For this degrading secret service, Defoe was no doubt well rewarded, but there is reason to believe that it proved unfortunate in the end. His greatest literary triumph was yet to come. In 1719, appeared his 'Robinson Crusoe.' The extraordinary success of this work prompted him to write a variety of other fictitious narratives and miscellaneous works—as 'Captain Singleton,' 1720; 'Duncan Campbell,' 1720, 'Moll Flanders,' 1721; 'Colonel Jack,' 1722; 'Religious Courtship,' 1722; 'Journal of the Plague Year,' 1722; 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' 1724; 'Tour through Great Britain,' 1724-27; 'Roxana,' 1724; 'Political History of the Devil,' 1726; 'System of Magic,' 1727; 'History of Apparitions,' 1727; 'The Complete English Tradesman,' 1727; 'Memoirs of Captain Carleton,' 1728; &c. The life of this active and voluminous writer was closed in April 1731.

It seems to have been one of continued struggle with want, dullness, persecution, misfortune, and disease. But, he adds in his last letter, 'Be it that the passage is rough and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases: *Te Deum Laudamus.*' Posterity has separated the wheat from the chaff of Defoe's writings: his political tracts have sunk into oblivion; but his works of fiction still charm by their air of truth, and the simple natural beauty of their style. As a novelist, he was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding; as an essayist, he suggested the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator;' and in grave irony he may have given to Swift his first lessons. The intensity of feeling characteristic of the dean—his merciless scorn and invective, and fierce misanthropy—were unknown to Defoe, who must have been of a cheerful and sanguine temperament; but in identifying himself with his personages, whether on sea or land, and depicting their adventures, he was not inferior to Swift. His imagination had no visions of surpassing loveliness, nor any rich combinations of humour and eccentricity; yet he is equally at home in the plain scenes of English life, in the wars of the cavaliers, in the haunts of dissipation and infamy, in the roving adventures of the bucaniers, and in the appalling visitations of the Great Plague. The account of the plague has often been taken for a genuine and authentic history, and even Lord Chatham believed the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' to be a true narrative. In scenes of diablerie and witchcraft, he preserves the same unmoved and truth-like demeanour. The apparition of Mrs. Veal, at Canterbury, 'the eighth of September 1705,' seems as true and indubitable a fact as any that ever passed before our eyes.

Unfortunately, the taste or circumstances of Defoe led him mostly into low life, and his characters are generally such as we cannot sympathise with. The whole arcana of roguery and villainy seem to

have been open to him. His experiences of Newgate were not without their use to the novelist. It might be thought that the good taste which led Defoe to write in a style of such pure and unpretending English, instead of the inflated manner of vulgar writers, would have dictated a more careful selection of his subjects, and kept him from wandering so frequently into the low and disgusting purveys of vice. But this moral and tasteful discrimination seems to have been wholly wanting. He was too good and religious a man to break down the distinctions between virtue and crime. He selected the adventures of pirates, pickpockets, and other characters of the same worthless stamp, because they were likely to sell best, and made the most attractive narrative; but he nowhere holds them up for imitation. He evidently felt most at home where he had to descend, not to rise, to his subject. The circumstances of Robinson Crusoe, his shipwreck and residence in the solitary island, invest that incomparable tale with more romance than any of his other works. 'Pathos,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'is not Defoe's general characteristic; he had too little delicacy of mind. When it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony, as he repeated the words: "Oh, that but one man had been saved!—oh, that there had been but one!" is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonising reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.'

To these striking passages may be added the description of Crusoe's sensations on finding the footprint on the sand—an incident conceived in the spirit of poetry. The character of Friday, though his appearance on the scene breaks the solitary seal of the romance, is a highly interesting and pleasing delineation, that gives a charm to savage life. The great success of this novel induced the author to write a continuation to it, in which Crusoe is again brought among the busy haunts of men; the attempt was hazardous, and it proved a failure. The once solitary island, peopled by mariners and traders, is disenchanted, and becomes tame, vulgar, and commonplace. The relation of adventures, not the delineation of character and passion, was the forte of Defoe. His invention of common incidents and situations seems to have been unbounded; and those minute references and descriptions 'immediately lead us,' as has been remarked by Dunlop in his 'History of Fiction,' 'to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in "Gulliver's Travels," and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations.' The power of Defoe in feigning reality, or *forging the handwriting of nature*, as it has been forcibly termed, may be seen in the narrative of Mrs. Veal's

apparition. It was prefixed to a religious book, 'Drelincourt on Death,' and had the effect of drawing attention to an otherwise unsaleable and neglected work. The imposition was a bold one—perhaps the least defensible of all his inventions.

Defoe is more natural even than Swift; and his style, though inferior in directness and energy, is more copious. He was strictly an original writer, with strong clear conceptions ever rising up in his mind, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible. He had both read and seen much, and treasured up an amount of knowledge and observation certainly not equalled by the store of any writer of that day. When we consider the misfortunes and sufferings of Defoe; that his spirit had been broken, and his means wasted, by persecution; that his health was struck down by apoplexy, and upwards of fifty-seven years had passed over him—his composition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the long train of fictions which succeeded it, must appear a remarkable instance of native genius, self-reliance, and energy of character.

We subjoin a short specimen of Defoe's irony. It was often too subtle and obscure for popular apprehension, but the following is at once obvious and ingenious.

What if the Pretender should Come?

Give us leave, O people of Great Britain, to lay before you a little sketch of your future felicity, under the auspicious reign of such a glorious prince as we all hope and believe the Pretender to be. First, you are to allow, that by such a just and righteous shutting up of the Exchequer in about seven years' time, he may be supposed to have received about forty millions sterling from his people, which not being to be found in specie in the kingdom, will, for the benefit of circulation, enable him to treasure up infinite funds of wealth in foreign banks, a prodigious mass of foreign bullion, gold, jewels, and plate, to be ready in the Tower or elsewhere, to be issued upon future emergency, as occasion may allow. This prodigious wealth will necessarily have these happy events, to the infinite satisfaction and advantage of the whole nation, and the benefit of which I hope none will be so unjust or ungrateful to deny. 1. It will for ever after deliver this nation from the burden, the expense, the formality, and the tyranny of parliaments. No one can perhaps at the first view be rightly sensible of the many advantages of this article, and from how many mischiefs it will deliver this nation. How the country gentlemen will be no longer harassed to come, at the command of every court occasion, and upon every summons by the prince's proclamation from their families and other occasions, whether they can be spared from their wives, &c. or no, or whether they can trust their wives behind them or no; nay, whether they can spare money or no for the journey, or whether they must come carriage paid or no; then they will no more be unnecessarily exposed to long and hazardous journeys in the depth of winter, from the remotest corners of the island, to come to London, just to give away the country's money and go home again; all this will be dispensed with by the kind and gracious management of the Pretender, when he, God bless us! shall be our most gracious sovereign. 2. In the happy consequence of the demise of parliaments, the country will be eased of that intolerable burden of travelling to elections, sometimes in the middle of their harvest, whenever the writs of elections arbitrarily summon them. 3. And with them the poor gentlemen will be eased of that abominable grievance of the nation, viz. the expense of elections, by which so many gentlemen of estates have been ruined, so many innocent people, of honest principles before, have been debauched and made mercenary, partial, perjured, and been blinded with bribes to sell their country and liberties to who bids most. It is well known how often, and yet how in vain, this distemper has been the constant concern of parliament for many ages

to cure and to provide sufficient remedies for. Now, if ever, the effectual remedy for this is found out, to the inexpressible advantage of the whole nation; and this, perhaps, is the only cure for it that the nature of the disease will admit of; what terrible havoc has this kind of trade made among the estates of the gentry and the morals of the common people! How has it kept alive the factions and divisions of the country people, keeping them in a constant agitation, and in triennial commotions? so, that, what with forming new interests and cultivating old, the heats and animosities never cease among the people. But once set the Pretender upon the throne, and let the funds be but happily stopped, and paid into his hands, that he may be in no more need of a parliament, and all these distempers will be cured as effectually as a fever is cured by cutting off the head, or a halter cures the bleeding at the nose.

The Great Plague in London.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. 'Alas! sir,' says he, 'almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village'—pointing at Poplar—'where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick.' Then he, pointing to one house: 'There they are all dead,' said he, 'and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief,' says he, 'ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night.' Then he pointed to several other houses. 'There,' says he, 'they are all dead—the man and his wife and five children. There,' says he, 'they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses.' 'Why,' says I, 'what do you here all alone?' 'Why,' says he, 'I am a poor desolate man: it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead.' 'How do you mean then,' said I, 'that you are not visited?' 'Why,' says he, 'that is my house'—pointing to a very little low-boarded house—'and there my poor wife and two children live,' said he, 'if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them.' And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

'But,' said I, 'why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?' 'O, sir,' says he, 'the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want.' And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. 'Well,' says I, 'honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'I am a waterman, and there is my boat,' says he; 'and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone,' says he, shewing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; 'and then,' says he, 'I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.' 'Well, friend,' says I, 'but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?' 'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there,' says he, 'five ships lie at anchor?'—pointing down the river a good way below the town—'and do you see,' says he, 'eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?'—pointing above the town. 'All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch

things for *me*, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village," said I, "is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he, "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I, "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet?"

"No," said he, "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!" Here he stopped, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"O sir," says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!"

"Say'st thou so," said I; "and how much less is my faith than thine!" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called "Robert, Robert;" he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he shewed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds: "God has sent it all; give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

"Well, but," says I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?"

"Yes, yes," says he, "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again: "Rachel, Rachel"—which it seems was her name—"did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all;" and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I re-

frain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. 'Hark thee, friend,' said I, 'come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;' so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. 'Here,' says I, 'go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost;' so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness: neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

The Troubles of a Young Thief—From the 'Life of Colonel Jack.'

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being, a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say when they have been talking of money that they could could not get in, 'I wish I had it in a foul clout;' in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar-boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which, if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell: at last it came into my head that I should look

out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree: but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it: but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me; and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow; but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently; then I began to think I had not so much as a half-penny of it left for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I holloaed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

Advice to a Youth of Rambling Disposition.—From 'Robinson Crusoe.'

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house education and a country free school generally go, and designed me for the law: but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will—nay, the commands—of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propensity of nature, tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against

what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons, more than a mere wandering inclination, I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortunes by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was only men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found, by long experience, was the best state in the world—the most suited to human happiness; not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings, of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy, of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, namely, that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequence of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the Wise Man gave his testimony to this, as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses, either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it; not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head; not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest; not enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things—but in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweet of living without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning, by every day's experience, to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, or to precipitate myself into miseries, which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seem to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had been just recommending to me; and that, if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate, or fault, that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty, in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me, if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes as to give me any encouragement to go away; and, to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for my example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me—and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE.

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE (1670–1733), a vigorous and graphic writer, who squandered upon useless and lax speculations powers

that would have fitted him admirably as a novelist or moralist, was a native of Dort, in Holland. He studied medicine, and came over to England to practise his profession. His first publications were in rhyme, but he had nothing of the poet's 'vision and faculty divine.' Early in life (about 1699) he published a string of sarcastic verses entitled the 'Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest,' which he reprinted in 1714 with the addition of long explanatory notes, and an 'Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue,' giving to the whole the title afterwards so well known, the 'Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits.' Previous to the latter work he had published 'Esop Dressed,' 'Typhon in Verse,' and the 'Planter's Charity,' all in 1704. He enlarged his principal work, the 'Fable of the Bees,' and in 1729 it was rendered more conspicuous by being presented to the grand jury of Middlesex on account of its immoral and pernicious tendency. Bishop Berkeley answered the arguments of the 'Fable,' and Mandeville replied in 'Letters to Dion.' He also published 'Free Thoughts on Religion,' and 'An Inquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War' (1732), both of which, like his 'Fable,' were of questionable tendency.

The satire of Mandeville is general, not individual; yet his examples are strong and lively pictures. He describes the faults and corruptions of different professions and forms of society, and then attempts to shew that they are subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. If mankind, he says, could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of forming vast, potent, and polite societies. The fallacy of this theory, as Johnson says, is that 'he defines neither vices nor benefits.' He confounds innocent pleasures and luxuries, which benefit society, with their vicious excesses, which are destructive of order and government. His object was chiefly to *divert* the reader, being conscious that mankind are not easily reasoned out of their follies. Another of the paradoxes of Mandeville is, that charity schools, and all sorts of education, are injurious to the lower classes. The view which he takes of human nature is low and degrading enough to have been worthy the adoption of Swift; and many of his descriptions are not inferior to those of the dean. Some of his opinions on economic questions are admirably expressed. 'Let the value of gold or silver,' he says, 'either rise or fall, the enjoyment of all societies will ever depend upon the fruits of the earth and the *labour* of the people; both which joined together are more certain, a more inexhaustible, and a more real treasure than the gold of Brazil or the silver of Potosi.'

Division of Labour.

If we trace the most flourishing nations in their origin, we shall find that, in the remote beginnings of every society, the richest and most considerable men among them were a great while destitute of a great many comforts of life that are now enjoyed by the meanest and most humble wretches; so that many things which were

once looked upon as the inventions of luxury are now allowed even to those that are so miserably poor as to become the objects of public charity, nay, counted so necessary that we think no human creature ought to want them. A man would be laughed at that should discover luxury in the plain dress of a poor creature that walks along in a thick parish gown, and a coarse shirt underneath it; and yet what a number of people, how many different trades, and what a variety of skill and tools, must be employed to have the most ordinary Yorkshire cloth! What depth of thought and ingenuity, what toil and labour, and what length of time must it have cost, before man could learn from a seed to raise and prepare so useful a product as linen!

What a bustle is there to be made in several parts of the world before a fine scarlet or crimson cloth can be produced; what multiplicity of trades and artificers must be employed! Not only such as are obvious, as wool-combers, spinners, the weaver, the cloth-worker, the scourer, the dyer, the setter, the drawer, and the packer; but others that are more remote, and might seem foreign to it—as the millwright, the pewterer, and the chemist, which yet are all necessary, as well as a great number of other handicrafts, to have the tools, utensils, and other implements belonging to the trades already named. But all these things are done at home, and may be performed without extraordinary fatigue or danger; the most frightful prospect is left behind, when we reflect on the toil and hazard that are to be undergone abroad, the vast seas we are to go over, the different climates we are to endure, and the several nations we must be obliged to for their assistance. Spain alone, it is true, might furnish us with wool to make the finest cloth; but what skill and pains, what experience and ingenuity, are required to dye it of those beautiful colours! How widely are the dyes and other ingredients dispersed through the universe that are to meet in one kettle! Alum, indeed, we have of our own; argot we might have from the Rhine, and vitriol from Hungary: all this is in Europe. But then for saltpetre in quantity we are forced to go as far as the East Indies. Cochenil, unknown to the ancients, is not much nearer to us, though in a quite different part of the earth; we buy it, 'tis true, from the Spaniards; but, not being their product, they are forced to fetch it for us from the remotest corner of the new world in the West Indies. Whilst so many sailors are broiling in the sun and sweltered with heat in the east and west of us, another set of them are freezing in the north to fetch potashes from Russia.

Flattery of the Great.

If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of prime-ministers, and the great favourites of princes, that are so finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaphs, funeral-sermons, and inscriptions, I answer, *There*, and nowhere else. Where would you look for the excellency of a statue but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the polished outside only that has the skill and labour of the sculptor to boast of; what is out of sight is untouched. Would you break the head or cut open the breast to look for the brains or the heart, you would only shew your ignorance, and destroy the workmanship. This has often made me compare the virtues of great men to your large china jars: they make a fine show, and are ornamental even to a chimney. One would, by the bulk they appear in, and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful; but look into a thousand of them, and you will find nothing in them but dust and cobwebs.

Pomp and Superfluity.

If the great ones of the clergy, as well as the laity, of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge so raging among them, and all the other passions, improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else; and why are their reports, their recreations, and whole manner of living, always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of the same country? If, despising all visible decorations, they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of the most darning toys, of the luxurious? Why should a lord treasurer, or a bishop, or even the Grand Signior, or the Pope of Rome, to be good and virtuous, and endeavour the conquest of his passions, have occasion for greater revenues, richer furniture, or a more numerous attendance as to personal service, than a private man? What virtue is

it the exercise of which requires so much pomp and superfluity as are to be seen by all men in power? A man has as much opportunity to practise temperance that has but one dish at a meal, as he that is constantly served with three courses and a dozen dishes in each. One may exercise as much patience and be as full of self-denial on a few flocks, without curtains or tester, as in a velvet bed that is sixteen foot high. The virtuous possessions of the mind are neither charge nor burden: a man may bear misfortunes with fortitude in a garret, forgive injuries afoot, and be chaste, though he has not a shirt to his back; and therefore I shall never believe but that an indigent sculler, if he was intrusted with it, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain, as well as a barge with six oars, especially if it was but to cross from Lambeth to Westminster; or that humility is so ponderous a virtue, that it requires six horses to draw it.

MRS. MANLEY.

DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY, a female novelist, dramatist, and political writer, enjoyed some celebrity among the wits of the Queen Anne period. Neither her life nor writings will bear a close scrutiny, but she appears to have been unfortunate in her youth. She was the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, Sir Roger Manley, governor of Guernsey, and one of the authors of the 'Turkish Spy.' Sir Roger died while his daughter was young, and she fell to the charge of a Mr. Manley, her cousin, who drew her into a mock-marriage—he had a wife living—and in about three years basely deserted her. Her life henceforward was that of an author by profession, and a woman of intrigue. She wrote three plays, the 'Royal Mistress,' the 'Lost Lover,' and 'Lucius'—the last being honoured by a prologue from the pen of Steele, and an epilogue by Prior. Her most famous work was the 'Atalantis,' a political romance or satire, full of court and party scandal, directed against the Whig statesmen and public characters connected with the Revolution of 1688. This work was honoured with a state prosecution. The printer and publisher were seized, and Mrs. Manley, having generously come forward to relieve them from the responsibility, was committed to custody. She was soon liberated and discharged, and a Tory ministry succeeding, she was in high favour. Swift, in his 'Journal to Stella' (January 28, 1711–12), draws this portrait of Mrs. Manley: 'She has very generous principles *for one of her sort*, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat.' She found favour, however, with Swift's friend, Alderman Barber, in whose house she lived for many years, and thereshedied in 1724. When Swift relinquished the 'Examiner,' Mrs. Manley conducted it for some time, the dean supplying hints, and she appears to have been a ready and effective political writer. All her works, however, have sunk into oblivion. Her novels are worthless, extravagant productions, and the 'Atalantis' is only remembered from a line in Pope. The Baron, in the 'Rape of the Lock,' says:

As long as 'Atalantis' shall be read,

his honour, name, and praise shall live; but they have had a much more durable existence.

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

ANDREW FLETCHER, born in 1653, the son of a Scottish knight, succeeded early to the family estate of Saltoun, and represented the shire of Lothian in the Scottish parliament in the reign of Charles II. He opposed the arbitrary designs of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. and retired to Holland. His estate was confiscated; but he returned to England with the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. Happening, in a personal scuffle, to kill the mayor of Lynn, Fletcher again went abroad, and traveled in Spain. He returned at the period of the Revolution, and took an active part in Scottish affairs. His opinions were republican, and he was of a haughty unbending temper; 'brave as the sword he wore,' according to a contemporary, 'and bold as a lion: a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy: would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.' Fletcher opposed the union of Scotland with England in 1707, believing, with many zealous but narrow-sighted patriots of that day, that it would eclipse the glory of ancient Caledonia. He died in 1716. Fletcher wrote several political discourses. One of these, entitled 'An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind, in a Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxburghe, and Haddington, from London, the First of December,' 1703, is forcibly written, and contains some strong appeals in favour of Scottish independence, as well as some just and manly sentiments. In this letter occurs a saying often quoted, and which has been—by Lord Brougham and others—erroneously ascribed to the Earl of Chatham: 'I knew a very wise man that believed *that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation*.' The newspaper may now be said to have supplanted the ballad; yet, during the war with France, the naval songs of Dibdin fanned the flame of national courage and patriotism. An excessive admiration of the Grecian and Roman republics led Fletcher to eulogise even the slavery that prevailed in those states. He represents their condition as happy and useful; and, as a contrast to it, he paints the state of the lowest class in Scotland in colours, that, if true, shew how frightfully disorganised the country was at that period. In his 'Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland,' 1698, there occurs the following sketch:

State of Scotland in 1698.

There are at this day in Scotland—besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases—*two hundred thousand people begging from door to door.* These are not only noway advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever be informed, or discover, which way one in a hundred of these

wretches died, or that ever they were baptised. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants—who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them—but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country-weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.

M. MARTIN.

The first account of the Hebrides was published in 1703. It is entitled 'A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland,' by M. MARTIN, Gent. The author was a native of Skye. Dr. Johnson had read Martin's book when he was very young, and was particularly struck with the St. Kilda man's notion that the High Church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock. This 'notion' had probably struck Addison also, as in the 'Spectator' (No. 50) he makes, as Mr. Croker has remarked, the Indian king suppose that St. Paul's was carved out of a rock. Martin's work is poorly written, but the novelty of the information it contains, and even the credulity of the writer, give it a certain interest and value. He gives a long account of the second-sight, or *tuish*, as it is called in Gaelic, in which he was a firm believer, though he admitted that it had greatly declined.

The Second-sight.

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seer, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them. At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish.

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always in accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen. When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death: the time is judged according to the height of it about the person.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition. If two or three women are seen at once standing near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on. To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after.

Dress in the Western Islands.

The plaid wore by the men is made of fine wool; the thread as fine as can be made of that kind; it consists of divers colours, and there is a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women are at great pains, first, to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it. The length of it is commonly seven double ells; the one end hangs by the middle over the left arm, the other going round the body, hangs by the end over the left arm also.

The right hand above it is to be at liberty to do anything upon occasion. Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places is able at the first view of a man's plaid to guess the place of his residence.

When they travel on foot, the plaid is tied on the breast with a bodkin of bone or wood—just as the *spina* wore by the Germans, according to the description of C. Tacitus. The plaid is tied round the middle with a leather belt. It is pleated from the belt to the knee very nicely. This dress for foot-men is found much easier and lighter than breeches or trowsers.

The plaid (for women) being pleated all round, was tied with a belt below the breast; the belt was of leather, and several pieces of silver intermixed with the leather like a chain. The lower end of the belt has a piece of plate about eight inches long and three in breadth, curiously engraved; the end of which was adorned with fine stones or pieces of red coral. They wore sleeves of scarlet cloth, closed at the end as men's vests, with gold lace round 'em, having plate buttons set with fine stones. The head-dress was a fine kerchief of linen strait about the head, hanging down the back taper-wise. A large lock of hair hangs down their cheeks above the breast, the lower end tied with a knot of ribands.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The most powerful and original prose writer of this period was the celebrated Dean of St Patrick's. We have already noticed his poetry, which formed only a sort of interlude in the strangely mingled drama of his life. None of his works were written for mere fame or solitary gratification. His restless and insatiate ambition prompted him to wield his pen as a means of advancing his interests, or expressing his personal feelings, caprices, or resentment. In a letter to Bolingbroke, Swift says. 'All my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts—whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses.' This was but a poor and sordid ambition, and it is surprising that it bore such fruit. The first work of any importance by Swift was a political tract, written in 1701, to vindicate the Whig patriots, Somers, Halifax, and Portland, who had been impeached by the House of Commons.

The author was then of the ripe age of thirty-four; for Swift, unlike his friend Pope, came but slowly to the maturity of his powers. The treatise was entitled 'A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Athens and Rome.' It is plainly written, without irony or eloquence. One sentence—the last in the fourth chapter—closes with a fine simile. 'Although,' he says, 'most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person: so that an usurping populace is its own dupe; a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.' Swift's next work was his 'Battle of the Books,' written to support his patron, Sir William

Temple, in his dispute as to the relative merits of ancient and modern learning. The 'Battle of the Books' exhibits all the characteristics of Swift's style, its personal satire, and strong racy humour. These qualities were further displayed in his 'Tale of a Tub,' written about the same time, and first published in 1704. The object of his powerful satire was here of a higher cast; it was to ridicule the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, with a view of exalting the High Church of England party, and to expose what he considered to be the corruptions of the Church of Rome and the fanaticism of the Dissenters. He begins in the old story-telling way: 'Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons. Those sons he names Peter (the Church of Rome), Martin (the Church of England), and Jack (the Presbyterians or Protestant Dissenters generally), who was sometimes called Knocking Jack (or John Knox). Their father died while they were young, and upon his death-bed, calling the lads, he spoke to them thus: 'Sons, because I have purchased no estate nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to leave you, and at last, with much care, I have provided each of you with a good coat.' Under this homely figure is signified the Christian religion. 'With good wearing,' he continues, 'the coats will last you as long as you live, and will grow in the same proportion as your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit.' They were not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread. After a time, however, they got tired of their plainness, and wished to become gay and fashionable. The father's will (the Bible) was misinterpreted and twisted word by word, and letter by letter, to suit their purpose; shoulder-knots, lace, and embroidery were added to their coats, and the will was at length locked up and utterly disregarded. Peter then lorded it over his brothers, claiming the supremacy, insisting upon being called Father Peter and Lord Peter; a violent rupture ensued, and a series of scenes and adventures are related in which Swift *allegorises*, as we may say, the most sacred doctrines and the various sects of the Christian religion. It was obvious that this was treading on very dangerous ground. The ludicrous ideas and associations called up by such grotesque fancies, striking analogy, and broad satire in connection with religion, inevitably tended to lower the respect due to revelation, and many persons considered the work to be a covert attack upon Christianity. This opinion was instilled into the mind of Queen Anne. The work established Swift's fame for all time coming, but condemned him to an Irish deanery for life. Whenever a mitre came in sight and seemed within his reach, the witty buffooneries of Lord Peter and his brothers were projected before the queen, and the golden prize was withdrawn.

In 1708 appeared Swift's 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man in Respect to Religion and Government,' his 'Letters on the Sacramental Test,' 'Arguments against the Abolition of Christianity,' and 'Predictions for the year 1708,' by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. This last

brochure had immense popularity. It was a satire on an almanac-maker and astrologer named Partridge. Swift's first prediction related to Partridge. 'I have consulted,' he said, 'the star of his nativity, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, of a raging fever.' In a subsequent paper, Swift proposed to give an account of the accomplishment of the prediction. Partridge was naturally very indignant. He advertised his existence: 'Blessed be God, he, John Partridge, was still living and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise.' Swift and his friends were ready with replies and rejoinders, and the affair amused the town for a season. Some political tracts followed, the most conspicuous of which are—the 'Conduct of the Allies,' published in 1712 (and which had immense influence on public opinion), and the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs,' in 1714. The latter incensed the Duke of Argyle and other peers so much, that a proclamation offering a reward of £300 was issued for the discovery of the author. In 1713, Swift was rewarded with the deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin; and the destruction of all hopes of further preferment followed soon after, on the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne, and the return of the Whigs to power.

Swift withdrew to Ireland, a disappointed man, full of bitterness. His feelings partly found vent in several works which he published on national subjects, and which rendered him exceedingly popular in Ireland—'A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures' (1720), and 'Letters by M. B. Drapier' against Wood's patent for supplying Ireland with a copper coinage (1724). There was a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, and Wood, an English owner of mines, obtained a patent right to coin farthings and halfpence to the amount of £108,000. The grant was made to Wood without consulting the Irish government; the disposal of the patent had, in the first instance, been given by Lord Sunderland to the Duchess of Kendal, the king's mistress, and the duchess, it was said, had sold it to Wood for £12,000. All this wounded deeply the pride and patriotism of the Irish nation, and Swift attacked the scheme with all his might. He contended that Wood's metal was base: 'If a hatter sells a dozen of hats for 5s. apiece, which amounts to £3, and receives the payment in Wood's coin, he receives only the value of five shillings!' In reality, the coinage was excellent, better than the English, and nobody in Ireland would have been obliged to take more than fivepence-halfpenny in copper; but the feeling against England was strong, and wrought up to a pitch of fury by Swift, who, after heaping every epithet of contempt and execration upon Wood, touched upon the higher question of the royal prerogative. It was unjust to bind the people of Ireland by the laws of a parliament in which they were unrepresented. 'The remedy,' he added, 'is wholly in your own hands—by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England.' The government

had to bow to the storm. The patent was withdrawn, and Swift was as much the idol of the Irish as Mirabeau was afterwards the idol of the French. In 1726 appeared 'Gulliver's Travels,' the most original and extraordinary of all Swift's productions.

A few of his friends—Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, and Arbuthnot—were in the secret as to the authorship of this satirical romance; but it puzzled the world in no ordinary degree, and this uncertainty tended to increase the interest and attraction of the work.* While courtiers and politicians recognised in the adventures of Gulliver many satirical allusions to the court and politics of England—to Walpole, Bolingbroke, the Prince of Wales, the two contending parties in the state, and various matters of secret history—the great mass of ordinary readers saw and felt only the wonder and fascination of the narrative. The appearance, occupations, wars, and pursuits of the tiny Lilliputians—the gigantic Brobdingnagians—the fearful, misanthropic picture of the Yahoos—with the philosophic researches at Laputa—all possessed novelty and attraction for the mere unlearned reader, who was alternately agitated with emotions of surprise, delight, astonishment, pity, and reprobation. All parties seem now agreed in the opinion that the interest of the work diminishes as it proceeds; that Lilliput is delightful and picturesque, the satire just sufficient to give an exquisite flavour or seasoning to the body of the narrative; that Brobdingnag is wonderful, monstrous, but softened by the character of Glumdalclitch, and abounding in excellent political and moral observations; that the voyage to Laputa is ingenious, but somewhat tedious, and absurd as a satire on philosophers and mathematicians; and that the voyage to the Houyhnhnms is a gross libel on human nature, and disgusting from its physical indelicacy. We need not point out the inimitable touches of description and satire in 'Gulliver'—the High Heels and Low Heels, the Big-endians and Little-endians; the photograph, as we may call it, of the emperor of Lilliput, with his Austrian lip and arched nose, and who was almost the breadth of one's nail taller than any of his court, *which struck an awe into his beholders*; and the fine incident of Gulliver's watch, which the Lilliputians thought was the god he worshipped, for he seldom did anything without consulting it.

The charm of Swift's style, so simple, pure, and unaffected, and the apparent earnestness and sincerity with which he dwells on the most improbable circumstances, are displayed in full perfection in 'Gulliver,' which was the most carefully finished of all his works. Some tracts on ecclesiastical questions, and the best of his poetry,

* The negotiation for its publication was conducted by Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the Earl of Oxford, and one of Swift's most intimate friends. Lewis sold the copyright to the publisher, Motte, for £200. We have seen the original documents which were then in the possession of the Rev. C. Bathurst Woodman, Edgebaston, near Birmingham. Sir Walter Scott states that Swift made a present of the copyright to Pope, but the statement is unsupported by evidence. In an unpublished letter to Motte, Swift states that he derived no advantage from the *Miscellanies*, published in conjunction with Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay.

were afterwards produced. His other prose works were—'A History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne'—not published till long after his death; 'Polite Conversation,' a happy satire on the frivolities of fashionable life; and 'Directions for Servants,' a fragment which also appeared after his death, and on which he bestowed considerable pains. It exemplifies the habit of minute observation which distinguished Swift, and which sometimes rendered him no very agreeable inmate of a house. Two other prose works are better known—the 'Journal to Stella,' and the 'Modest Proposal for preventing the Poor in Ireland from being burdensome, and for making them beneficial.' The former was not intended to be printed. It consists of a series of letters written to Esther Johnson during Swift's residence in London, from September 1710 until June 1713. All the petty details of his daily life are recorded for the gratification of his Stella, or 'star that dwelt apart' He tells her where he goes, whom he meets, where he dines, what he spends, what satires he writes, &c. His journal is his last occupation at night, and often the first in the morning by candle-light. 'I cannot go to bed without a word to them (Stella and Mrs. Dingley); I cannot put out my candle till I bid them good-night.' He had what he called 'the little language,' a sort of cipher as to names, but the journal itself is in the ordinary long-hand, and is as voluminous as a three-volume novel. It is a strange but fascinating medley, containing many coarse things—oaths, nasty jests, wild sallies of fancy, and brief outbursts of tenderness. The 'Modest Proposal' shocked many persons. The scheme is, that the children of the Irish poor should be sold and eaten as food! 'I have been assured,' he says, 'by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.'

He goes gravely into calculations on the subject: at a year old, an infant would weigh about twenty-eight pounds; it would make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dined alone, the fore or hind quarter would make a reasonable dish, and, seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter. 'I grant,' he adds, 'this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.' The grave irony of the 'Modest Proposal' is crowned, as it were, by the closing declaration, that the author is perfectly disinterested, having no children or expectation by which he could get a penny by the scheme! Even in these days of baby-farming, Swift's satire is rather too strong for modern taste, but it is a production of extraordinary power and ingenuity. Various editions of Swift's works have been published; the best and most complete is that by Sir Walter Scott, in nineteen volumes (1814). Swift's

rank as a writer has long since been established. In originality and strength, he has no superior, and in wit and irony—the latter of which

He was born to introduce
Refined it first, and shewed its use—

he shines equally pre-eminent. He was deficient in purity of taste and loftiness of imagination. The frequency with which he dwells on gross and disgusting images, betrays a callousness of feeling that wholly debarred him from the purer regions of romance. He could

Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair ;

though it was still, as Coleridge has remarked, 'the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.' Of the 'serious air' of Cervantes, which Pope has also bestowed on his friend, the traces are less frequent and distinct. We can scarcely conceive him to have ever read the 'Faery Queen' or 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The palpable and familiar objects of life were the sources of his inspiration ; and in fictitious narrative, he excels, like Richardson and Defoe, by painting and grouping minute particulars, that impart to his most extravagant conceptions an air of sober truth and reality. Always full of thought and observation, his clear, perspicuous style never tires in the perusal. When exhausted by the works of imaginative writers, or the ornate periods of statesmen and philosophers, the plain, earnest, manly pages of Swift, his strong sense, keen observation, and caustic wit, are felt to be a legacy of inestimable value.

The following are extracts from the 'Tale of a Tub:'

Ludicrous Image of Fanaticism.

It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards ; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans ; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven on nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath since been taken up by a great number of devout Christians, and doubtless with good reason. For since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them ; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. But though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine besides this of Mahomet.

Satire upon Dress and Fashion.

About this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grande monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot ; he was shewn in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign ; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything ; that the earth is invested by the air ; the air is

invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious a journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself, but a micco-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trummings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches easily slipped down?

Characteristics of Modern Critics.

I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art. The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very first result of the critic's mind: as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second. Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best are such as bespatter him most. Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

On Books and Learning.

The society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number if men were put upon making books with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without further expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease

of us, their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

*A Meditation upon a Broomstick, according to the Style and Manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle's Meditations.**

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest ; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs ; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk ; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air ; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself ; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself : Surely mortal man is a broomstick ! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk ; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head ; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men defaults !

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, as an emblem of a tree standing on its head ; and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—groveling on the earth ! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances ; takes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving ; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother-beson, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by

Inconveniences likely to result from the Abolition of Christianity.

I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be shocked at the sight of so many doggle-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes ; but at the same time, those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves ; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons. And to urge another argument of a parallel nature ; if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities ? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon railery and invectives against religion, and would, therefore, be never able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject ? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left ? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher,

* When chaplain to Lord Berkeley, Swift was accustomed to read to Lady Berkeley the Reflections or Meditations of Boyle. Growing weary of the task, he resolved to get rid of it in a way that might occasion some mirth in the family. Accordingly he inserted the above parody in the volume, and read it to the lady as a genuine production of Boyle's. The joke was successful the witty chaplain was not asked to proceed any further with the Meditations. When some one said to Stella that the Dean must have loved Vanessa very much to write of her so beautifully, she replied, that it was well known the Dean could write beautifully on a broomstick !

if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorneth and distinguisheth the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be misunderstood; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand, but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may a dangerous design lurk under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, Socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *ius divinum* of episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up presbytery in its stead; which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it shall still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that, instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, although we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? And therefore the freethinkers consider it a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground.

Diversions of the Court of Lilliput.

The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed with a slender white thread extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer,* is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a tENCHER fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them

* Doubtless Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister.

two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.*

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads, of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle, and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.†

Satire on Pretended Philosophers and Projectors.

In the description of his fancied Academy of Lagado in 'Gulliver's Travels,' Swift ridicules those quack pretenders to science and knavish projectors who were so common in his day, and whose schemes sometimes led to ruinous and distressing consequences.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise shewed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turning of the winds.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by

* This alludes to his dismissal in 1717 through the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope. The cushion was no doubt Sir Robert's great interest with the Duchess of Kendal, the favourite of George I.

† Walpole was distinguished by the orders of the Garter and the Bath, both here ridiculed.

practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down. Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and put of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns. The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity; for, it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success hath not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit,

great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? . . . Upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apoplegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting. . . .

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size: then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requireth some exactness; but the professor assured us, that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion; and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

We have just religion enough to make us *hate*, but not enough to make us *love* one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our mind runs only on the bad ones.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, or to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: 'Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:' whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side setteth up false lights, and

maketh a great noise, that the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words: for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told; whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past. I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

A *nice* man is a man of nasty ideas. [How true of Swift himself.]

If a man maketh me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keepeth his at the same time.

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

Overstrained Politeness, or Vulgar Hospitality.—From the ‘Tatler,’ No. 20.

Those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood,

close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua marabius* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off—for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air—and I was forced to obey; which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could; and desired the leg of a pullet. 'Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff,' says the lady, 'you must eat a wing to oblige me;' and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses, but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked; and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper. I said I never ate anything at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, 'that this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss,' the lady went and left me to her husband—for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment; and constantly as they came in or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow, and, 'Your humble servant, pretty miss.' Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short-cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.

ALEXANDER POPE.

In 1737, Pope published, by subscription, a volume of letters between himself and his literary friends. Part of the collection had been previously issued by Curll, a notorious publisher of that day, to whom Pope had, by the agency of other parties, conveyed an edition privately printed. Having, in his assumed character of purveyor of the letters, induced Curll to advertise the collection as containing letters of certain noblemen, the publisher was summoned to the House of Lords for breach of privilege. The volume, however, being examined, it was found that there was not a single letter from any nobleman in the collection, and Curll was dismissed. Pope had thus

secured publicity to the publication, and as the letters, he said, had not only been surreptitiously printed—stolen from private repositories—but altered and interpolated, he appeared justified in issuing a prospectus for a genuine edition. In reality, there was little or no difference between the editions, Pope having prepared both, and neither can be regarded as containing actual correspondence. Swift, however, had retained the letters addressed to himself; the original letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu also existed, and the early correspondence of Pope with Henry Cromwell had previously come into the possession of Curll, and was published. Additions were afterwards made to the collection from other sources, and thus we have a large body of the actual letters written by the wits of the Anne and first Georgian periods. The experiment was new to the public. ‘Pope’s epistolary excellence,’ says Johnson, ‘had an open field; he had no English rival, living or dead.’

The letters of Lord Bacon, Strafford, and other statesmen, had been published, but they descended little into the details of familiar life. Spratt suppressed the correspondence of Cowley, under the impression, finely expressed by an old writer, that private letters are commonly of too tender a composition to thrive out of the bosom in which they were first planted; and the correspondence of Pope was the first attempt to interest the public in the sentiments and opinions of literary men, and the expression of private friendship. As literature was the business of Pope’s life, and composition his first and favourite pursuit, he wrote always with a view to admiration and fame. He knew that if his letters to his friends did not come before the public in a printed shape, they would be privately circulated, and might affect his reputation with those he was ambitious of pleasing. Hence he seems always to have written with care. His letters are generally too elaborate and artificial to have been the spontaneous effusions of private confidence. Many of them are beautiful in thought and imagery, and evince a taste for picturesque scenery and description that it is to be regretted the poet did not oftener indulge. Others, as the exquisite one describing a journey to Oxford, in company with Bernard Lintot, possess a fine vein of comic humour and observation. Swift was inferior to Pope as a letter-writer, but he discloses more of his real character. He loved Pope as much as he could any man, and the picture of their friendship, disclosed in their correspondence, is honourable to both. They had both risen to eminence by their own talents; they had mingled with the great and illustrious; had exchanged with each other in private their common feelings and sentiments; had partaken of the vicissitudes of public affairs; seen their friends decay and die off; and in their old age, mourned over the evils and afflictions incident to the decline of life. Pope’s affection soothed the jealous irritability and misanthropy of Swift, and survived the melancholy calamity which rendered his friend one of the most pitiable and affecting objects among mankind.

*On Sickness and Death.*TO SIR RICHARD STEELE.—*July 15, 1712.*

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer: 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do.* The memory of man—as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom—passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c.—I am your, &c.

Pope in Oxford.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.—1716.—A genuine letter slightly altered.†

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than

* It is important to remember that Pope, when he wrote in this manner, was only twenty-four—that is, if we assume the letter to have been actually sent to Steele, which we very much doubt. It seems to be merely a literary essay—part of the fabricated correspondence.

† Martha Blount was the Stella of Pope. Her elder sister Teresa, was his first favourite, but Martha gained the ascendancy, and retained it till the death of the poet. They were of an old Catholic family, the Blounts of Mapledurham, near Reading. Gay has described the sisters as 'the fair-haired Martha, and Teresa brown,' and a picture in the family mansion, by Jervas, represents them as gathering flowers. Pope's father died at Chiswick in 1717, and the poet wrote to Martha, 'My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you at this moment, I never shall.' And he never did. He took the warmest interest in all her affairs, and left her the bulk of his fortune. Martha (who was two years younger than her illustrious friend) survived till July 12, 1763.

my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth—some in a deeper, some a softer tone—that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college-hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this side part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Death of Two Lovers by Lightning.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.—*September 1 [1717].*

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.* It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one—let it sound as it will—was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed—it was on the last of July—a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John—who never separated from her—sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another; those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair,—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

* The house of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. Here Pope translated part of the *Iliad*. He describes the house (though with many fanciful additions) in the subsequent letter, in a style which recalls the grave humour of Addison, and foreshadows the *Bracebridge Hall* of Washington Irving.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
 On the same pile the faithful pair expire;
 Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,
 And blasted both that it might neither wound.
 Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
 Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
 A pair so faithful could expire;
 Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
 And snatched them in celestial fire.

Live well and fear no sudden fate :
 When God calls virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike to kill or save.
 Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole. I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

Description of an Ancient English Country-seat.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

DEAR MADAM—"Tis not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you, that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for the first minute of your arrival—which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas's. I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that—in a poetical fit—you would imagine it had been a village in Amphiön's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brew-house. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient pent-house. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient

families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elnor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about 'em. These are carefully set at the further corner: for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a handbox; it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these have not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he shewed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheds of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: 'Thus,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighboring prior; ever since which the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here: some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the

description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed, I owe this old house the same sort of gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope, therefore, very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, madam, your most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant.

I beg Mr. Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

Pope to Bishop Atterbury, in the Tower.

May 17, 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night.* May you enjoy a state of repose in this life not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future, as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint; I mean of all posterity: and, perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or a critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant; the man, the boy; the philosopher, both; and the Christian, all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad, and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing?—it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and, therefore, look forward, and make, as you can, the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame as well as happiness, yours, &c.

Pope was one of the authors of the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,' where he has lavished much wit on subjects which are now

* The bishop went into exile the following month.

mostly of little interest. He has ridiculed Burnett's 'History of his Own Times' with infinite humour in 'Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish;' and he contributed several papers to the 'Guardian.' His prose works contain also a collection of 'Thoughts on Various Subjects,' a few of which are here subjoined:

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a block-head. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead-weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them: for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.—From the 'Guardian.'

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies, learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with Epic Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of.

For the Fable.—Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend—for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Behanis of Greece—those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures; there let him work for twelve hours; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode.—Take any remaining adventure of our former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory.—These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the Manners.—For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it

be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man.—For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the name as occasion serves.’

For the Machines.—‘Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton’s ‘Paradise,’ and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his ‘Art of Poetry.’

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Incident—

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.’

For the Descriptions.—*For a Tempest.*—‘Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse: add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.’

For a Battle.—‘Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer’s ‘Iliads,’ with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.’

For Burning a Town.—‘If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the ‘Theory of the Conflagration,’ well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.’

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them; but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookseller.

For the Language.—(I mean the diction.) ‘Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than anything else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who, like our poet, had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.’

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper, for they are observed to cool before they are read.

• DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT, the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, was associated with his brother-wits in some of the humorous productions of the day, called forth chiefly by political events. They were all Tories, and keenly interested in the success of their party. Arbuthnot was born in 1667 at a place of the same name in Kincardineshire, son of a nonjuring clergyman. He was educated at the university of Aberdeen; and having studied medicine, repaired to

London, where he became known as an author and a wit. He wrote an 'Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge,' and an 'Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning' (1700). Happening to be at Epsom when Prince George was taken ill there, Arbuthnot was called upon to prescribe, and treated the case so successfully that he was made the prince's regular physician. In 1709, he was appointed physician in ordinary to the queen.

The satirical 'Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus,' published in Pope's works, was chiefly, if not wholly, written by Arbuthnot. The design of this work, as stated by Pope, is to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity, who had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. Cervantes was the model of the witty authors; but though they may have copied his grave irony with success, the fine humanity and imagination of the Spanish novelist are wholly wanting in Scriblerus. It is highly probable, however, that the character of Cornelius Scriblerus suggested to Sterne the idea of Walter Shandy. His oddities and absurdities about the education of his son—in describing which Arbuthnot evinces his extensive and curious learning—are fully equal to Sterne. Useful hints are thrown out amidst the ridicule and pedantry of Scriblerus; and what are now termed *object-lessons* in some schools, may have been derived from such ludicrous passages as the following: 'The old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." *He never gave him a fig or an orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came.*'

A more complete and durable monument of the wit and humour of Arbuthnot is his 'History of John Bull,' published in 1712, and designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough, and render the nation discontented with the French war. The allegory in this piece is well sustained, and the satirical allusions poignant and happy, though the political disputes of that time have lost their interest. Of the same ironical description is Arbuthnot's 'Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients,' and his 'Art of Political Lying.' His wit is always pointed, and rich in classical allusion, without being acrimonious or personally offensive. Of the serious performances of Arbuthnot, the most valuable is a series of dissertations on ancient coins, weights, and measures. He published also some medical works. After the death of Queen Anne, all the attend-

ants of the court were changed, and Arbuthnot removed from St. James's to Dover Street. Swift said he knew his *art*, but not his *trade*; and on another occasion the dean said of him: 'He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit.' Arbuthnot, however, though displaced, applied himself closely to his profession, and continued his unaffected cheerfulness and good-nature. In his latter years he suffered much from ill-health: he died in 1735. The most severe and dignified of the occasional productions of Dr. Arbuthnot, is his epitaph on Colonel Chartres, a notorious gambler and money-lender of the day, tried and condemned for an assault on his female servant:

Here continueth to rot the body of FRANCIS CHARTRES, who, with an inflexible constancy, and immitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribe-worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat with the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

Characters of John Bull (the English), Nic. Frog (the Dutch), and Hocus (the Duke of Marlborough).

Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accompits, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon-companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning sly rogue, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain; no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks; he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all: the neighbours reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.*

* The Duchess of Marlborough was in reality a termagant. All the Tory wits of that day charged the great duke with pecculation as commander-in-chief, and with having prolonged the war on that account. There was not a fragment of evidence to support the

Character of John Bull's Mother (the Church of England).

John had a mother whom he loved and honoured extremely; a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimped ribbons in her head-dress, fur-below scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross: she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses, and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well-fancied, with a *bongout*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to put with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: we must not eat to-day for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years; let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birthday. She looked upon all this as grimace, yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors,* to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex; your rakes that hate the company of all sober grave gentlewomen would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the newfangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom; though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions—this is intollible, I cannot be mistaken, none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction.

Character of John Bull's Sister Peg (the Scottish Nation and Church).

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and

allegation. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, ridiculed the notion, and said that, however much Marlborough might have loved money, he must have loved his military reputation more.

* In the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament.

John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south sun; miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart.* In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames; she called him Gundy-guts, and he called her Lousey Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was; and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic leuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. 'What thank you of my sister Peg,' says he, 'that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bag-pipe?' 'What's that to you, Gundy-guts?' quoth Peg; 'everybody's to choose their own music.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack† had of late been her inclination: Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart.

The Celerity and Duration of Lies, and How to Contradict them.

As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible. He gives several instances of lies that have gone faster than a man can ride post. Your terrifying lie travels at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour. Your whippers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says they are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer than the turn is served.

The properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it should be reported that the Pretender was in London, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in England; but you must prove by eye-witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus, if it be spread about that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman who affirmed that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not, by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

The following extract will serve as a specimen of Dr. Arbuthnot's serious composition. It is taken from an essay on the

* Henry VIII to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland: this offer was rejected, and followed by a war: to this event probably the author alludes.

† The Pope, Luther, and Calvin.

Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.

The advantages which accrue to the mind by mathematical studies consist chiefly in these things: 1st, In accustoming it to *attention*. 2d, In giving it a habit of *close and demonstrative reasoning*. 3d, In freeing it from *prejudice, credulity, and superstition*.

First, the mathematics make the mind attentive to the objects which it considers. This they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding as music to the ear and beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our senses; only in the former case, as the object and faculty are more spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other sciences consisting only of probable reasonings, the mind has not where to fix, and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in mathematical investigations, truth may be found, so it is not always obvious. This spurs the mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. . . .

The second advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge is a habit of clear, demonstrative, and methodical reasoning. We are contrived by nature to learn by imitation more than by precept; and I believe in that respect reasoning is much like other inferior arts—as dancing, singing, &c.—acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary, for a rule of formal arguing in public disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience or readers. But, in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man further than all the dialectical rules. Their analysis is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our inquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of mathematical analysis, uses a method somewhat analogous to it.

Thirdly, mathematical knowledge adds vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does in two ways: 1st, By accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust. 2d, By giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world, which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the Almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. . . . The mathematics are friends to religion, inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion, and false reasoning; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathematical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

HENRY ST. JOHN VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE was in his own day the most conspicuous and illustrious of that friendly band of Tory wits and poets who adorned the reigns of Anne and George I. He is now the least popular of the whole. St. John was descended from an ancient family, and was born at Battersea, in Surrey, in 1678. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. After some years of dissipation, he entered parliament, and was successively secretary at war and secretary of state. He was elevated to the peerage in 1712. On the death of Queen Anne, the seals of office were taken from him, and he was threatened with impeachment for the share he had taken in negotiating the Treaty of Utrecht. Bolingbroke retired to France, and entered into the Pretender's service as secretary. Here, also, he became unpopular, and was accused of neglect and incapacity. Dis-

missed from his second secretaryship, he had recourse to literature, and produced his 'Reflections on Exile,' and a letter to Sir William Wyndham, containing a defence of his conduct. In 1723, he obtained a full pardon, and returned to England; his family inheritance was restored to him, but he was excluded from the House of Lords. He commenced an active opposition to Walpole, and wrote a number of political tracts against the Whig ministry. In 1735, he retired again to France, and resided there seven years, during which time he produced his 'Letters on the Study of History,' and a 'Letter on the True Use of Retirement.' The last ten years of his life were spent at Battersea.

In 1749, appeared his 'Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism,' and 'Idea of a Patriot King,' with a preface believed to be by Mallet, but in reality written by Bolingbroke, in a strain of coarse invective, and which led to a bitter and acrimonious war of pamphlets. Bolingbroke's treatise had been put into the hands of Pope, that he might have a few copies printed for private circulation. After the death of Pope, it was found that an impression of 1500 had been printed, and this Bolingbroke affected to consider a heinous breach of trust. The transaction was the most venial of all the poet's stratagems. The anger of Bolingbroke is more justly considered to have been only a pretext, the real ground of offense being the poet's preference of Warburton, to whom he left the valuable property in his printed works. Bolingbroke died in 1751, and Mallet—to whom he left all his manuscripts—published a complete edition of his works in five volumes. A series of essays on religion and philosophy, first published in this collection, disclosed the noble author as an opponent of Christianity. Of lofty irregular views and character, vain, ambitious, and vindictive, yet eloquent and imaginative, we may admire, but cannot love Bolingbroke. The friendship of Pope was the brightest gem in his coronet; yet by one ungrateful and unfeeling act he sullied its lustre, and,

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.

The writings of Bolingbroke are animated by momentary or factious feeling, rather than by any fixed principle or philosophical views. In expression he is often vivid and felicitous, with a rambling yet lively style, more resembling *spoken* than *written* eloquence, and with a power of moral painting, that presents pictures to the mind. In one of his letters to Swift, we find him thus finely moralising:

The Decline of Life.

We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us; let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. We may, nay—if we will follow nature and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates—we shall, of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and inte-

rests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions*—says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other—are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time—and am glad it is over—when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm; that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable, so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would ill defend me in the scuffle.

A loftier spirit of philosophy pervades the following eloquent sentence on the independence of the mind with respect to external circumstances and situation.

The Order of Providence.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature—the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

National Partiality and Prejudice.

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions, the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese Mandarins were strangely surprised, and almost incredulous, when the Jesuits shewed them how small a figure their empire made in the general map of the world. . . . Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth, in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilised states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a vat on his head, and a gonilla round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty. I

might shew, by a multitude of other examples, how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it; and many of these would be both curious and important. I might likewise bring several other instances, wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes; because it is for the most part confined, like our education. But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing, that though an early and proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favour of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own country. There is a story told of Algarnus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus; every beast ran immediately to that part of the circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid. *Credat Judæus Apella.* This tale might pass on Josephus; for in him, I believe, I read it; but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest attach us to it, not instinct. It is, however, so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy.

Unreasonableness of Complaints of the Shortness of Human Life.

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumbings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who mispends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorises this impety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master Aristotle found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the *fatigæ* on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. 'Tis to presume that the system of the universe would have been more, wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice of the creature. That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of the creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty.

Let us leave the men of pleasure and of business, who are often candid enough to own that they throw away their time, and thereby to confess that they complain of the Supreme Being for no other reason than this, that he has not proportioned his bounty to their extravagance. Let us consider the scholar and philosopher, who, far from owning that he throws any time away, reproves others for doing it; that solemn mortal who abstains from the pleasures, and declines the business of the world, that he may dedicate his whole time to the search of truth and the improve-

ment of knowledge. When such a one complains of the shortness of human life in general, or of his remaining share in particular, might not a man more reasonable, though less solemn, expostulate thus with him: "Your complaint is indeed consistent with your practice; but you would not possibly renew your complaint if you reviewed your practice. Though reading makes a scholar, yet every scholar is not a philosopher, nor every philosopher a wise man. It costs you twenty years to devour all the volumes on one side of your library; you came out a great critic in Latin and Greek, in the oriental tongues, in history and chronology; but you were not satisfied. You confessed that these were the *literæ nihil sanantes* and you wanted more time to acquire other knowledge. You have had this time; you have passed twenty years more on the other side of your library, among philosophers, rabbis, commentators, schoolmen and whole legions of modern doctors. You are extremely well versed in all that has been written concerning the nature of God, and of the soul of man, about matter and form, body and spirit, and space and eternal essences, and incorporeal substances, and the rest of those profound speculations. You are a master of the controversies that have arisen about nature and grace, about predestination and freewill, and all the other abstruse questions that have made so much noise in the schools, and done so much hurt in the world. You are going on, as fast as the infirmities you have contracted will permit, in the same course of study; but you begin to foresee that you shall want time, and you make grievous complaints of the shortness of human life. Give me leave now to ask you how many thousand years God must prolong your life in order to reconcile you to his wisdom and goodness? It is plain, at least highly probable, that a life as long as that of the most aged of the patriarchs would be too short to answer your purposes; since the researches and disputes in which you are engaged have been already for a much longer time the objects of learned inquiries, and remain still as imperfect and undetermined as they were at first. But let me ask you again, and deceive neither yourself nor me, have you, in the course of these forty years, once examined the first principles and the fundamental facts on which all those questions depend, with an absolute indifference of judgment, and with a scrupulous exactness? With the same care that you have employed in examining the various consequences drawn from them, and the heterodox opinions about them? Have you not taken them for granted in the whole course of your studies? Or, if you have looked now and then on the state of the proofs brought to maintain them, have you not done it as a mathematician looks over a demonstration formerly made—to refresh his memory, not to satisfy any doubt? If you have thus examined, it may appear marvellous to some that you have spent so much time in many parts of those studies which have reduced you to this hectic condition of so much heat and weakness. But if you have not thus examined, it must be evident to all, nay, to yourself on the least cool reflection, that you are still, notwithstanding all your learning, in a state of ignorance. For knowledge can alone produce knowledge; and without such an examination of axioms and facts, you can have none about inferences."

In this manner one might expostulate very reasonably with many a great scholar, many a profound philosopher, many a dogmatical casuist. And it serves to set the complaints about want of time, and the shortness of human life, in a very ridiculous but a true light.

Pleasures of a Patriot.

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys, than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favour. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execution. His labour continues, it varies, it increases; but so does his pleasure

too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed, by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintain no unpleasant agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done—a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour he has acquired, to soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be to those who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser; he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering, and struggling with afflictions; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum, and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and maintained more outward dignity, than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

Wise, Distinguished from Cunning Ministers.

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies: and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning minister is one of those: he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any further than his personal interests and the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of those effectually, gains a little time by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by another. The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see further, because government has a further concern: he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgment he makes on an entire, not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.

Parts of Pope's 'Essay on Man' bear a strong resemblance to passages in Bolingbroke's treatises. The poet had the priority of publication, but the peer was the preceptor. The principles of Pope on religious subjects were loose and unfixed; Bolingbroke carried him further in his metaphysical speculation than he perceived at the time, and Pope was overjoyed when Warburton came forward with his forced and pedantic commentary, to reconcile the 'Essay on Man' to Christian doctrine. 'You understand my system,' he said, 'better than I do myself.' The system was the stamina of Bolingbroke's philosophy (which the poet did not fully comprehend) communicated, as the peer happily expresses it, in addressing Pope, in their private

hours—'when we saunter alone, or as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden.'

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Few persons, and especially ladies, have united so much solid sense and learning to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description, as **LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU**. In epistolary composition she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, pure, and delightful: yet if we consider the variety and novelty of the objects described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of anecdote and observation they display, the just reflections that spring out of them, and the happy clearness and idiomatic grace of her style, we shall hesitate in placing her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced. This accomplished lady was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690. She was educated under the superintendence of Bishop Burnet, and in youth was a close student and indefatigable reader. In 1712 she married Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, and on her husband being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles, and made the friendship of Addison, Congreve, Pope, and the other distinguished literati of that period. Her personal beauty and the charms of her conversation were then unrivalled. In 1716, her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople. During her journey and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister, the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Pope, &c., delineating European and Turkish scenery and manners with accuracy and minuteness. On observing among the villagers in Turkey the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, she became convinced of its utility and efficacy, and applied it to her own son, at that time about three years old. By great exertions Lady Mary afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England, and conferred a lasting benefit on her native country and on mankind. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by the advice of Pope, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not long continue friends. Pope wrote high-flown panegyrics and half-concealed love-letters to Lady Mary, and she treated them with silence or ridicule. On one occasion, he is said to have made a tender *declaration*, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter, and made the sensitive poet ever afterwards her implacable enemy. Lady Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues, and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too much wit for him. The cool self-possession of the lady of rank and fashion, joined to her sarcastic powers, proved an overmatch for the jealous retired author, tremblingly alive to the shafts of ridicule. In 1739, her health having declined, Lady Mary left England and her husband to

travel and live abroad. She visited Rome, Naples, &c., and settled at Lovere, in the Venetian territory, whence she corresponded freely and fully with her female friends and relatives.

Mr. Montague died in 1761, and Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to return to England. She arrived in October, 1761, but died in the following year. Her letters were first printed surreptitiously in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published in five volumes in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. A later edition (1861), edited by Mr. Moy Thomas, is still more complete and correct. The letters from Constantinople and France have been printed in various shapes. The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the present age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style, easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners, and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in our national literature. They are truly *letters*, not critical or didactic essays enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit. Some rather objectionable letters, published even in Lord Wharncliffe's edition (vol. ii. pp. 104-121), were assuredly not written by Lady Mary, but are forgeries by John Cleland, son of Pope's friend Major Cleland, a clever unprincipled littérateur, who lived down to the close of the century.

To E. W. Montagu—On Matrimonial Happiness.

If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good-humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural fund of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think—now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me—though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not forever—nor is it in human nature that they should be—disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all

things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls in love with his dogs and his horses, and out of love with everything else. I am now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than where we are. . . .

To Mr. Pope—Eastern Manners and Language.

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S., 1717.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his 'Idylliums' had been filled with descriptions of thrashing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trodden out by oxen; the butter—I speak it with sorrow—unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country; the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half-a-dozen of old bashaws—as I do very often—with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good king Præm and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *seen* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt

you 'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the 'Song of Solomon,' which was also addressed to a royal bride.

The nightingale now wanders in the vines :
Her passion is to seek roses.

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines :
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.⁽¹⁾

The wished possession is delayed from day to day ;
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

I dare not snatch one of your kisses ;
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses :
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.

Ah ! when will the hour of possession arrive ?
Must I yet wait a long time ?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Ah, sultana ! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels !
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart ?

My cries pierce the heavens !
My eyes are without sleep !
Turn to me, sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

Adieu—I go down to the grave.
If you call me, I return.

• My heart is—hot as sulphur ; sigh, and it will flame.

Crown of my life !—fair light of my eyes !
My sultana !—my princess !
I rub my face against the earth—I am drowned in scalding tears—I
I have you no compassion ? Will you not turn to look upon me ?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation ; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you that they have received no poetical touches from their hands.

To Mrs. S. C. [*Sarah Chiswell*].—*Inoculation for the Small-pox.*

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S. 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox ; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle—which gives you no more pain than a com-

¹ Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his *Persian Grammar*, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the *Boopis* of Homer.

mon scratch—and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time, they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

To Lady Rich—France in 1718.

PARIS, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me, which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the Godlike attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau, where you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting-palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering.

I have seen all the beauties, and such — (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, numerously laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen; and if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

To the Countess of Bute—On Female Education.

LOVERE, Jan. 28, N. S. 1753.

DEAR CHILD—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest

men that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord But's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of shewing it; and his uncle the present Duke of Argyll has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning; in that case, by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education; your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful—and perhaps is so—without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain; thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasures so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: First, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had but known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegances. In the midst of this triumph, I shewed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiarist was very unlucky to fall into my hands: that author being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her—and which is most absolutely necessary—is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle,

as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over-eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife—and I have the comfort to hear that you are one; hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery, where there is—at the lowest computation—ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you—as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity—I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention; and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy, that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

WILLIAM WOTTON.

WILLIAM WOTTON (1666–1726), a clergyman in Buckinghamshire, whom we have mentioned as the author of a reply to Sir William Temple, wrote various other works, including remarks on Swift's 'Tale of a Tub.' In childhood, his talent for languages was so extraordinary and precocious, that it is related of him, though the statement is highly improbable, that when five years old he was able to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, almost as well as English! At the age of twelve he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, previously to which he had gained an extensive acquaintance with several additional languages, including Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee; as well as with geography, logic, philosophy, chronology, and mathematics. As in many similar cases, however, the expectations held out by his early proficiency were not justified by any great achievements in after-life. We quote the following passage from his 'Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning' (1694), chiefly because it records the change of manners which took place among literary men during the seventeenth century:

Decline of Pedantry in England.

The last of Sir William Temple's reasons of the great decay of modern learning is pedantry: the urging of which is an evident argument that his discourse is levelled against learning, not as it stands now, but as it was fifty or sixty years ago. For the new philosophy has introduced so great a correspondence between men of learning and men of business; which has also been increased by other accidents amongst the masters of other learned professions; and that pedantry which formerly was almost universal is now in a great measure disused, especially amongst the young men, who

are taught in the universities to laugh at that frequent citation of scraps of Latin in common discourse, or upon arguments that do not require it; and that nauseous ostentation of reading and scholarship in public companies, which formerly was so much in fashion. Affecting to write politely in modern languages, especially the French and ours, has also helped very much to lessen it, because it has enabled abundance of men, who wanted academical education, to talk plausibly, and some exactly, upon very many learned subjects. This also has made writers habitually careful to avoid those impertinences which they know would be taken notice of and ridiculed; and it is probable that a careful perusal of the fine new French books, which of late years have been greedily sought after by the politer sort of gentlemen and scholars, may in this particular have done abundance of good. By this means, and by the help also of some other concurrent causes, those who were not learned themselves being able to maintain disputes with those that were, forced them to talk more warily, and brought them, by little and little, to be out of countenance at that vain thrusting of their learning into everything, which before had been but too visible.

TOM D'URFEY AND TOM BROWN.

Very different in character from these grave and erudite authors were their contemporaries, TOM D'URFEY (*circa* 1630–1723) and TOM BROWN (1663–1704), who entertained the public with occasional whimsical compositions both in prose and verse, which are now valued only as conveying some idea of the taste and manners of the time. D'Urfe's first work was a heroic poem 'Archery Revived' (1676), and he continued to write plays, operas, poems, and songs. His comedies possess some farcical humour, but are too coarse and licentious for the stage. As a lively and facetious companion, his society was greatly courted, and he was a distinguished composer of jovial and party songs. In the 29th number of the 'Guardian,' Steele mentions a collection of sonnets published under the title of 'Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to Purge Melancholy;' at the same time censuring the world for ungratefully neglecting to reward the jocular labours of D'Urfe, 'who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest part of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them.' In the 67th number of the same work, Addison humourously solicits the attendance of his readers at a play for D'Urfe's benefit. The songs and other pieces of D'Urfe ultimately extended to six volumes, and were entitled: 'Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy,' &c. (1720). Tom Brown appeared as an author about 1688. He was a 'merry fellow' and libertine, who, having by his immoral conduct lost the situation of schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, became a professional author and libeller in the metropolis. His writings, which consist of dialogues, letters, poems, and other miscellanies, display considerable learning as well as shrewdness and humour, but are deformed by obscene and scurrilous buffoonery.

Letter from Scarron in the Next World to Louis XIV.

All the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses but what his Gallic majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our virtuosos, that since the days of Diocle-

tian, no prince has been so great a benefactor to hell as yourself; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris. I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Ryswick (1697), and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with Heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents; and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you a universal applause in these regions; the three Furies sing your praises in every street; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me about a week ago to present his most humble respects to you; adding, that if it had not been for your majesty, he, with his wife and children, must long ago been quartered upon the parish; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience.

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. 'Why, gentlemen,' says an ill-lookingascal, who proved to be Herostratus, 'for Pluto's sake, let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too: 'twas I who, out of the *gaieté de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building; therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share.' 'Why, thou diminutive, inconsiderable wretch,' said I in a great passion to him—'thou worthless idle loggerhead—thou pigmy in sin—thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art have the impudence to enter the lists with Louis le Grand? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church, but how? when the mistress of the house was gone out to assist Olympias. 'Twas plain, thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot. But what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time?'

He had no sooner made his exit, but, cries an odd sort of spark, with his hat buttoned up before, like a country scrapper: 'Under favour, sir, what do you think of me?' 'Why, who are you?' replied I to him. 'Who am I?' answered he; 'why Nero, the sixth emperor of Rome, that murdered my'—— 'Come,' said I to him, 'to stop your prating, I know your history as well as yourself—that murdered your mother. Kicked your wife down-stairs, despatched two apostles out of the world, began the first persecution against the Christians, and, lastly, put your master Seneca to death.' [These actions are made light of, and the sarcastic shade proceeds]— 'Whereas, his most Christian majesty, whose advocate I am resolved to be against all opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a million of poor Huguenots at home, and sent t'other million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts and repeated promises, for no other provocation, that I know of, but because they were such coxcombs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero, thou mayst pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class; but be advised by a stranger, and never shew thyself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Louis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murdered tines, for all thou art the vilest thrumner upon catgut the sun ever beheld. However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of.'

An Indian's Account of a London Gaming-house.

The English pretend that they worship but one God, but for my part, I don't believe what they say; for besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sac-

rifices, as I have observed at one of their public meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *wachium*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestic sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities; for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the immovable assistants are all of them in their turn possessed by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blesses Heaven; another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth; a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extraordinary postures and contortions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest returned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest. He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess them.

Laconics, or New Maxims of State and Conversation.

Though a soldier in time of peace is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him it is the middle of June.

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something into his pocket.

What is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander. When any calamities befell the Roman empire, the pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians: when Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians returned the same compliment to the pagans.

That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture and in one climate, won't do so in another. The cavaliers, in the beginning of the troubles, used to trump up the 12th of the 'Romans' upon the parliament; the parliament trumped it upon the army, when they would not disband; the army back again upon the parliament, when they disputed their orders. Never was poor chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again.

Not to flatter ourselves, we English are none of the most constant and easy people in the world. When the late war pinched us—Oh! when shall we have a peace and trade again? We had no sooner a peace, but—*Iluzza*, boys, for a new war! and that we shall soon be sick of.

It may be no scandal for us to imitate one good quality of a neighbouring nation, who are like the turf they burn, slow in kindling, but, when once thoroughly lighted, keep their fire.

What a fine thing it is to be well-mannered upon occasion! In the reign of King Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: 'In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here.'

Some divines make the same use of fathers and councils as our beans do of their caues, not for support or defence, but mere ornament or show; and cover themselves with fine cobweb distinctions, as Homer's gods did with a cloud.

Some books, like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.

'Twas a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.

A widow and a government are ready, upon all occasions, to tax the new husband and the new prince with the merits of their predecessors, unless the former husband was hanged, and the former king sent to grass; and then they bid them take fair warning by their destiny.

For a king to engage his people in war, to carry off every little ill humour of state, is like a physician's ordering his patient a flux for every pimple.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

All parties blame persecution when they feel the smart on't, and all practise it when they have the rod in their hands. For all his pretended meekness, Calvin made roast-meat of Servetus at Geneva, for his unorthodoxy.

SIXTH PERIOD.

—(1720—1780.)—

GEORGE II. AND GEORGE III.

THE reign of George II. was not prolific of original genius. There was no rich patronage from the crown or from ministers of state to encourage or reward authors. The magnificence of Dorset and Halifax found no imitators. Sir Robert Walpole, the great minister of the period, is said to have spent in ten years—from 1731 to 1742—above £50,000 on public writers; but his liberality was extended only to obscure and unscrupulous partisans, the supporters of his government, whose names would have passed into oblivion but for the satire of Pope. And Pope himself, by his ridicule of poor authors and their Grub-street productions, helped to accelerate that downfall of the literary character which he charged upon the throne and the ministry. The tone of public morality also was low; and authors had to contend with the neglect and difficulties incident to a transition period between the loss of patronage and the growth of a reading public numerous and enlightened enough to appreciate and support sound literature. These disadvantages, however, were only partial. The novels of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett render the reign of the second George the brightest epoch in English fiction. Hume and Robertson had also commenced as historians. In theology and mental philosophy, the names of Bishop Butler and Jonathan Edwards stand out prominently. Literary periodicals abounded, and monthly magazines were then first established.

In poetry, the name of Pope continued to be the greatest. His *Moral Essays* and *Imitations of Horace*—the happiest of his works—were produced in this period. The most distinguished of his contemporaries, however, adopted styles of their own, or at least departed widely from that of their illustrious master. Thomson—who survived Pope only four years—made no attempt to enter the school of polished satire and pungent wit. His enthusiastic descriptions of nature, and his warm poetical feeling, seemed to revive the spirit of the elder muse, and to assert the dignity of genuine inspiration. Young in his best performances—his startling denunciations of death and judgment, his solemn appeals, his piety, and his epigram—was equally an original. Gray and Collins aimed at the dazzling imagery

and magnificence of lyrical poetry—the direct antipodes of Pope. Akenside descanted on the operations of the mind, and the associated charms of taste and genius, in a strain of melodious and original blank verse. And the best of the secondary poets, as Shensstone, Dyer, and Mason, had each a distinct and independent poetical character. Johnson alone, of all the eminent authors of this period, seems to have directly copied the style of Pope and Dryden. It is true that few or none of the poets we have named had much immediate influence on literature: Gray was ridiculed, and Collins was neglected, because both public taste and criticism had been vitiated and reduced to a low ebb. The spirit of true poetry, however, was not dead; the seed was sown, and in the next generation Cowper and Burns completed what Thomson had begun. The conventional style was destined to fall, leaving only that taste for correct language and polished versification which was established by the example of Pope, and found to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom and originality of conception and expression.

In the early part of the reign of George III. Johnson was still the great literary dictator, and he had yet to produce his best work, the ‘*Lives of the Poets*.’ The exquisite poetry of Goldsmith, and the writings of Burke—that ‘resplendent, far-sighted rhetorician’—are perhaps the most precious products of the period. In fiction, Sterne was triumphantly successful, and he found many imitators, the best of whom was William Mackenzie. Several female writers—as Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, Charlotte Smith, and Mrs. Radcliffe—also enjoyed great popularity, though they are now comparatively little read. The more solid departments of literature were well supported. Hume and Robertson completed their historical works, and a fitting rival or associate appeared in Gibbon, the great historian of the Roman Empire. In theological literature we have the names of Paley, and Campbell, and Blair—the latter highly popular, if not profound. In metaphysics or mental philosophy, the writings of Reid formed a sort of epoch; and Smith’s ‘*Wealth of Nations*’ first explained to the world, fully and systematically, the principles upon which the wealth and prosperity of states must ever rest.

One remarkable peculiarity of the period is, that it comprises the two most memorable of literary frauds or forgeries—those of Macpherson and Chatterton. Macpherson had some foundation for his Ossianic poems, though assuredly he discovered no epic in the Hebrides; and Chatterton, while yet a boy, possessed the genius of a true poet, combined with the taste and acquirements of the antiquary. It is some apology for these literary felonies or misdemeanours, that the oldest of the culprits was barely of age when he entered on his perilous and discreditable enterprise, and was encouraged and cheered on his course by popular applause. And as for the younger, his premature and tragic death—one of the saddest pages in literary history—must ever disarm criticism.

POETS.

MATTHEW GREEN.

MATTHEW GREEN (1696-1737) was author of a poem, 'The Spleen,' which received the praises of Pope and Gray. His parents were dissenters, but the poet, it is said, afterwards left their communion, disgusted with their austerity. He obtained an appointment as clerk in the Custom-house. His disposition was cheerful; but this did not save him from occasional attacks of low spirits, or spleen, as the favourite phrase was in his time. Having tried all imaginable remedies for his malady, he conceived himself at length able to treat it in a philosophical spirit, and therefore wrote his poem, which adverts to all its forms, and their appropriate remedies, in a style of comic verse resembling 'Hudibras,' but allowed to be eminently original. Green terminated a quiet inoffensive life of celibacy in 1737, at the age of forty-one.

'The Spleen' was first published by Glover, the author of 'Leonidas,' himself a poet of some pretension in his day. Gray thought that 'even the wood-notes of Green often break out into strains of real poetry and music.' As 'The Spleen' is almost unknown to modern readers, we present a few of its best passages. The first that follows contains one line marked by italic, which is certainly one of the happiest and wisest things ever said by a British author. It seems, however, to be imitated from Shakspeare—

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.

Cures for Melancholy.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen, -
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh. . . .

If spleen-fogs rise at break of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit;
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,

I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory mudds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather. . . .

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on Fancy's neck the reins. . . .

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loath to lend or run in debt.
No Compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralising pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,

And forces Folly through the grate
 Her panegyric to repeat.
 This view, profusely when inclined,
 Enters a caveat in the mind :
 Experience, joined with common sense,
 To mortals is a providence.
 Reforming schemes are none of mine ;
 To mend the world 's a vast design :
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat
 To pull to them the ship afloat,
 While to defeat their laboured end,
 At once both wind and stream contend :
 Success herein is seldom seen,

Contentment—A Wish.

Forced by soft violence of prayer,
 The blithesome goddess soothes my care ;
 I feel the deity inspire.
 And thus she models my desire :
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
 Two maids that never saw the town,
 A serving-man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow.
 And drive, while t' other holds the plough ;
 A chief, of temper formed to please,
 Fit to converse and keep the keys ;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commissioned by the name of niece ;
 With understandings of a size,
 To think their master very wise.
 May Heaven—it 's all I wish for—send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cupboard, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land :
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may
 swim ;
 Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet :
 Where odoriferous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
 Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
 With opening views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy do regale,
 Where the half cirque, which vision
 bounds.
 Like amphitheatre surrounds :
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees ;
 From hills through plains in dusk array,
 Extended far, repel the day ;
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade,
 Invite, and contemplation aid :
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of fate.

And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
 His skiff does with the current glide,
 Not puffing pulled against the tide.
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
 Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed,
 And when he can't prevent foul play,
 Enjoys the folly of the fray.
 Yet philosophic love of ease
 I suffer not to prove disease,
 But rise up in the virtuous cause
 Of a free press and equal laws.

And dreams, beneath the spreading beech,
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind :
 Here Dryads, scornful Phœbus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measured motions frisk about,
 Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green ;
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow Sabbath keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair.
 And silver streams through meadows
 stray,

And Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills,
 From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus sheltered free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life ;
 See faction safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy ;
 Debarred the pleasure to impart
 By avarice, sphincter of the heart ;
 Who wealth, hard-earned by guifty cares,
 Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs ;
 May I, with look ungleamed by guile,
 And wearing virtue's livery-smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive ;
 With income not in Fortune's power,
 And skill to make a busy hour ;
 With trips to town, life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,
 When fate extends its gathering gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

A series of six imitations of living authors was published in 1736 by ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE (1706-1760), which obtained great popularity, and are still unsurpassed. The nearest approach to them are the serious parodies in the 'Rejected Addresses.' Browne was an amiable, accomplished man. He sat in parliament for some time as member for Wenlock in Shropshire. He wrote a Latin poem, 'De Animi Immortalitate,' in the style of Lucretius, and an English poem on the subject of 'Design and Beauty.' His imitations, however, are his happiest work. The subject of the whole is 'A Pipe of Tobacco,' and the first of the series is 'A New Year's Ode,' an imitation of Colley Cibber, beginning thus:

Recitativo.

Old battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head;
Sing, ye Muses, tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

Air.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.

Recitativo.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Franght with tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

Cibber's laureate effusions are here very happily travestied. Ambrose Philips's namby-pamby is also well hit off:

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist

With my finger gently braced,
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper pressed,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses.
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

Thomson is the subject of the third imitation:

O thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of limped truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought,
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns;
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise,
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed,
And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From Pætotheke with pungent powers perfumed
Itself one tortoise, all, where shines imbibed

Each parent ray ; then rudely rammed illume,
 With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
 Marked with Gibsonian lore ; forth issue clouds,
 Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
 And many-mining fires : I all the while,
 Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
 But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join
 In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
 Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
 Oh, be thou still my great inspirer. thou
 My Muse : oh, fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
 While I, in clouded tabernacle shrined,
 Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

This appears to be one of the happiest of the imitations ; but as the effect of Thomson's turgid style and diction employed on such a theme is highly ludicrous, the good-natured poet was offended with Browne, and indited some angry lines in reply. The fourth imitation is in the style of Young's 'Satires,' which are less strongly marked by any mannerism than his 'Night Thoughts,' not then written. Pope is thus imitated :

Blest leaf ! whose aromatic gales dispense
 To templars, modesty, to parsons, sense ;
 So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
 Content more solid than the smile of lords :
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry, food,
 The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
 Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
 By thee protected, and thy sister beer,
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
 Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
 What though to love and soft delights a foe,
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
 Yet social freedom long to courts unknown,
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcised by kings.

Swift concludes the series, but though Browne caught the manner of the dean, he also imitated his grossness.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

As a satirical poet, courtier, and diplomatist, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (1709-1759) enjoyed great popularity during the latter part of the reign of George II. Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, Pulteney, and others, threw off political squibs and light satires ; but Williams eclipsed them all in liveliness and pungency. He was introduced into public life by Sir Robert Walpole, whom he warmly supported. 'He had come, on the death of his father, Mr. Hanbury, into parliament in 1733, having taken the name of Williams for a large estate in Monmouthshire, left to him by a godfather who was

no relation. After his celebrated political poetry in ridicule of Walpole's antagonists, having unluckily lampooned Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, with her second husband, Mr. Hussey, an Irish gentleman, and his countrymen, he retreated, with too little spirit, from the storm that threatened him into Wales, whence he was afterwards glad to accept missions to the courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Russia.* One verse of this truculent satire may be quoted :

But careful Heaven reserved her Grace
For one of the Milesian race
On stronger parts depending :
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
That beats all understanding.

Pulteney, in 1742, succeeded in procuring the defeat and resignation of his rival Sir Robert Walpole, and was himself elevated to the peerage under the title of Earl of Bath. From this period he sank from popular favour into great contempt, and some of the bitterness of Williams's verses were levelled at him. In his poem of the 'Statesman,' he thus characterises the new peer :

When you touch on his lordship's high birth,
Speak Latin as if you were tipsy ;
Say we are all but the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew,
Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties,
You may say he is married, 'tis true,
Yet speak not a word of the countess.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
To enrol the fair deeds of his youth ;
When you mention the acts of his age,
Leave a blank for his honour and truth.

Say he made a great monarch change hands ;
He spake—and the minister fell ;
Say he made a great statesman of Sands—
Oh, that he had taught him to spell.

In another attack on the same parties, we have this pointed verse :

How Sands, in sense and person queer,
Jumped from a patriot to a peer
No mortal yet knows why ;
How Pulteney trucked the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
To call his vixen by.

Such pasquinades, it must be confessed, are as personal and virulent as any of the subsequent political poetry of the 'Rolliad or Anti-Jacobin Review.' The following is a more careful specimen of Williams's character-painting. It is part of a sketch of General Churchill—a man not unlike Thackeray's Major Pendennis :

* Croker: Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*

None led through youth a gayer life than he,
 Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
 But with old age its vices came along,
 And in narration he's extremely long,
 Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
 On every subject he his tale relates.
 If you name one of Marlbro's ten campaigns,
 He tells you its whole history for your pains,
 And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting
 As long in telling as he was in fighting;
 His old desire to please is well expressed,
 His hat's well cocked, his periwig's well dressed;
 He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
 And in the boxes with the beaux appears;
 His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
 Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says:
 And, still remembering that he once was young,
 He strains his crippled knees and struts along.
 The room he entered smiling, which bespoke
 Some worn-out compliment or threadbare joke;
 For, not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
 Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.

In 1822, the fugitive poetry of Williams was collected and published in three volumes; but the work is carelessly edited, and many gross pieces not written by the satirical poet were admitted.

JOHN DYER.

JOHN DYER was a native of Wales, being born at Aberglasslyn, Carmarthenshire, in 1698 or 1699. His father was a solicitor, and intended his son for the same profession. The latter, however, had a taste for the fine arts, and rambled over his native country, filling his mind with a love of nature, and his portfolio with sketches of her most beautiful and striking objects. The sister art of poetry also claimed his regard, and during his excursions he wrote 'Grongar Hill' (1726), the production on which his fame rests, and where it rests securely. Dyer next made a tour to Italy, to study painting. He does not seem to have excelled as an artist, though he was an able sketcher. On his return in 1740, he published anonymously another poem, 'The Ruins of Rome,' in blank verse. One short passage, often quoted, is conceived, as Johnson remarks, 'with the mind of a poet:'

The pilgrim oft
 At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears,
 Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers,
 Tumbling all precipitate down dashed,
 Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

Seeing, probably, that he had little chance of succeeding as an artist, Dyer entered the church, and obtained successively the livings of Calthrop in Leicestershire, of Coningsby in Huntingdonshire, and of Belchford and Kirkby in Lincolnshire. He published in 1757 his longest poetical work, 'The Fleece,' devoted to

The care of sheep, the labours of the loom.

The subject was not a happy one. How can a man write poetically, it was remarked by Johnson, of serges and druggets? Yet Dyer did write poetically on his unpromising theme, and Akenside assisted him with some finishing touches. One critic asked Dodsley how old the author of 'The Fleece' was; and learning that he was in advanced life, 'He will,' said the critic, 'be buried in woollen.' The poet did not long survive the publication, for he died next year, on the 24th of July, 1758. The poetical pictures of Dyer are happy miniatures of nature, correctly drawn, beautifully coloured, and grouped with the taste of an artist. Wordsworth has praised him highly for imagination and purity of style. His versification is remarkably musical. His moral reflections arise naturally out of his subject, and are never intrusive. All bear evidence of a kind and gentle heart, and a true poetical fancy.

Grongar Hill.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man:
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale:
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,

What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene.
Does the face of nature shew,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls

Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and
sun,

Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep.
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;

So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
*As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.**

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG (1684-1765), author of the 'Night Thoughts,' was born at Upham, in Hampshire, where his father—afterwards dean of Salisbury—was rector. He was educated at Winchester School, and subsequently at All Souls' College, Oxford. In 1712, he commenced public life as a courtier and poet, and he continued both characters till he was past eighty. One of his patrons was the notorious Duke of Wharton, 'the scorn and wonder of his days,' whom Young accompanied to Ireland in 1717. He was next tutor to Lord Burleigh, and was induced to give up this situation by Wharton, who promised to provide for him in a more suitable and ample manner. The duke also prevailed on Young, as a political supporter, to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Cirencester in parliament, and he gave him a bond of £600 to defray the expenses.

* Byron thought the lines here printed in italics the original of Campbell's far-famed lines at the opening of the *Picures of Hope*.

Young was defeated, Wharton died, and the Court of Chancery decided against the validity of the bond. The poet, being now qualified by experience, published a satire on the 'Universal Passion—the Love of Fame,' which is at once keen and powerful. When upwards of fifty, Young entered the church, wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of his majesty's chaplains. Swift has said that the poet was compelled to

Torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension ;

and it was found by Mr. Peter Cunningham—editor of Johnson's 'Lives,' 1854—that Young had a pension of £200 a year from 1725 till his death. In 1730, Young obtained from his college the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, where he was destined to close his days. He was eager to obtain further preferment, but having in his poetry professed a strong love of retirement, the ministry seized upon this as a pretext for keeping him out of a bishopric. The poet made a noble alliance with the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, widow of Colonel Lee, which lasted ten years, and proved a happier union than common report assigns to the titled marriages of Dryden and Addison. The lady had two children by her first marriage, to whom Young was warmly attached. Both died ; and when the mother also followed, Young composed his 'Night Thoughts.' Sixty years had strengthened and enriched his genius, and augmented even the brilliancy of his fancy. In 1761, the poet was made clerk of the closet to the Princess-dowager of Wales, and died four years afterwards at the advanced age of eighty-one.

A life of so much action and worldly anxiety has rarely been united to so much literary industry and genius. In his youth, Young was gay and dissipated, and all his life he was an indefatigable courtier. In his poetry, he is a severe moralist and ascetic divine. That he felt the emotions he describes, must be true ; but they did not permanently influence his conduct. He was not weaned from the world till age had incapacitated him for its pursuits ; and the epigrammatic point and wit of his 'Night Thoughts,' with the gloomy views it presents of life and religion, shew the poetical artist fully as much as the humble and penitent Christian. His works are numerous ; but the best are the 'Night Thoughts,' the 'Universal Passion,' and the tragedy of 'Revenge.' The foundation of his great poem was family misfortune, coloured and exaggerated for poetical effect.

Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?
Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain ;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

This rapid succession of bereavements was a poetical license ; for in one of the cases there was an interval of four years, and in another of seven months. The 'Night Thoughts' were published from 1742 to 1744. The gay Lorenzo is overdrawn. It seems to us a mere fancy

sketch. Like the character of Childe Harold in the hands of Byron, it afforded the poet scope for dark and powerful painting, and was made the vehicle for bursts of indignant virtue, sorrow, regret, and admonition. This artificial character pervades the whole poem, and is essentially a part of its structure. But it still leaves to our admiration many noble and sublime passages, where the poet speaks as from inspiration—with the voice of one crying in the wilderness—of life, death, and immortality. The truths of religion are enforced with a commanding energy and persuasion. Epigram and repartee are then forgotten by the poet; fancy yields to feeling; and where imagery is employed, it is select, nervous, and suitable. In this sustained and impressive style, Young seldom remains long at a time; his desire to say witty and smart things, to load his picture with supernumerary horrors, and conduct his personages to their ‘sulphureous or ambrosial seats,’ soon converts the great poet into the painter and epigrammatist. The ingenuity of his second style is in some respects as wonderful as the first, but it is of a vastly inferior order of poetry. Southey thinks that when Johnson said (in his ‘Life of Milton’) that ‘the good and evil of eternity were too ponderous for the wings of wit,’ he forgot Young. The moral critic could not, however, but have condemned even witty thoughts and sparkling metaphors, which are so incongruous and misplaced. The ‘Night Thoughts,’ like ‘Hudibras,’ is too pointed, and too full of compressed reflection and illustration, to be read continuously with pleasure. Nothing can atone for the want of simplicity and connection in a long poem. In Young there is no plot or progressive interest. Each of the nine books is independent of the other. The general reader, therefore, seeks out favourite passages for perusal, or contents himself with a single excursion into his wide and variegated field. But the more carefully it is studied, the more extraordinary and magnificent will the entire poem appear. The fertility of fancy, the pregnancy of wit and knowledge, the striking and felicitous combinations everywhere presented, are indeed remarkable. Sound sense is united to poetical imagery; maxims of the highest practical value, and passages of great force, tenderness, and everlasting truth, are constantly rising, like sunshine, over the quaint and gloomy recesses of the poet’s imagination:

The glorious fragments of a fire immortal,
With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust.

After all his bustling toils and ambition, how finely does Young advert to the quiet retirement of his country-life:

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
The world’s a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,

As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
 And meditate on scenes more silent still;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
 Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
 I see the circling hunt of noisy men
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
 As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
 Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
 Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies.'
 And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

And when he argues in favour of the immortality of man from the analogies of nature, with what exquisite taste and melody does he characterise the changes and varied appearances of creation:

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all!
 All change, no death; day follows night, and night
 The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise;
 Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
 With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
 Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
 Horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
 Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away.
 Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the first. All, to reflowerish, fades:
 As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

He thus moralises on human life:

Life speeds away
 From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
 Warnings point out our danger; gnomoons, time;
 As these are useless when the sun is set,
 So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
 Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye
 That sedentary shadow travels hard.
 But such our gravitation to the wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
 'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
 A Wilmington* goes slower than the sun:
 And all mankind mistake their time of day;
 Even age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrowed brows. To gentle life's descent
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
 We take fair days in winter for the spring,
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
 The disappointment of a promised hour.

* Lord Wilmington.

And again in a still nobler strain, where he compares human life to the sea :

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embarked:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oars, still stronger is their fate:]
They strike! and while they triumph they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright:
O'er them, and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating when the bark's engulfed;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born—
Darlings of Providence! fond fates elect!—
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men, and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength, their numberless escapes
In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow;
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply downed, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

With a such a throng of poetical imagery, bursts of sentiment, and rays of fancy, does the poet-divine clothe the trite and simple truths, that all is vanity, and that man is born to die!

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less
Than I of thee. And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess?
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,

In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train :
 Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
 Inspiring aspect !—claim a grateful verse ;
 And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
 Drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene.

This magnificent apostrophe to Night has scarcely been equalled in our poetry since the epic strains of Milton.

On Life, Death, and Immortality.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep !
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where Fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes ;
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
 From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
 I wake : how happy they who wake no more !
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
 I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
 Tumultuous ; where my wrecked desponding thought
 From wave to wave of fancied misery
 At random drove, her helm of reason lost
 Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—
 A bitter change !—severer for severe :
 The day too short for my distress ; and night,
 E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
 Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess : from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound !
 Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds ;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause ;
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled :
 Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.
 Silence and Darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
 From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
 To reason, and on reason build resolve—
 That column of true majesty in man—
 Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
 The grave your kingdom : there this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye ?

Thou, who didst put to flight
 Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
 O Thou ! whose word from solid darkness struck
 That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul ;
 My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind—
 A mind that fain would wander from its woe—
 Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my conduct than my song ;

Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears :
 Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
 On this devoted head, be poured in vain. . . .

How poor, how rich. how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man ;
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
 From different natures marvellously mixed,
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain !
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
 Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust :
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
 A worm ! a god ! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels !
 Oh what a miracle to man is man !
 Triumphantly distressed ! what joy ! what dread !
 Alternately transported and alarmed !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields ; or mourned along the gloom
 Of silent woods ; or, down the craggy steep
 Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool :
 Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the common clod. . . .
 Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal !

Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost ?
This is the desert, *thus* the solitude :
 How populous, how vital is the grave !
 This is creation's melancholy vault,
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !
 All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
 Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed ;
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule ;
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
 Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us embryos of existence free
 From real life ; but little more remote
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
 The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
 Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.
 Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his thoughts
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.

Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
 Here pious all his wishes ; winged by heaven,
 To fly at infinite : and reach it there
 Where seraphs gather immortality,
 On hie's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
 In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
 Where momentary ages are no more !
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire !
 And is it in the flight of threescore years
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Thoughts on Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 But from its loss : to give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands dispatch :
 How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss.
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?
 O time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load
 Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
 What moment granted man without account ?
 What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid !
 Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door ;
 Insidious Death ; should his strong hand arrest,
 No composition sets the prisoner free.
 Eternity's inexorable chain
 Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrears.

Youth is not rich in time ; it may be poor ;
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth ;
 And what it's worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.
 Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
 With holy hope of nobler time to come ;
 Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
 Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

Ah ! how unjust to nature and himself
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure Nature for a span too short ;
 That span too short we tax as tedious too ;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the lingering moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by ; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time ; we breathe, not live ;
Time wasted is existence ; used, is life :
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why ? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor even wait for man.
Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;
Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back ;
Life we think long and short ; death seek and shun.
O the dark days of vanity ; while
Here, how tasteless ! and how terrible when gone !
Gone ? they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still :
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possessed, both pain us, what can please ?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours

By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death :
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call ;
If wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

The Man whose Thoughts are not of this World.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed—
A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob ! a wandering herd ! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale ; in all unlike !
His full reverse in all ! what higher praise ?
What stronger demonstration of the right ?
The present all their care ; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame ; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature ; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court ; and he his owl.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities ;

His the composed possession of the true.
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
 All of one colour, and an even thread ;
 While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe ; each puff of Fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

Procrastination.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer :
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
 For ever on the brink of being born :
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least their own their future selves applaud ;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more
 All promise is poor dilatory man.
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.
 And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
 E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

The 'Night Thoughts' have eclipsed the other works of Young ; but his satires, published from 1725 to 1728 ('Love of Fame, the Universal Passion, in Seven Characteristical Satires'), are poems of high merit, in many passages equalling the satires of Pope, which they seem to have suggested.

From the Love of Fame.

Not all on books their criticism waste ;
 The genius of a dish some justly taste,
 And eat their way to fame ! with anxious thought
 The salmon is refused, the turbot bought.
 Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
 And bids December yield the fruits of May.
 Their various cares in one great point combine
 The business of their lives, that is, to dine ;
 Half of their precious day they give the least,
 And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
 Apicius here, the taster of the town,
 Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.
 These worthies of the palate guard with care
 The sacred annals of their bills of fare ;
 In those choice books their panegyrics read,
 And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed ;
 If man, by feeding well, commences great,
 Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.
 Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare,
 But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
 Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
 Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
 Think nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
 And trifles, life. Your cares to trifles give,
 Or you may die before you truly live.

Belus with solid glory will be crowned ;
 He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
 He builds himself a name ; and to be great,
 Sinks in a quarry an immense estate ;
 In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo ;
 And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true ;
 The pile is finished, every toil is past,
 And full perfection is arrived at last ;
 When lo ! my lord to some small corner runs,
 And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns,
 The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
 Provides a home from which to run away.
 In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
 But a discharge in full for an estate ?

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
 And think they grow immortal as they quote.
 To patchwork learned quotations are allied ;
 Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more great ?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
 To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
 Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
 Slight or important only by their place ?
 Titles are marks of honest men, and wise ;
 The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
 They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
 Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

Envious Grub-Street Authors and Critics.—From 'Epistle 1. to Mr. Pope.'

With fame in just proportion envy grows ;
 The man that makes a character makes foes ;
 Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies ;
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 To shew they live, they flutter and they sting :
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
 Shall we not censure all the motley train,
 Whether with ale irriguous or champagne ?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme ;
 The college sloven or embroidered spark,
 The purple prelate or the parish clerk,
 The quiet *quodnunc* or demanding prig,
 The plaintiff Tory or defendant Whig ;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad,
 Whether extremely witty or quite mad ;
 Profoundly dull or shallowly polite,
 Men that read well, or men that only write ;
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune their reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds ;
 For bankrupts write, when ruined shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perished nut.
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
 By thriving men, subsists each other trade ;
 Of every broken craft a writer's made.
 Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
 From tattered rags of all the stuff on earth.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

The author of 'The Chase' is still included in our list of poets, but is now rarely read or consulted. WILLIAM SOMERVILE (1677-1742) was, as he tells Allan Ramsay, his brother-poet,

A squire well born, and six foot high.'

His patrimonial estate (to which he succeeded in 1704) lay in Warwickshire, and was worth £1500 per annum—from which, however, had to be deducted a jointure of £600 to his mother. He was generous, but extravagant, and died in distressed circumstances. Leaving no issue, his estate descended to Lord Somerville. Somerville's poetical works are 'The Two Springs, a Fable,' 1725 ; 'Occasional Poem,' 1727 ; and 'The Chase,' 1735. 'The Chase' is in blank verse, and contains practical instructions and admonitions to sportsmen. The following is an animated sketch of a morning in autumn, preparatory to 'throwing off the pack :

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
 Her fragrant bounties showers ; the fields are shorn ;
 Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
 The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
 And counts his large increase ; his barns are stored,
 And groaning saddles bend beneath their load.

All now is free as air, and the gay pack
 In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
 No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
 Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
 Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
 But courteous now he levels every fence,
 Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
 Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.
 O bear me, some kind power invisible!
 To that extended lawn where the gay court
 View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
 Games more renowned, and a far nobler train,
 Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
 Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
 And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
 Or to those spacious plains, where the strained eye,
 In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
 Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
 And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
 Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle clumbs,
 With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
 And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild, blushing goddess, hail
 Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
 O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
 And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
 Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down,
 Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
 Till grateful streams shall tempt thee to receive
 Thy early meal, or thy officious maids;
 The toilet placed shall urge thee to perform
 The important work. Me other joys invite;
 The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked,
 Their matins chant, nor brook they long delay.
 My courser hears their voice; see there with cars
 And tail erect, neighing, he paws the ground;
 Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
 And boils in every vein. As captive boys
 Cowed by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
 Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
 If once dismissed, no limits can contain
 The tumult raised within their little breasts,
 But give a loose to all their frolic play;
 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
 A thousand wanton gaieties express
 Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
 Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
 The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
 When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
 Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs;
 And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Somerville wrote a poetical address to Addison, on the latter purchasing his estate in Warwickshire. 'In his verses to Addison,' says Johnson, 'the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained.' Addison, it is well known, signed his

papers in the 'Spectator' with the letters forming the name of Clio. The couplet which gratified Johnson so highly is as follows :

When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

In welcoming Addison to the banks of Avon, Somerville does not scruple to place him above Shakspeare as a poet !

In heaven he sings ; on earth your muse supplies
The important loss, and heals our weeping eyes :
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but superior art.

Gross as this misjudgment is, it should be remembered that Voltaire also fell into the same. The cold marble of 'Cato' was preferred to the living and breathing creations of the 'myriad-minded' magician.

JAMES THOMSON.

The publication of the 'Seasons' was an important era in the history of English poetry. So true and beautiful are the descriptions in the poem, and so entirely do they harmonise with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson. It is difficult to conceive a person of education in this country, imbued with an admiration of rural or woodland scenery, not entertaining a strong affection and regard for that delightful poet, who has painted their charms with so much fidelity and enthusiasm. The same features of blandness and benevolence, of simplicity of design and beauty of form and colour, which we recognise as distinguishing traits of the natural landscape, are seen in the pages of Thomson, conveyed by his artless mind as faithfully as the lights and shades on the face of creation. No criticism or change of style has, therefore, affected his popularity. We may smile at sometimes meeting with a heavy monotonous period, a false ornament, or tumid expression, the result of an indolent mind working itself up to a great effort, and we may wish that the subjects of his description were sometimes more select and dignified ; but this drawback does not affect our permanent regard or general feeling ; our first love remains unaltered ; and Thomson is still the poet with whom some of our best and purest associations are indissolubly joined. In the 'Seasons' we have a poetical subject poetically treated—filled to overflowing with the richest materials of poetry, and the emanations of benevolence. In the 'Castle of Indolence' we have the concentration or essence of those materials applied to a subject less poetical, but still affording room for luxuriant fancy, the most exquisite art, and still greater melody of numbers.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, near Kelso, county of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September 1700. His father, who was then minister of the parish of Ednam, removed a few years afterwards to

that of Southdean in the same county, a primitive and retired district situated among the lower slopes of the Cheviots. Here the young poet spent his boyish years. The gift of poesy came early, and some lines written by him at the age of fourteen, shew how soon his manner was formed :

Now I surveyed my native faculties,
And traced my actions to their teeming source :
Now I explored the universal frame,
Gazed nature through, and with interior light
Conversed with angels and unbodied saints
That tread the courts of the Eternal King !
Gladly I would declare in lofty strains
The power of Godhead to the sons of men,
But thought is lost in its immensity :
Imagination wastes its strength in vain,
And fancy tires and turns within itself,
Struck with the amazing depths of Deity !
Ah ! my Lord God ! in vain a tender youth,
Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,
Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,
To trace the rules of motion, and pursue
The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp :
Yet may I from thy most apparent works
Form some idea of their wondrous Author.*

In his eighteenth year, Thomson was sent to Edinburgh College. His father died in 1720, and the poet proceeded to London to push his fortune. His college friend, Mallet, procured him the situation of tutor to the son of Lord Binning, and being shown some of his descriptions of 'Winter,' advised him to connect them into one regular poem. This was done, and 'Winter' was published in March 1726, the poet having received only three guineas for the copyright. A second and a third edition appeared the same year. 'Summer' appeared in 1727. In 1728 he issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, the 'Four Seasons'; the number of subscribers, at a guinea each copy, was 387; but many took more than one, and Pope (to whom Thomson had been introduced by Mallet) took three copies. The tragedy of 'Sophonisba' was next produced; and in 1731 the poet accompanied the son of Sir Charles Talbot, afterwards lord chancellor, in the capacity of tutor or travelling-companion, to the continent. They visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, and it is easy to conceive with what pleasure Thomson must have passed or sojourned among scenes which he had often viewed in imagination. In November of the same year the poet was at Rome, and no doubt indulged the wish expressed in one of his letters, 'to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly.' On his return next year he published his poem of 'Liberty,' and obtained the

* This curious fragment was first published in 1841, in a life of Thomson by Mr. Allan Cunningham, prefixed to an illustrated edition of the *Seasons*.

sinecure situation of Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, which he held till the death of Lord Talbot, the chancellor.

The succeeding chancellor bestowed the situation on another, Thomson not having, it is said, from characteristic indolence, solicited a continuance of the office. He again tried the drama, and produced 'Agamemnon,' which was coldly received. 'Edward and Eleonora' followed, and the poet's circumstances were brightened by a pension of £100 a year, which he obtained through Lyttelton from the Prince of Wales. He further received the appointment of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, the duties of which he was allowed to perform by deputy, and which brought him £300 per annum. He was now in comparative opulence, and his residence at Kew Lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease. Retirement and nature became, he said, more and more his passion every day. 'I have enlarged my rural domain,' he writes to a friend: 'the two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no—*paled* in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes at night.' His house appears to have been elegantly furnished: the sale catalogue of his effects, which enumerates the contents of every room, prepared after his death, fills eight pages of print, and his cellar was stocked with wines and Scotch ale. In this snug suburban retreat Thomson now applied himself to finish the 'Castle of Indolence,' on which he had been long engaged, and a tragedy on the subject of Coriolanus. The poem was published in May 1748. In August following, he took a boat at Hammersmith to convey him to Kew, after having walked from London. He caught cold, was thrown into a fever, and, after a short illness, died (27th of August 1748). No poet was ever more deeply lamented or more sincerely mourned.

Though born a poet, Thomson seems to have advanced but slowly, and by reiterated efforts, to refinement of taste. The natural fervour of the man overpowered the rules of the scholar. The first edition of the 'Seasons' differs materially from the second, and the second still more from the third. Every alteration was an improvement in delicacy of thought and language.

One of the finest and most picturesque similes in the work was supplied by Pope, to whom Thomson had given an interleaved copy of the edition of 1736. The quotation will not be out of place here, as it is honourable to the friendship of the brother-poets, and tends to shew the importance of careful revision, without which no excellence can be attained in literature or the arts. How deeply must it be regretted that Pope did not oftener write in blank verse! In 'Autumn,' describing Lavinia, the lines of Thomson were:

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse among the woods; if city dames
Will deign their faith: and thus she went, compelled

By strong necessity, with as serene
And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
To glean Palemon's fields.

Pope drew his pen through this description, and supplied the following lines, which Thomson must have been too much gratified with not to adopt with pride and pleasure—and so they stand in all the subsequent editions:

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length compelled
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields.*

That the genius of Thomson was purifying and working off its alloys up to the termination of his existence, may be seen from the superiority in style and diction of the 'Castle of Indolence.' Between the period of his composing the 'Seasons' and the 'Castle of Indolence,' says Campbell, 'he wrote several works which seem hardly to accord with the improvement and maturity of his taste exhibited in the latter production. To the 'Castle of Indolence' he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the "Faery Queen:" and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser, he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration.' If the critic had gone over the alterations in the 'Seasons,' which Thomson had been more or less engaged upon for about sixteen years, he would have seen the gradual improvement of his taste, as well as imagination. So far as the *art* of the poet is concerned, the last corrected edition, as compared with the early copies, is a new work. The power of Thomson, however, lay not in his art, but in the exuberance of his genius, which sometimes required to be disciplined and controlled. The poetic glow is spread over all. He never slackens in his enthusiasm, nor tires of pointing out the phenomena of nature, which, indolent as he was, he had surveyed under every aspect, till he had become familiar with all. Among the mountains, vales, and forests, he seems to realise his own words:

Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude.

But he looks also, as Johnson finely observed, 'with the eye which na-

* See Milford's edition of Gray's works. All Pope's corrections were adopted by Thomson.

ture bestows only on a poet—the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute.’ He looks also with a heart that feels for all mankind. His sympathies are universal. His touching allusions to the condition of the poor and suffering, to the hapless state of bird and beast in winter; the description of the peasant perishing in the snow, the Siberian exile, or the Arab pilgrims—all are marked with that humanity and true feeling which shews that the poet’s virtues ‘formed the magic of his song.’ The genuine impulses under which he wrote he has expressed in one noble stanza of the ‘Castle of Indolence’:

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
 You cannot rob me of free Nature’s grace,
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky.
 Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave;
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

‘The love of nature,’ says Coleridge, ‘seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. In chastity of diction, however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet, I still feel the latter to have been the born poet.’ The ardour and fulness of Thomson’s descriptions distinguish them from those of Cowper, who was naturally less enthusiastic, and who was restricted by his religious tenets, and by his critical and classically formed taste. The diction of the ‘Seasons’ is at times pure and musical; it is too elevated and ambitious, however, for ordinary themes, and where the poet descends to minute description, or to humorous or satirical scenes—as in the account of the chase and the fox-hunters’ dinner in ‘Autumn’—the effect is grotesque and absurd. Campbell has happily said, that ‘as long as Thomson dwells in the pure contemplation of nature, and appeals to the universal poetry of the human breast, his redundant style comes to us as something venial and adventitious—it is the flowing vesture of the Druid; and perhaps, to the general experience, is rather imposing; but when he returns to the familiar narrations or courtesies of life, the same diction ceases to seem the mantle of inspiration, and only strikes us by its unwieldy difference from the common custom of expression.’ Cowper avoided this *want of keeping* between his style and his subjects, adapting one to the other with inimitable ease, grace, and variety; yet only rising in one or two instances to the higher flights of Thomson.

In 1843, a ‘Poem to the Memory of Mr. Congreve, inscribed to her

Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough,' was reprinted for the Percy Society—under the care of Mr. Peter Cunningham—as a genuine though unacknowledged production of Thomson, first published in 1729. We have no doubt of the genuineness of this poem as the work of Thomson. It possesses all the characteristics of his style. * * *

We subjoin a few of the detached pictures and descriptions in the 'Seasons,' and part of the 'Castle of Indolence.'

Showers in Spring.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant.
At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether, but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploing, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

Birds Pairing in Spring.

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That nature's great command may be obeyed:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,

Their food its insects, and its moss their nests :
 Others apart, far in the grassy dale
 Or roughening waste their humble texture weave :
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the hvelong day,
 When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
 Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes,
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis naught
 But restless hurry through the busy air,
 Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent : and often from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved,
 Steal from the barn a straw ; till soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
 As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task
 Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
 Though the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathising lover takes his stand
 High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away ; or else suppress
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
 With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
 Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light ;
 A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour : O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! away they fly
 Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young,
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
 And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
 Sustained alone by providential heaven,
 Oft as they, weeping, eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Summer Evening.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 And if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs—
 So Grecian fable sung—he dips his orb ;
 Now half immersed ; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
 Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
 All ether softening, sober evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;

A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
 Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game and revelry, to pass
 The summer night, as village stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—
 So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to night: not in her winter robe
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
 When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

END OF VOLUME III.

3595